
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



Princeton University Library



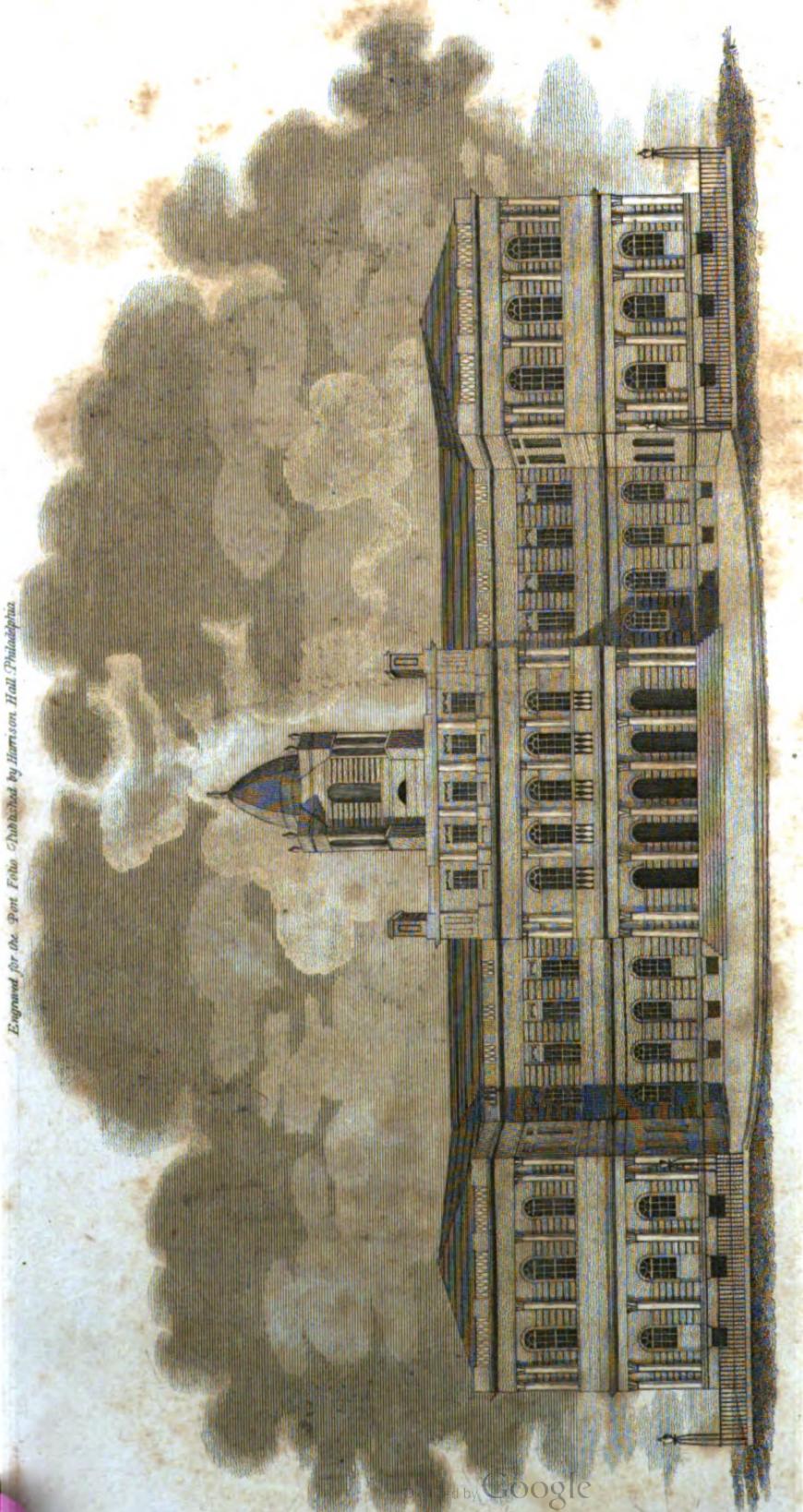
32101 064079310

Library of



Princeton University.

Elizabeth Foundation.



THE CITY HALL NEW YORK.

P E P

POET FOLIO

VOL. 5 1818



Published by Harrison Hall
No. 133 Chestnut St. Philad^a.

THE PORT FOLIO,

A Monthly Miscellany,

Dedicated in chief, to original communications in the popular departments of science, combined with occasional criticism, classical disquisitions, miscellaneous essays, records of the progress of the fine and useful arts, with all the extensive and variegated departments of polite literature, merriment, and wit; to which is added *The Proceedings of Congress.*

Each number contains at least 88 pages, and one elegant engraving.
The price is Six Dollars yearly, in advance.

VOLUME V.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, NO. 188, CHESNUT-STREET;
IN NEW-YORK, BY JAMES EASTBURN & CO.; IN BOSTON, BY
O. C. GREENLEAF; IN BALTIMORE, BY E. J. COALE;

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,

Agent for the sale of American Publications in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

(RECAP)

J. Maxwell, Printer.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JANUARY, 1818.

Embellished with a view of the City Hall at New-York.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence.

Account of the City Hall at New York, - - - -	3	POETRY.
Life of Pascal, - - - -	6	Poetical epistle to Oliver Old-school—On seeing a vessel leave port—Good-by—The Bachelor's Soliloquy—Advice of Hafez—Spring—Ode to a Lady, 81
Letter from Cortez to the king of Spain, - - - -	18	MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Account of an Eclipse, in a letter from Dr. Nott, - - - -	29	The Missouri Country—Emigration Society—Ancient Chronicle—Sugar Cane in North-Carolina—Salt Spring—Effects of War—Battle of Snakes—Washington, a new play— 86
On Gout and Stone, - - - -	32	
Agrarius Denterville, - - - -	40	
Of Steam Boats, - - - -	47	
Emancipation of the Spanish Colonies, - - - -	55	
Miss Edgeworth and the Jews, - - - -	57	
Lady Morgan's "France,"	59	

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 139, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

About to commence a new round of annual toil, it is not improper that we should commune with our readers

— how this year we best can ply
OUR GROWING WORK.

In a recent article, in a popular British Magazine, the low state of periodical literature in this country is very properly ascribed to our peculiar mode of publication. In Europe, the booksellers *purchase* magazines by wholesale from the publisher, and the business of retail being thus scattered among a number, it can be conducted with promptness and punctuality. Within a few hours after the work is thus distributed the proprietor is indemnified for the use of his capital, his mechanics are paid, his artists are rewarded, and those whose pens have been put in requisition, may unclos[e] their barred doors to the hungry dun in any form that may please his fancy or his fears. *Magaziniers* enjoy no such advantages in this country. They must employ agents at enormous commissions, because subscribers will not take the trouble of remembering that a small sum of money should be paid punctually when it is due. They neglect it until they are reminded by an agent, who receives so large a reward for his services, that little or nothing in the shape of profit is left to the persons whose whole time has been appropriated to the composition of the work. The amount expended in this manner, alone, would enable us, if it could be saved, to increase the embellishments and the value of this Miscellany at least two-fold. This we pledge ourselves to demonstrate, if every subscription is paid at this office *annually in advance*.

The Editor had flattered himself that the service in which he has been engaged, would have attracted to his aid "the choice and master-spirits of this age." An editor, unless he is blessed with the versatility of a Crichton, or the abundant granary of a Dryden, cannot be *always another and the same*. If he is condemned to toil

*Single, and conscious to himself alone
Of pleasures to the heedless world unknown,*

his pages will weary by dulness and disgust by uniformity. It is impossible for one mind to grasp the Cynthia of the minute: the bow of Apollo cannot always be strung. While we gaze at the fleeting colours of Fashion, the metaphysician has entangled the careless reader in his meshes, and Poetry has winged her flight to other regions. But if the Editor has been compelled to rely so much upon the resources of an individual it is not a little gratifying to learn from substantial testimony that his exertions have been liberally scanned. He now feels an assurance that in his next voyage there will be "water enough to keep him buoyant;" and he therefore commits his little bark once more to the stream, with a confidence that she will neither be stranded nor forgotten, and that when she returns it will not be

*With over-wearied ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the inconstant winds.*

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1818.

No. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY HALL, NEW-YORK,

BY C. A. BUSBY, ARCHITECT.

The City Hall* of New-York, is situated at the northern extremity, or base, of a triangular enclosure, of four acres, called the "*Park.*" The eastern and western sides are respectively bounded by Chatham-street and Broadway, which here meet in a point near Saint Paul's church.

The approach from the south along Broadway, is peculiarly striking. The front, and west end of the building present an angular view between the luxuriant foliage of trees surrounding the Park; while the brilliant whiteness of the façade, in contrast with the placid verdure of the lawn, in front, produces a luminous and aerial effect, that fascinates every spectator.

The extent of the building, including wings at the extremities, (each 40 feet front, and advancing 25 feet) is 220 feet—90 feet is the depth from front to rear, exclusive of the projecting wings in front. A portion of the centre between the wings, is raised in a tasteful attic one story above the general elevation, and is crowned

* The foundation-stone was laid on the 26th of September, 1803, during the mayoralty of E. Livingston, Esq. The edifice was completed at an expense of 500,000 dollars.

by a turret, of composite architecture, on whose summit a statue of Justice poises her scales 120 feet above the adjacent area.

The central part of this front is also distinguished by a portico, elevated on a flight of marble steps to the level of the principal floor. The north front is straight, with a central projection of 15 feet beyond the general line, which is also raised by an attic to the height of the corresponding part of the principal front.

The basement is built of brown stone, rusticated, but every other part of the principal front and ends is of white marble. The first floor is decorated on the exterior with alternate pilasters and arches, inclosing the windows and supporting their entablature, the grand entrance being distinguished by a spacious aræosistyle portico: the whole of the Ionic order. The second floor has corresponding compartments in the Corinthian taste, and the additional advantage of an extensive balcony, spreading over the portico beneath. Entering the building, we find in the basement a variety of offices appropriated to the police, and to other uses for which their peculiar situation fits them. The first floor (in which is the principal entrance from the portico) comprises the court of chancery and offices of the common council; street commissioner, mayor, board of health, sheriff, city inspector, surrogate, supreme court clerk, and sessions. There are also two rooms for the committee and housekeeper: making fourteen apartments in all.

The grand staircase leading from this to the second floor, is the most striking feature of the interior, and is one of the most beautiful of its kind ever erected. The plan is a *circle*—the ascent for a few feet proceeds directly *from the centre*—the steps then divide into two flights, traverse the cylindrical surface of the surrounding enclosure, and again meet and terminate above, in the opposite part of the circumference. Having attained the second floor, the area continued from beneath, is bounded by a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, and their entablature, sustaining a *guilloche* balustrade, above which, a dome tastefully decorated, and lighted from the centre, embraces, and gives a classical finish to the whole.

On the second, or upper floor, are the supreme court, the mayor's court, the district court, and the United States district court—the common council and governor's rooms, and offices appropriat-

ed to the comptroller and the two district courts. The whole of these apartments are decorated with no ordinary skill; but the common council room is most conspicuous for its architectural display. The governor's room is splendidly furnished, and its wall adorned with portraits (many of them at full length) of general Washington and other eminent characters, who have figured in the civil, military, and naval stations of their native country.

To pronounce this building a *perfect* specimen of architecture, would be to bestow upon it a superlative encomium surpassing the merit of any existing structure. It presents, however, with the exception of some minor points, a distinguished specimen of American science and taste. It is highly honourable to the corporation by which it was projected; and they are entitled to say, in the words of Augustus, "*we found it of brick; we leave it of marble.*"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BLAISE PASCAL,

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOSSUT.

THE discourse, of which the following is a translation, was originally published, with the first complete edition of the works of Pascal, in 1779, and afterwards, in a volume of mathematical tracts, at Paris in 1812. The author, Charles Bossut, was a mathematician of some eminence; and, if we may judge by the evidence of his writings, a very amiable as well as learned man. He was once an abbé, but in passing through the tempest of the French revolution, he appears to have lost his ecclesiastical designation, for his recent publications exhibit only the simple appellation of Charles Bossut. With the appendage to his name, however, he does not appear to have lost any of the original excellences of his character, and he is one among the few men of science in France who came out of the revolution with moral and religious principles wholly unimpaired. Independently of the interesting matter more immediately connected with the life of Pascal, the following discourse contains some distinct historical notices, on subjects of science, which will be found in themselves of great value. The history of the dispute between the Molinists and Jansenists, to which the world is indebted for the *Provincial Letters*, is perhaps no where so

LIFE OF PASCAL.

well told. The character of Pascal is one of great interest. "He was at once," says Bossut, in some introductory remarks to his volume of tracts, "a profound logician and a humble christian." His intellectual greatness has been universally acknowledged, and is perhaps better understood and more admired by the present age than it was by his contemporaries. His religious feelings were deep and ardent, and led him to the practice of austeries which every reasonable mind must condemn. It became a fashion with the wits and philosophers of the last century in France, to consider his reason as having been impaired by an accident, of which an account is given in the course of the following biography. "Never fail to repeat, on all occasions," says Voltaire in a letter to Condorcet, "that Pascal's intellect was shattered by the accident of the Pont de Neuilly." "There is but one little obstacle," observes Bossut, "in the way of this pretty system. The intellect, which in 1654, the date of the accident, was so lamentably shattered, produced, in 1656, the *Provincial Letters*, and in 1658, the *Demonstrations of the problems of the Cycloid:*" It is impossible, we think, to read this life, without feeling a high admiration of the intellectual powers and the moral purity of Pascal; indeed, it must be confessed, with some painful feelings of regret, that those powers could not preserve him from practices, which, though they may have proceeded from the purest motives, cannot but abate, in some degree, our respect for his character. He, however, must have been an extraordinary man, who has been pronounced, by competent authority,* the finest and most original genius that France has produced, who is the author of a work, which, in the opinion of Voltaire, contains wit equal to the finest of that of Moliere, and eloquence equal to the most sublime of that of Bossuet; and who is placed by Gibbon at the side of Locke, among those men of mighty minds whom the historian could wonder to find in the ranks of christianity.

BLAISE PASCAL was the son of Stephen Pascal and Antoinette Begon, and was born on the 19th of June, 1623, at Clermont, in Auvergne, where his father was first president of the court of aids. He had an elder brother, who died in infancy, and two sisters; Gilberte, born in 1620, and Jacqueline, born in 1625. Of these sisters there will be frequent occasion to speak in the course of the following narrative.

The family of Pascal had been ennobled by Louis XIth about the year 1478. From that period they were always in possession of some post of distinction in Auvergne, and their talents and virtues never failed to do honour to the station they occupied.

* The Ed. Review.

To the hereditary qualities of his family, Stephen Pascal added a knowledge of law, besides extensive acquirements in literature, mathematics and natural philosophy. The simplicity of ancient manners and the enjoyments which spring from the cultivation of the gentler affections of our nature, rendered his house the abode of peace and happiness. After the daily discharge of his public duties in the court of aids, it was his custom to return immediately to the bosom of his family, where he found a relaxation from his labours in the participation of domestic cares, with an amiable and virtuous wife. In 1626, he had the misfortune to lose this beloved woman; the loss deeply afflicted him, and from that moment all his ambition was directed to the single object of the education of his three remaining children. It was his design to train them, by his own instructions, to virtue and useful knowledge; but this task he soon discovered to be incompatible with the exercise of the duties of a laborious magistracy. He did not hesitate as to the course which he ought to pursue: he sold his place, in 1631, and removed with his family to Paris, where he might fulfil, without interruption, those duties towards his children which he believed to be of higher obligation than any which society could claim of him, in an inconsiderable post like that which he had relinquished. His attentions were chiefly directed to his only son, who had proclaimed, almost from his cradle, what he was one day destined to become. Languages, and the rudiments of the sciences were the first objects which were presented to the avidity discovered by this child for the acquisition of knowledge. The daughters, however, were not neglected. They were instructed by their father in Latin and the belles-lettres, as the means of fixing, in early life, those habits of sober reflection so essential to happiness, and which are as necessary to the one sex as the other.

Europe was then under the scourge of the famous thirty years' war: yet, amidst all the calamities which arose from it, eloquence and poetry, which had flourished in Italy for more than a century, began to make their appearance in France and England; physics and the mathematical sciences emerged from the darkness in which they had been involved; a sounder philosophy, or rather the true method of philosophizing, forced its way into the schools,

and the revolution which Galileo and Descartes had prepared, was rapidly tending to its consummation. Involved in the general movement, Stephen Pascal applied himself to the study of geometry and physics. Similarity of taste and pursuits connected him with Pere Mersenne, Roberval, Carcavi, le Pailleur, and other men of science of that period. They met from time to time at their own houses, for the purpose of conversing on those general subjects of sciences in which they were engaged, or of discussing such occasional topics as might be suggested in the course of debate. They maintained a regular correspondence with other men of science in the various provinces of France as well as in foreign countries; and thus were speedily informed of all the discoveries which were made in the mathematics, or in natural philosophy. This little society constituted a sort of academy, animated by no spirit but that of friendship and mutual confidence, and acknowledging no other tie of connexion. It was the origin of the academy of sciences, which afterwards (1666) was regularly established under the seal of the royal authority.

Blaise Pascal was sometimes admitted to the meetings of the philosophers at his father's house. He listened to their conversation with the most eager attention. He was extremely curious to learn the causes of the various phenomena of nature. It is related that at the age of eleven years he composed a little treatise on sounds, in which he undertook to explain why, when a dish is struck with a knife, the sound ceases on the application of the hand. His father, fearing that this strong predilection for science might obstruct the acquisition of the languages, which were then considered as the most material part of education, came to a determination, in which his friends concurred, to avoid the introduction of mathematical and philosophical discussions in the presence of the boy. This determination grieved him severely. To quiet his mind, he was told, that when he should have arrived at a suitable age, after finishing his course of Latin and Greek, he should be allowed to commence the study of geometry. In the mean time, it was thought sufficient to inform him, that it was a science which treated of magnitudes, or the length, breadth and thickness of bodies; and that it taught us, moreover, the relations which dif-

ferent figures have to each other, and the manner of describing them.

This vague and general hint, extorted by the importunate curiosity of a child, was a ray of light which excited into life and energy the germ of his mathematical talent. From that moment he was incapable of rest. He was resolved to acquire a knowledge of a science, withheld from him with so much mystery, and contemptuously believed to be beyond the reach of his powers. During the hours allotted to recreation, he shut himself up in a retired chamber, where he employed himself in tracing on the floor, with a piece of charcoal, triangles, parallelograms, circles and other figures, of none of which did he know even the names. He examined the positions of the lines and sides, observed the manner in which they met, and compared the figures with each other; founding his investigations on definitions and axioms entirely his own, and formed for the occasion. Proceeding from one step to another, he arrived at the discovery that the sum of the three angles of every triangle must be measured by half the circumference of a circle, or, in other words, that it is equal to two right angles; which is precisely the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. He was employed on this theorem when he was one day surprised in his study by his father, who, understanding the nature of his son's pursuits and the successful progress he had made in them, was so overcome with admiration and tenderness that he stood for some moments incapable of speech or motion. As soon as he recovered himself, he ran to his friend le Pailleur to relate to him the discovery which he had made.

It is proper to mention that doubts have been thrown over this part of the life of Pascal. Such an achievement has been considered by some as altogether impossible, and the story, therefore, a mere fabrication. Others admit that it may be true, but can discover in it nothing very extraordinary. If the matter, however, is examined with candour, it will appear, that the fact is supported by evidence too powerful to be resisted; and as to the achievement itself, it cannot be denied that it displays a genius and depth of mind, which, in so young a child, is of very rare occurrence.

Be that as it may, the decided taste of young Pascal was now no longer opposed, and he was permitted to pursue at will the study of geometry. At the age of twelve, Euclid's Elements were put into his hands, and he mastered them without requiring the least explanation or assistance. In a short time he was qualified to make no mean figure among the philosophers, and his productions, among the rest, were read at their meetings. Before he was sixteen years of age he composed a little treatise on conic sections, which was at that time regarded as a work of prodigious depth and ingenuity.

Stephen Pascal was the happiest of fathers. He beheld his son advancing, with great strides, in the career of those sciences which he regarded as the noblest exercise of the human mind. His daughters gave him no less satisfaction. To the graces of person and manners they united a maturity of understanding uncommon at their age, and in the society, in which they had just begun to appear, were already the objects of distinguished regard. All this happiness was disturbed by one of those events which human prudence can neither foresee nor prevent.

In the month of December, 1638, the government, impoverished by a long succession of wars and the continual plunder of the finances, levied a tax on the rents of the Hotel-de-ville at Paris. This mode of raising money for the state is now allowed to be one of the least oppressive that can be resorted to; but it excited at that time a violent clamour among the proprietors of the rents, and was even the occasion of some public meetings, which were denounced as seditious. Stephen Pascal was accused of being one of the chief promoters of these disturbances; and the charge, though in truth entirely unfounded, derived some appearance of probability, from the circumstance of his having, on his arrival at Paris, invested the chief part of his fortune in the stock of the Hotel-de-ville. No sooner was the accusation made, than a terrible minister, whose tyrannical temper was roused into fury by the least opposition, issued an order for the arrest of Pascal, and his confinement in the Bastile. Informed, however, of his danger, he contrived, for some time, to conceal himself, and then secretly escaped into Auvergne.

It is not difficult to imagine the grief of the children at this separation; or the painful feelings of the father himself, in being thus forced to abandon them at an age when they most required his paternal care. If men in power can thus, without proof and without examination, indulge themselves in the practice of violence and injustice, and yet retain any sentiment of remorse, they must experience occasional moments of very bitter reflection.

Calumny soon exhausted its power; and here it is impossible not to remark how strangely the events of human life are sometimes connected. The cardinal de Richelieu had conceived the fancy of having *l'Amour tyrannique*, a dramatic piece of Scudéry, played for his amusement by young ladies. The business of *getting up* the piece was committed to the duchess d'Aiguillon, who requested that Jacqueline Pascal, then about thirteen years of age, might be permitted to take a part in the performance. To this request, Gilberte, the elder sister of Jacqueline, and in the absence of her father the head of the family, proudly answered: *the cardinal thinks too little of what will gratify us, to expect that we can take any trouble to gratify him.* The duchess insisted, and intimated that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of compliance. The matter was submitted to the friends of the family, and it was decided that Jacqueline should be permitted to accept the part which had been reserved for her. The piece was performed on the 3d of April, 1639. Jacqueline gave to her performance so much grace and propriety that all who beheld her, and particularly the cardinal, manifested a high degree of delight. She skilfully took advantage of this moment of excited feeling, and, after the play was ended, advancing towards the cardinal, addressed to him a little petition in verse for the return of her father. The cardinal, taking her in his arms, and, as she herself relates in a letter written to her father on the following day, *interrupting her every moment with his kisses and caresses*, told her she should have all that she asked. "Write to your father, and inform him that he may return with perfect safety." The duchess d'Aiguillon then spoke in high terms of the character of Stephen Pascal. She declared him to be an excellent and very learned man, and regretted that his talents were not employed for the public benefit. "And here is his son," said she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, "who,

though but fifteen years of age, is already a great mathematician." Jacqueline, encouraged by the success of her first application, told the cardinal that she had one favour still to ask of him. "Name it, my child," said he, "and you shall be gratified; to such loveliness it is impossible to deny any thing." "It is, that your highness will permit my father to thank you personally for your goodness towards us." "I wish to see him," said the cardinal; "let him come, and bring his family with him."

Without a moment's delay, an order was despatched for Stephen Pascal's immediate return. As soon as he arrived in Paris he took with him his three children and repaired directly to Ruel, the residence of the cardinal, where he was received in the most flattering manner. "I am made acquainted with your great merit," said he; "I restore you to your children, and recommend them to you as worthy of your regard. I shall not forget them."

Two years after this period, in 1641, Stephen Pascal was associated with M. de Paris, the master of requests, in the government of Rouen. For seven successive years he discharged the important duties of this station, with an ability and a disinterestedness which were equally applauded by the province and the court. He had taken all his family with him to Rouen, and the same year (1641) gave his daughter, Gilberte, in marriage to M. Perier, who had acquired some distinction by the ability with which he had executed a commission from the government in Normandy, and who afterwards purchased the situation of a counsellor in the court of aids at Clermont-Ferrand.

Blaise Pascal was already reputed a first rate geometer, and he enjoyed the rare advantage of an unrestrained indulgence of his inclination for science; but he enjoyed it at the expense of health, and perhaps also of life. He was hardly nineteen years of age when he invented the famous *arithmetical machine* which bears his name. We all know the importance of arithmetical calculations, not only in the ordinary business of life, but in what are called the practical branches of the mathematics; where, after an analysis has furnished the solution of any problem, the values of the quantities involved in it are still to be expressed in numbers. But when a rule is once ascertained, the calculations of particular cases under it, being all performed in the same way,

and being often very prolix, are apt to fatigue, while they have little in them to engage, the mind. No invention, therefore, it is obvious, could be more practically useful than a mechanical and expeditious mode of performing numerical calculations, without requiring any other agency than that of the hands and eyes. Such was the object of Pascal in the invention of his machine. Those parts of it in which the principle resides consist of several cylinders or barrels, placed parallel to each other, and moveable on their respective axes. On each of these cylinders are written two rows of figures, beginning with 0 and ending with 9. The rows are placed under each other, and carried round in opposite directions; so that the sum of every two corresponding terms must always amount to nine. All the barrels, by means of a handle, are made to turn at once from left to right, and the results required in the different arithmetical operations, appear in figures through small holes in the surface of the cylinders. The rest of the machine consists of cog-wheels and pinions, very much resembling, in their mechanism and movements, those of a watch or clock. It is impossible, in this place, to give a more detailed description: those who wish it, may find it in an article written by M. Diderot, in the *Encyclopédie*, and in the fourth volume of the collection of Pascal's works. There appeared to be so much beauty as well as utility in the idea of this machine, that several attempts were afterwards made to improve it and render it more convenient in practice. The problem for a long time occupied the thoughts of Leibnitz, and he succeeded at last, so far as to contrive one of which the mechanism was much less complex than that of Pascal. Unfortunately all these machines are costly, cumbrous, and extremely liable to be put out of order; inconveniences which very nearly counterbalance all their advantages. Mathematicians, besides, generally prefer the tables of logarithms, by which the most complicated operations of arithmetic have been converted into mere addition and subtraction; processes so easy, that very little attention is required to avoid errors in them. But the invention of Pascal is not, therefore, the less ingenious in itself. It cost him much laborious thinking, not only to conceive it in the abstract, but to make the artists whom he employed, understand its construction. These persevering and excessive

exertions, injured a constitution naturally feeble and delicate, and from this time his health continued gradually to decline.

Soon after this period, Physics presented to his active and restless curiosity, one of her greatest and most interesting phenomena; the explanation of which we principally owe to his reflections and experiments. The superintendants of the fountains in the gardens of Cosmo de Medicis, grand duke of Florence, having observed that the water in a common sucking pump, could not, by any efforts, be made to follow the range of the piston to a greater elevation than thirty-two feet above the reservoir, consulted Galileo as to the cause of this very strange obstinacy. Antiquity had pronounced, that the water follows the ascent of the piston in the pump because nature abhors a vacuum. Galileo, whose mind was thoroughly imbued with this notion, then implicitly received by all the schools, answered the inquiry by saying it was true, the water rose, at first, in consequence of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, but that this abhorrence had its limit, and ceased to act at the elevation of thirty-two feet. To us, this explanation appears quite ridiculous; but before we smile, we should remember what must have been the force of an error of two thousand years' duration, and how extremely difficult, if not impossible, it must have been to effect at once an emancipation from its yoke. Galileo was himself somewhat suspicious of the correctness of his explanation; an explanation, moreover, which he had very hastily given, as he had conceived it for the honour of philosophy that his answer to the men should at least be ready, whether it should be true or false. But he was old, and worn out by long and incessant labours. He therefore transferred to his pupil, Torricelli, the task of the farther prosecution of the inquiry, and of making atonement, if it should be found necessary, for the offence which, he feared, he had given to philosophers; who, disregarding authority, sought for truth directly from nature herself. This doctrine he had, on many former occasions, inculcated by his own example.

To a profound knowledge of geometry, Torricelli united a fine philosophical genius. He suspected that the weight of the water was one of the elements on which depended its rise in the pump, and that a heavier fluid would attain a less elevation. This concep-

tion, which, at the present day, appears to be so plain, and which furnished the true key to the solution of the problem, had never yet occurred to any one. How, indeed, could it have entered into the minds of men, who acknowledge the doctrine of nature's horror of a void, that this power could be limited, or altogether subdued, by the weight of the fluid? It remained only to resort to the test of experiment. Taking a glass tube, about three feet in length, perfectly closed at the lower end and open at the top, Torricelli filled it with mercury. He then applied his finger to the top, and, reversing the tube, plunged the end into a dish of the same fluid. Upon withdrawing his finger, the mercury, after several oscillations, remained suspended at an elevation of about twenty-eight inches above the disk. This experiment, it will be seen, is nothing more than that which is presented to us every day by the barometer. Torricelli varied it in several ways, and in every case the mercury maintained itself at a height equal to about the fourteenth part of that which the water attains in the pump. Now, the volume being the same, mercury is very nearly fourteen times heavier than water: whence two conclusions followed in the mind of Torricelli: first, that the water in the pump and the mercury in the tube exert an equal pressure on the same base; and next, that this pressure must necessarily be counterbalanced by one and the same fixed and determinate force. What was that force? Taught by Galileo that the air is a fluid possessing weight, Torricelli, in a work published in 1645, declared his opinion that the suspension, both of the water and the mercury, which takes place when there is nothing to act on the interior surface, is caused by the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the fluid in the disk or reservoir. He died soon after, leaving it a matter still undecided, or at least not decided with absolute certainty, whether he had really discovered and revealed the secret of nature.

Among philosophers, indeed, his explanation was at first but ill received. The hypothesis of the *horror of a vacuum* was too firmly established to give place, without resistance, to a truth which, after all, was not yet presented with the high degree of evidence necessary to carry conviction at once to all minds, and obtain for it universal support. The experiments of the pump

and the tube were thought to be satisfactorily explained, by supposing the existence of *an extremely subtile matter or ethereal spirit*, which, rising from the column of water or mercury, re-established the *plenum above*, and left to the *horror* just enough activity to keep the column in suspense.

Pascal was at this time at Rouen, where he received from P. Mersenne the first information of the experiments which had been made in Italy. He repeated them in 1646, in conjunction with M. Petit, intendant of fortifications, and verified, in every respect, the results which had been transmitted from that country; but without making any additional discovery. Of Torricelli's explanation he was yet altogether ignorant. By simply reflecting on the results which had been obtained, he perceived that the maxim, so universally admitted, that nature never permits a vacuum, was without any real foundation. He deemed it, nevertheless, but just, before he rejected the maxim entirely, to institute new experiments, on a larger scale, and of a more decisive character, than those which had been performed in Italy. In these experiments he employed glass tubes nearly fifty feet in length, in order that he might give the water a more extensive range, and be able to incline and otherwise change the position of the column. The conclusions, drawn from all that he thus observed, were, that the portion of the tube above the fluid is not occupied by air similar to the surrounding atmosphere, nor by any particles of water or mercury, and that it is perfectly free from all matter of which the properties are known to us, and which is cognizable by the senses; that all bodies have a repugnance to separation, but that this repugnance, or, if the common expression should be preferred, the horror of nature for a void, is not stronger where the empty space is great, than where it is small; that it has its limit, and is measured by a column of water about thirty-two feet high; that beyond this limit a greater or less vacuum may be formed in the tube with equal facility, if other obstacles do not prevent it. Such were some of the inferences of Pascal. His first experiments and first views on this subject may be found in a small volume which he published, in 1647, under the title of *Expériences nouvelles touchant le vide, &c.*

This work was attacked, with great keenness, by many writers of that period, and, among the rest, by the jesuit, P. Naël, rector of the College of Paris. The absurd philosophy of the age was obliged to put in requisition all her resources to explain experiments by which she felt herself somewhat disturbed, and the truth of which it was impossible to deny. Pascal demolished, without difficulty, the objections of father Naël; but though he had adopted, without hesitation, the theory of Torricelli, which came to his knowledge shortly after the publication of his book, he saw with concern that all the experiments which had been performed, and his own among the rest, were still open, in some degree, to the sophistry of the schools, and that none of them went directly and decisively to the destruction of the old hypothesis. He applied himself, therefore, with new vigour, to the consideration of the subject, and conceived at last the idea of an experiment, by which, without limitation, and without ambiguity, the question was to be finally and irrevocably settled. He was led to it by the following train of reasoning:

If the pressure of the atmosphere is the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Torricelli, the column of mercury ought to rise to a height, greater or less, in proportion to the height, or, what is the same thing, the weight, of the column of air pressing on the disk in which the tube is planted. If, on the contrary the weight of the atmosphere contributes nothing to produce that effect, the height of the column of mercury ought always to remain the same, whatever may be that of the incumbent column of air. Pascal was thoroughly persuaded, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of the philosophers of his day, that if the tube were carried to situations differing in altitude, with reference to a given plane, it would be found to exhibit corresponding differences in the altitude of the mercury. But to make these differences so sensible as to leave no room to question their reality, it would be necessary that the several points of observation should be placed at a considerable distance above each other. The mountain of Puy-de-Dôme, which rises, near Clermont, to an elevation of about five hundred toises, afforded him the means of making the trial. On the 15th of November, 1647, Pascal transmitted to his brother-in-law, M. Perier, who was then at

Moulins, the project of an experiment to be performed on that mountain, and requested that gentleman to put it in execution immediately on his return to Clermont. Circumstances interposed to prevent the experiment until the 19th of September, in the following year; when it was completed, with great attention to accuracy, and all the phenomena which Pascal had predicted, were exactly and in every particular exhibited. In proportion to the ascent which was gained on the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube. The difference between the height of the column at the top and at the bottom of the mountain was three inches and three and a half lines. All the observations made on the ascent were repeated and verified on the return. When Pascal had received the account of these interesting facts, and had remarked that a difference of twenty toises in the height of the stations produced so great a difference as two lines in the altitude of the column of mercury, he was induced to try a similar experiment in Paris, first on the tower of the church of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, which is about 24 or 25 toises in height, and again at the top of a house about ten toises high. The results were always found to correspond precisely with those obtained by M. Perier. It was impossible any longer to assign the abhorrence of nature for a void as the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube; since it would be absurd to suppose that her abhorrence should be greater at the summit than at the foot of a mountain. Indeed, every sincere and candid inquirer after truth now embraced the doctrine of atmospheric pressure; and expressed the highest admiration of the original and decisive mode which Pascal had devised, of proving it to be true by the evidence of the senses.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTER FROM CORTEZ TO THE KING OF SPAIN ON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(Continued from page 300, Vol. iv.)

37th. The day that Sandoval and myself were to arrive at Zempoalla, where Narvaez lodged, he was informed of my intention, and leaving that city with eighty horse and five hundred foot, advanced to meet me. He had not proceeded more than a league, when, not finding me, he thought that the Indians who had given him

the information, were making a mock of him; he therefore returned to his quarters, stationing two spies a league from the city, and keeping near him under arms, the greater part of his men.

To prevent his receiving intelligence of my approach, I resolved to proceed that very night to Narvaez's quarters which we were well acquainted with, resolving if possible to take him, knowing if that could be effected, nothing farther was to be apprehended, as all the others would readily submit, they having been compelled by force to obey the orders of Velasquez.

Agreeably to this resolution, on the day of Pentecost, a little past midnight, I arrived at the quarters of Narvaez, after having done all in my power to secure the two spies. Of these one escaped whilst I was questioning the other, and though I hastened my march, with the hope of arriving before him, my attempt was vain. He reached the city half an hour before me, and when I came to Narvaez's lodgings, I found all his men under arms, and the horses saddled.

We, however, pursued our march with such silence that we were in the court-yard before we were perceived. This court and the four corners of the building were occupied by the suite of Narvaez, and the stair-case of the tower, in which he was himself lodged, was guarded by nineteen fusileers. On discovering us they called out to arms; but we ascended with such haste, that we encountered but one fire, which, thanks to God, did us no harm. Sandoval, with his detachment, broke into the apartment, which was defended by Narvaez with fifty men, who fought stoutly till I set fire to the tower, having placed myself at the bottom of the stair-case to prevent him from receiving succours. He then surrendered himself to Sandoval; I took possession of the artillery in order to fortify myself, made prisoners of his principal partisans, and obliged the rest, who promised obedience to the laws, to lay down their arms, having lost but two men in so vigorous an action.

All his soldiers agreed that Narvaez had deceived them by pretended instructions, and by representing me as a traitor who had revolted. They have since given me proofs of submission, and the result will be of advantage to your Majesty's service. If God, on the contrary, had given the victory to Narvaez, and he had pursued the plan of hanging me, and ridding himself of my companions, although in the execution of his designs, he had lost no more men than I have, the Indians would have crushed the Spaniards who were left, and regained their freedom, and for twenty years it would have been impossible for Spain to conquer and reduce to peace this part of the new world.

38th. As the city, which had been given up to plunder, and almost destroyed, was incapable of subsisting the whole of us; two days after the capture of Narvaez, I detached an officer with two hundred men to Quacucalco, to form the establishment which I have heretofore mentioned, and another with an equal number,

LETTER FROM CORTEZ.

to the river discovered by the ships of Francis de Garay. I likewise sent two hundred men to Vera Cruz, whither I had the ships of Narvaez conducted. I remained at Zempoalla with the residue of my forces, to give the necessary orders, and sent on an express to Mexico with information of what had happened. My messenger returned in two days with letters from the alcayde, whom I had left there, informing me that the Indians had surrounded and closely besieged the fortress, which they had undermined and set fire to; that they had been in the greatest danger from them, and would have been massacred if Montezuma had not put an end to the war. That, in defiance of his orders, the Indians still held them shut up, without, however, daring to attack them; that they would allow no one to quit the fortress, and that they had burnt my brigantines; in short, that the Spaniards were in the greatest danger, and begged me, in the name of God, not to lose a moment in assisting them.

Considering the danger of my men; the loss of the immense wealth which I had collected in Mexico, with that of the greatest and most beautiful city of the new world, I despatched orders to the officers whom I had detached, to join me as soon as possible at Tascalteca, where I should be with all my army and artillery.

We met accordingly at Tascalteca, where, on reviewing my troops I found them to amount to seventy horse and five hundred foot. We then departed as soon as possible. No one came to meet us as formerly, on the part of Montezuma; the whole country was in a state of insurrection, and almost depopulated; and I imagined that the Mexicans had put my men to death, and that the inhabitants of the country had all united themselves at some posts or defiles, with an intention of destroying us.

In consequence of this supposition, I proceeded with the utmost precaution, till I came to Tesnacan, on the shore of the great lake, where I inquired respecting the Spaniards whom I had left at Mexico, and was informed that they were still living. I then demanded a canoe in order to send a Spaniard thither to learn their situation, and some person of consequence as a hostage for his safety.

One of the principal men of the city, ordered a canoe to be brought, and a Spaniard, accompanied by several Indians, proceeded in it to Mexico, during which time he remained constantly with me.

The canoe had not been gone long when another arrived from Mexico, on board of which was one of the Spaniards whom I had left. He informed me that the Indians had killed only five or six of my soldiers; but that they had laid siege to the fortress, and allowed nothing to enter or come out without paying heavy contributions, although they had treated them in a less hostile manner since they had been informed of my return. He added that Montezuma was very impatient for my arrival, that he might be permitted to go into the city, and presented to me a messenger

from that monarch, who, in the name of his master, expressed his unhappiness at what had taken place at Mexico; that he feared lest I should blame him, and be disposed to revenge myself upon him, notwithstanding all that had been done was contrary to his wishes, and in direct opposition to his orders, and had troubled him as much as it would me. The messenger, supposing me to be angry, said all that he could, in the name of his master, to appease me and persuade me to resume my former lodgings, where I should be obeyed as before.

I assured him that I was by no means angry with Montezuma, whose intentions I knew were friendly, and that I would comply with his wishes.

39th. On the twenty-third of June, I left Tecnacan, and passed the night three leagues from Mexico, and on St. John's day after mass, resumed my march, and at noon arrived at Mexico. I there found a few people collected, and some preparations made for defence, which I attributed to their fear of punishment; I hoped, however, to be able to pacify them, and proceeded directly to the fortress, in which, and in the great temple contiguous, my men were quartered. On seeing me they manifested the liveliest joy, and considered me as having restored them a life, which they had considered as lost. Every thing appeared to be quiet this day and the night following. The next day I sent an express to Vera Cruz, to announce my arrival at Mexico, and the general tranquillity that prevailed; but in half an hour my messenger returned, terribly bruised, and informed me that the Indians were collecting from all quarters, and had taken possession of the bridges. He had hardly finished his relation, when we were attacked on all sides by a formidable host of Indians, who came running along the terraces and streets, uttering frightful cries. As they came up they assailed us with showers of stones from their slings.

The parapets and the courts were covered with arrows, in such quantities that we could not walk there. I made two or three vigorous sallies upon the Indians on different sides; in one, which consisted of two hundred men, commanded by a captain, the officer was wounded, and many others, he had besides four men killed before he could concentrate his band. On the part of the Mexicans, but few were killed, as they attacked us from the other side of the bridges, and threw stones at us from the terraces, many of which we took and in part destroyed.

These terraces were so well protected and furnished with stones, that we could not take all of them, nor prevent the enemy from doing us much injury. The battle at length became extremely warm in the fortress; the Indians set fire to it in several places, and the flames made great havoc in one quarter of it, without our being able for a long time to stop them, but we at length succeeded by tearing down several thicknesses of walls. We should most certainly have been taken by storm, had it not

LETTER FROM CORTEZ.

been for the slaughter made by the guards or fusileers and archers, and the fire of a number of well directed cannon. We fought the whole day and till late at night, and the enemy ceased not to harass and disturb us with their cries till morning. In the mean time I made my soldiers labour with the most unremitting activity in strengthening the weaker parts of the fortress and in repairing the injury done by the fire. I placed guards at the different posts; selected those who were to make the sorties, and had the wounded, who amounted to no less than eighty, taken care of.

40th. At day-break the Indians recommenced their attack with more fury than before. The artillerists had only to point their cannon towards their numerous battalions to make among them incredible havoc; but their loss was repaired instantly by the swarming multitude. Leaving a sufficient garrison in the fortress, I sallied out with the others, took possession of some of the bridges, burnt several houses, and killed many people, without producing any sensible diminution of their numbers. Whilst on our part we were obliged to fight the whole time, the Mexicans were relieved every hour with even more men than they could employ. We fought the whole of this day till night, and returned to our fortress, having fifty or sixty Spaniards slightly wounded. Considering the continual attacks to which we were exposed from our enemies, their inexhaustible multitude, and our small number, we passed the night and the day following in devising means for our security, by making machines with planks, to shield us from the stones, each capable of holding twenty men, consisting of fusileers, archers and pioneers, furnished with pick-axes, mattocks and iron bars to break into the houses, and beat down the walls which had been raised to barricade the streets.

When we left the fortress the Indians made the greatest efforts to enter it, and we had much difficulty in preventing them. I persuaded Montezuma, who, with his son and many of the principal caciques, was still in my power, to show himself to the people, and enter into a parley with the Mexican commanders, and endeavour to induce them to relinquish the combat. He went out to speak to them on a parapet projecting from the fortress, but received so violent a blow on the head from a stone, that he died three days after. I sent the body to the Mexicans by two of the prisoners, who carried it on their backs; what they did with it I know not, but the war, far from being discontinued, became more violent than ever.

41st. The same day the Indians hailed us from the quarter whence they had wounded Montezuma, desiring me to come and speak with some of their captains, who wished to come and converse with me. I did so, and requested them to cease hostilities, reminding them of my friendly conduct towards them, which ought to convince them that they had no reason to treat me as an enemy. They replied that they would discontinue the war when-

ever I consented to leave their country; that otherwise they would either exterminate us or perish themselves. Their object was to induce me to quit the fortress, in order to attack me with more advantage between the bridges. I returned in reply, that they must not imagine that my wish to be at peace with them proceeded from fear, but from compassion for them, and the regret that I felt in being compelled to do them so much injury, and the wish to prevent the destruction of so beautiful a city as Mexico.

Not being able to effect a pacification, and my machines being completed, I sallied from the fortress, in order to possess myself of some terraces and bridges, and put in motion my machines, which were preceded by four cannons, a numerous band of archers and soldiers with bucklers, and upwards of three thousand Tascaltecs, in the service of the Spaniards. We applied our machines and ladders to several terraces, but these were defended by so great a number of Indians, who threw enormous masses of stone upon us, that our machines were broken; one Spaniard was killed and a number wounded, without our being able to gain an inch of ground, notwithstanding the fury and length of the combat. We returned at noon to the fortress much out of humour, whilst the courage and audacity of our foes were increased by this trivial advantage. They pursued us with ardour to the gate itself; took possession of the great temple adjoining, whilst five hundred of the noblest of them ascended the loftiest and strongest tower, whither they carried bread, water, provisions of all kinds, and an incredible quantity of stones. All of them were armed with * long lances, furnished at the end with sharp flints, broader

* The weapons of some of the Indians, though formed of stone, appear from the accounts given by historians to have been truly formidable;—their defensive arms also displayed much ingenuity. Bernal Diaz says that a number of the stoutest warriors among the Tlascalans, who carried the tremendous two handed swords, associated themselves in order to seize one of our horses; accordingly, as Pedro de Moron, an exceedingly good horseman, was charging amongst them, in company with three more, these warriors seized his lance, and then wounding him dangerously, one of them with a blow of a two-handed sword, cut through the neck of the mare he rode, so that she fell instantly dead.—Diaz. p. 95.

The Tlascalans, says the same author, described the arms of the Mexicans as consisting of double-headed darts, thrown by a kind of sling, lances with double-edged blades of an ell in length, made of stone and sharper than a razor, two-handed swords of the same material and construction, and shields. Idem. p. 113.

Montezuma had two buildings filled with every kind of arms, richly ornamented with gold and jewels, such as shields, large and small, clubs like two-handed swords, and lances much larger than ours, with blades six feet in length, so strong that if they fix in a shield they do not break, and sharp enough to use as razors. There was also an immense quantity of bows and arrows, and darts, together with slings and shields, which roll up into a small compass, and in action are let fall and thereby cover the whole body. He had also much defensive armour of quilted cotton orna-

but less pointed than the iron heads of ours. From this tower the Mexicans did us great injury; it was attacked several times by the Spaniards, who attempted to mount it, but as there were more than a hundred steps to ascend, and those who defended it were supplied with stones, the assailants were constantly knocked down, and repulsed so vigorously as to be pursued by the Indians to the fortress.

Convinced that we could effect nothing of any importance without the capture of this tower; although wounded in the left arm, by a blow which I had received in the first battle, I had my buckler made fast, and sallying from the fortress, followed by several Spaniards, I ascended the tower, having first surrounded it with soldiers. Three or four of my companions were overthrown in the ascent, so obstinate was the resistance made by our enemies, but with the aid of the Lord, and his Holy Mother, whose image had been placed in the tower, we at length mounted and were enabled to fight the Indians hand to hand. We finally compelled them to leap from the tower, on the surrounding terraces, and in less than three hours all of them were either slain, or killed in their fall. On getting possession of this

mented with feathers in different devices, and casques for the head, made of wood and bone, with plumes of feathers. *Idem.* p. 141.

Diego Godoy, (who was a notary in the army of Cortez,) in relating what he had seen among the Indians of Chamula, against whom he had fought, says that they made use of a kind of buckler, which he calls a target; these bucklers were pliable and might be carried under the arm like a parasol, and when it became necessary, the bearers spread them out in order to cover themselves. *Lettre Americane.*

We are assured by a man of distinction, who was present at the time of the conquest, that, besides the armour and shields that were common to the Mexicans, some of them wore a *sagum* made of quilted cotton a finger and a half in thickness; this was a kind of coat of mail, over which they wore a thin vest formed of one piece. They also wore drawers which were tied behind; these were made of thick cloth ornamented with feathers of different colours. The officers and men of distinction had coats of mail wrought in net-work, the meshes of which were of gold or silver gilt. Over this they put a vest of feathers, so that neither arrows nor javelins could pierce them, nor scarcely even a sword. Their helmets which were of wood, were covered with plates of gold, enriched with precious stones and protected the whole head and face. On the top was a crest in form of a serpent's, lion's, or tiger's head. Their shields were made of reeds, joined together with coarse cotton threads, which formed a close contexture. In the middle was a plate of solid gold; they were ornamented with feathers, and could not be pierced but by a strong cross-bow. *Ib.*

According to the author of the account of Temixtitlan, the swords of the Mexicans were of wood, furnished with a sharp stone-edge, which cut like a Toulouse razor. I saw, said he, during a battle, an Indian give a blow to a horse in the breast, which he completely opened and the horse fell dead. The same day I saw another Indian strike the neck of a horse with a sabre, and kill him with the blow. *Id.*

tower, I set fire to it and to all the others belonging to the temple.*

After this event the Mexicans lost a little of their confidence, and even came on to the attack in a more loose and disorderly manner. I now opened a new parley with those chiefs, whom I had conversed with before, and told them that each day would but increase their misfortunes, that I should kill many of their men, and that, in case of their continuing obstinate, I should not stop whilst there remained the least vestige of a city or inhabitants. They acknowledged that I could do them great injury, but said that they had all determined to die in order to complete our destruction; that I might see that the terraces, the squares and the streets were filled with people, and that they had calculated if they should lose twenty-five thousand for one, we should be the first to perish. They likewise declared that all the causeways leading to Mexico were destroyed, that we could quit it only by water, and that they well knew that in a short time we should be in want both of provisions and water, and would die by famine if we should escape the sword.

What they said was but too true, as in a short time we must have fallen a prey to hunger; but perceiving that they had no serious intention of treating with us, I sallied out in the evening with a party of Spaniards, and coming upon the Indians by surprise, got possession of a street where we burnt more than three hundred houses. After this we returned through another street, wherein we made considerable destruction, the Indians having posted themselves in great numbers in the houses that were burnt; I also destroyed in my way, some terraces, contiguous to the fortress, from whence the enemy had given us much trouble. This attack caused great alarm to the Mexicans, and we passed the remainder of the night unmolested in repairing our machines.

* All the writers agree that the great temple was surrounded by high walls, and was as large as a small city. It had four principal gates, on each of which was a kind of fortress filled with arms, forming as it were an arsenal. It was garrisoned by ten thousand men, who served at the same time as a guard for the sovereign. The court was surrounded by large halls, each of which would contain a thousand men. The interior of the circuit contained more than twenty towers, or pyramids, on the tops of which idols were placed. The principal idol was erected on the most elevated of these towers.

Lettre Americane.

Ramusio has given a plan of these towers. Five stories, or solid planes formed their divisions, and they were ascended by a stair-case formed in one of the sides, each part of which consisted of eighteen or twenty steps from one story to the other. On the last plane arose two towers in the shape of steeples, as well built as the other parts. A number of similar towers were to be seen in the city, partly consecrated to religious worship, and in part designed as fortifications, or appropriated to the sepulchral rites of the great lords.

Id.

43d. To take advantage of the victory which God had given us, I made a sortie in the morning by the street where we had been repulsed the preceding day. We experienced there as much resistance as before; but as our honour and lives were at stake, and the causeway which led through this street was entire, we made the greatest efforts, and though it was lined with terraces and lofty towers, and furnished with eight bridges, secured with gates, barricades and walls, we succeeded in filling up four of them, and burnt all the terraces, towers and houses that filled the intervening space. Notwithstanding many Spaniards were wounded this day, I left at night a strong force at the bridges, to guard them and oppose the Mexicans in case they should attempt to retake them.

The next morning I made another sortie. On this occasion we fought with such success, and God granted us so complete a victory, that notwithstanding the walls, entrenchments and barriers which had been raised in the night, and the immense number of combatants, who vigorously opposed us, we took and filled up the remaining bridges. Some of our cavalry even pursued the enemy to the main land. I was still busied in repairing the bridges, when a messenger came in haste to inform me that the Indians who were besieging the fortress had demanded peace. Leaving my soldiers with some pieces of cannon to guard the posts, I went with two horsemen only to listen to the proposals of the Mexican chiefs, who assured me that if I would promise not to punish them, they would raise the siege, replace the bridges, repair the causeways, and serve me in future with the same fidelity as before. At their request I brought forward the chief priest whom I had made prisoner. He addressed them, and they appeared to be conciliated, and despatched messengers, as I supposed, to their officers and troops, with orders to put a stop to hostilities and relinquish the siege of the fortress. After this we separated, and I had dinner served up—scarcely had I begun to eat, when an express came to inform me that the Indians had retaken the bridges and had killed many of the Spaniards. God only knows how much I was alarmed at this news! I, however, mounted my horse as soon as possible, crossed the city at the head of some cavalry, and, without making the least stop, retook the bridges, dispersed the Indians, and pursued them quite to the main land.

As I had not been followed by the infantry, who were intimidated, fatigued, and for the most part wounded, I perceived myself in the most imminent danger, and turned back to repass the bridges, which I once more found in possession of the enemy, while the water was very deep on deviating in the least from the part that had been filled up. Each side of the causeway was crowded with people, both on the causeway itself, and in canoes, which covered the water, who attacked us on every quarter with stones and arrows, so that if God had not determined to save us, it would have

been impossible for any of us to have escaped. The report of my death was already spread, when I arrived at the last bridge towards the city; all the horse who accompanied me fell there, and I experienced myself the greatest difficulties in crossing it. The Indians on this occasion repossessed themselves of four of the bridges, and I returned to the fortress after leaving a strong guard at those which we still held, having been greatly harrassed and fatigued by the enemy, who, nevertheless, had not been able to wound either myself or horse, armed as we were at all points.

On attentively considering the imminent danger which threatened us, the daily loss which we sustained, the fear that we continually felt that the Indians would destroy the only remaining causeway, the greater part of my companions being wounded so as not to be able to fight, and all of them urging our departure, I determined to quit the city that very night. I then directed a flying bridge to be made which four men could carry; divided into different packages the gold, silver, and precious ornaments belonging to your majesty and ourselves, distributed them among the alcaydes, magistrates, officers and all who were present, and demanded their utmost exertions to aid me in saving them. There being more than the men could carry, I had one of the mares loaded and furnished with a strong escort, and evacuated the fortress as secretly as possible.

I had with me a son and two daughters of Montezuma, his brother Cacamazin, with many Mexican nobles, besides the prisoners I had taken. When we arrived at the first bridge which the Indians had destroyed, we threw over it the portable one which I had constructed, and passed without difficulty, meeting with no opposition; but the sentinel giving the alarm, we were assailed on all sides before our arrival at the second, by an innumerable host, who attacked us both by land and water. I then pushed forward in haste with five horse and a hundred foot, and gained the main land by swimming; when I quitted the advanced guard in order to return to the rear, which I found very hardly pressed, and engaged in close combat, as well as the Tascaltecans, who accompanied us. A number of Spaniards had been killed, we had lost several horses, the artillery, and a great part of the gold and valuable articles, when I gave orders to the remaining troops to file off, and undertook to keep the Indians at bay myself with twenty foot and four horse.

After having experienced inconceivable fatigues and dangers, I arrived at the city of Tacuba, beyond the causeway. Whenever I turned to face the enemy, I was overwhelmed with a shower of arrows, darts and stones, as they kept constantly on our flanks, and attacked us without danger from their canoes. Of my division, which had to sustain the most violent attacks, I nevertheless lost but a single horseman, the remainder fought their way to the advanced guard, with such unshaken courage as at length saved us.

44th. On arriving at Tacuba, I found all my men collected in a square, wholly uncertain which way to proceed. I immediately gave orders for them to go out into the open country, before our enemies should increase in such numbers as to be able to do us much injury, by taking possession of the houses and terraces; but such was our ignorance of the place that the advanced guard knew not which way to march to extricate themselves. I then changed their position, placing them in the rear, and taking command of the front myself, until we quitted the city. I awaited the arrival of the rear for some time in some cultivated fields, and on their coming up learned that they had been attacked and had lost some Spaniards and Indians, and the greater part of the gold and precious effects which we had brought from Mexico.

I next took possession of a post capable of withstanding the assaults of the enemy. This was a strong building or tower, situated on the top of a neighbouring hill, in the upper part of which I ordered the prisoners to be confined. On our arrival the horsemen were scarcely able to raise their arms, or the infantry to move. We fortified ourselves, however, as well as we could, and the Mexicans came to attack us without allowing us an hour's rest. We lost in this defeat forty-five horses, a hundred and fifty Spaniards, and more than two thousand Indians, among whom were the son and one of the daughters of Montezuma, and all the principal caciques, whom I had made prisoners. In hopes not to be discovered, we quitted the tower at midnight as privately as possible, after setting fire to it in several places. We knew nothing of the road which we had to pursue, but gave ourselves up to the guidance of an Indian of Tascalteca, who promised to conduct us to that city, if our passage was not obstructed. The centinels of the enemy, on perceiving our departure, gave the alarm, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages collected in great numbers, and pursued us till day. At day-break five horsemen, who were on the scout, charged some parties of the enemy whom they met, and after killing some, dispersed the rest. Shortly after, perceiving them collect again and their numbers increase, I embodied my men, formed platoons of those who were fit for duty, appointed my advance and rear guard, strengthened my wings, and placing the wounded in the centre, made an equal division of the cavalry into small squadrons. We pursued our march in this manner, fighting on all sides, and not able to proceed more than three leagues in twenty-four hours.

At the approach of night, through the favour of God, we discovered on a height a good building and a tower, where we fortified ourselves and remained tranquil through the night, but about day-break experienced some slight alarm from the cries of the host of Indians who pursued us.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT OF AN ECLIPSE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In examining a bundle of old letters, a few days ago, I met with the following copy of a letter from the Reverend Doctor NOTT, to a gentleman then residing in the city of New-York. It describes the memorable Eclipse of the Sun which occurred in June, 1806; and, though short, I think will be found one of the most eloquent and interesting descriptions of that phenomenon, on record. The writer speaks of it as written in haste, and evidently had no view to its publication. But it certainly ought to be preserved; and I have no doubt you will gladly give it a place in the Port Folio. I am, sir, very respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

New-Jersey, 10th November, 1817,

Schenectady, 20th June, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 16th instant was exhibited one of the most sublime and awful spectacles this age has witnessed. A central Eclipse of the Sun, at the time when the relative situations of the earth and moon are such as to produce an entire obscuration of his disk, and for the longest duration possible, is so rare an occurrence, that its approach excited the highest sensibility, and inspired ardent wishes for a favourable day. In this we were gratified. The air was perfectly clear, and not a cloud appeared in the horizon. We waited for the predicted moment. It arrived; and unfolded to our view the phenomenon which had been anticipated.

The place selected for making our observation proving inconvenient, we were obliged to remove our telescope; and unfortunately, before it could be again adjusted, the penumbra had reached us, and the instant had not been noted.

h. m. s.

At 11. 7. 30. the total obscuration commenced.

11. 12. the total obscuration ended.

12. 32. the eclipse ended.

The duration of the total obscuration was	0. 4. 30.
---	-----------

Half duration	0. 2. 15.
---------------	-----------

The passage of the centre was at	11. 9. 45.
----------------------------------	------------

From the passage of the centre to the end of the eclipse was	1. 22. 15.
---	------------

At the instant the last direct ray was intercepted, and the obscuration became total, a tremulous, undulating shadow, a kind of indescribable alternate prevalence and intermixture of light and shade struck the earth, and played on its surface, which gave to the most stable objects the appearance of agitation. It appeared as if the moon rode unsteadily in her orbit, and the earth seemed to tremble on its axis. The deception was so complete, that I felt instinctively, and in spite of the dictates of my reason to the contrary, a tottering sensation. Some who were present, I observed catching hold of whatever was near them for support; while others suddenly leaned forward, and insensibly threw themselves into an attitude which indicated that they found it difficult to stand. It was, indeed, an awful moment:—every voice was hushed in silence; and every mind was absorbed in the grandeur of the scene.

At the commencement of this singular phenomenon, and while the surface of the earth appeared to be violently agitated, the light and shade were irregularly intermixed, and each seemed struggling for victory. In about five seconds the darkness prevailed. The light and shade suddenly separated into alternate and distinct arches. Instantly the arches of shade began to force the arches of light toward the horizon. The motion was, at first, very rapid. The alternate arches were narrow, and followed each other in close succession. The motion gradually diminished; the streaks of light became less and less distinct, for about fifteen seconds; when, melting into each other, the appearance ceased, and a settled gloom ensued. The air became sensibly damp and cool; the swallows descended to the earth; the night birds began their flight; and the pale stars looked forth through the yellow and sickly shades.

It appeared as if the sun in the midst of his noontide splendours, had been suddenly extinguished, and was to be rekindled no more. Many of the inhabitants here were seized with horror; some broke forth in supplication; some fainted, and some were thrown into convulsions.

The scene described at the commencement of total obscuration, reappeared with the first direct rays of light. The same apparent agitation of the earth; the same apparent struggle between

the light and darkness; the separation of the light and shade into distinct and alternate arches; and the same motion of the arches, reversed:—for now the arches of light seemed to crowd those of shade inward, and the whole movement was from the horizon towards the centre, which continued about the same time, and disappeared in the same manner as above described.

During the total obscuration, and whilst every other part of the hemisphere appeared dismally opaque, a glory (showed)* itself in diverging rays from behind the moon, on the eastern side, almost instantly encompassing its whole orb, and brightening continually on the west side of it; till suddenly the sun in his majesty broke forth, literally chasing away the darkness, and restoring light, and life, and beauty, to the world. But the contrast was too awful, and the transition too sudden, to be enjoyed. The solemnity and fearfulness of the one, unfitted the mind for the brilliancy and cheerfulness of the other; and the awe which was at first impressed on the countenance, seemed to linger even after the scene had changed. Not so with the animal creation. The instant the rays of the sun touched the earth, the chattering swallows spread their wings, and the crowing fowls, with one consent hailed the return of day.

I forgot to mention that during the total obscuration of the sun, the disk of the moon appeared unequally opaque, and in one place, dimly transparent.

I no longer wondered at the superstitious notions of pagans, on the subject of eclipses. It is easy for me to conceive how such an event as this, taking place unexpectedly, and among a people ignorant of its cause, should be considered as portentous, and fill them with horror.

The solemnities of this scene led me to reflect on the situation of Adam, and the feelings which he must have had, when, for the first time, he saw the sun sink beneath the horizon, and night ensue;—a night never before experienced, and of which, the duration was utterly unknown!

But what are all these phenomena which now interest and astonish us, compared with the closing scene, the final catastrophe

* Word obliterated in the manuscript.

ON GOUT AND STONE.

of nature, when the sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned into blood, and the stars of heaven fall as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind!

In great haste, and with much esteem,

E. NOTT.

The Rev. Dr. M——.

ON GOUT AND STONE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

MEDICAL theories, like empires, have their rise and fall; but unlike these great objects of comparison, they sometimes recover from their disgrace, and appear again with their first reputation. Renascentur quæ jam cecidere. For a long time, the seat of disease in the human body was universally referred by physicians, to the fluids of the system. Hoffman, and his popular follower Dr. Cullen, ascribed almost all disorders to defective action, or morbid action in the solid fibre; keeping the fluids almost out of view. Brown and his followers, reduced disease to the defect or excess of stimulus, and the defect or excess of animal excitability: this also confined disease to the action of the solids. Dr. Darwin compounded the theories of Hartley and Brown, and added to Brown's opinions, the association and catenation of motions and actions in the solid fibre.

Like the Neptunian and Plutonian geologists, both sides appear to be occasionally right, and occasionally wrong. Those who would reject from the causes of disease the modifications in the action of the living fibre, which may arise from external impressions, or internal states of the system, must reject known and established facts: and those who entirely overlook the composition of animal fluids, must be grossly ignorant of the modern state of physiological chymistry.

The fluids of the body are modified, partly by the nature of the substances taken into the stomach as nutriment, and partly by the healthy or morbid state of the digestive and chylopoietic organs, and the secretory, and excretory glands and vessels.

Good chyle may be formed out of a great variety of food. Nature allows us prodigious latitude in this respect. Healthy action and good chyle may be produced from the rice and water which nourish the Hindoo; the buttermilk and potatoes of the Irishman; the Tossamanonny bear's oil which support an American Indian; and the beef-steaks, pudding and porter of an Englishman. But assuredly, if nature act by general laws, neither the constituent parts of the fluid, nor the action of the solids—neither the habits of body nor of mind, will be the same in all these. Differences corresponding with the materials out of which the animal body is formed, will be found in the animal body when it is formed.

These differences will be increased when the food taken in, is in quantity or in quality out of the limits which the healthy demands of the system require. If a man will take nothing but wine or punch as his common beverage, he bids fair to acquire a gouty diathesis; if he feeds chiefly, and for a long time, on salted provisions long kept, without access to fresh vegetables, he will probably be afflicted with the sea-scurvy. Long experience has rendered the general fact undenialable, that the solids and the action of the solids, are generally modified by the nature of the fluids, and the substances from which the fluids are eliminated.

Indeed, when it is considered that all the solids of the body have been originally formed, and are until death, perpetually renewed out of the fluids of the body, it seems impossible for a pathologist to exclude the fluids from his consideration, when he is accounting for disease, or diseased action.

It is equally undenialable, that the fluids of the body are formed out of the aliments taken into the stomach, and are modified partly by the nature of the aliment itself, and partly by the specific action of the vital organs upon that aliment. If, therefore, the aliment be improper for nutrition in any degree, or if the digestive and chylopoietic organs cannot so act upon it, either from its quality or its quantity, as to produce a wholesome and nutritious fluid not excessive or defective in stimulant qualities—the fluids formed of such aliment, must be productive of diseased action in the solids to which they are applied, and in the solids which are formed out of them.

Every physiologist also knows, that habits, or tendencies to repetition of an accustomed action or mode of action, is a property of the animal fibre; not merely of muscular fibre as in walking, in talking, in playing on an instrument, &c.; but even in the soft medullary and nervous fibre, as in the associations and catenations whereon memory depends. Hence if any organ of the body, whether individual as a muscle or a gland, or aggregated as a viscus, has been long accustomed to morbid action, that action will gradually become habitual, even under circumstances of the system that would originally have produced not morbid, but healthy action. So, when the overloaded stomach digests feebly, it may recover by proper subsequent treatment; but if it be overloaded two or three times a day for years together, it will acquire the habit of morbid action, and produce the diseases of chronic indigestion. All these are plain and well known truths, which a well informed physician may consider as superfluous; but they are necessary to the explanation of the subject I propose to treat.

I consider the following facts as sufficiently established; and to require no formal proof by induction.

1. When the stomach acts feebly, either from general or specific debility, or from being oppressed with food improper in kind, or oppressive in quantity, symptoms of indigestion are produced; which almost always consist of, or are accompanied by morbid secretion of acid matter, and of gases—acid eructations and flatulence.

2. These symptoms are particularly produced or increased, when the vegetable acids, or acescent liquors, are taken into the stomach in quantities much beyond the calls of appetite.

3. And particularly so when combined with alcohol; which first stimulates the stomach, and then produces debility in proportion to the artificial stimulus applied. Generally, this debility comes on before the digestive process is over.

4. The animal system, in the human species produces acids within the body, dissimilar in kind to the acids contained in the nutriment: such as the phosphoric, the uric, &c.

5. This production of acid in the system, is greatly promoted by morbid secretions in the stomach, and by much acid or acescent substance taken as nutriment.

6. Much acid or acescent food taken into the stomach is apt to produce acidity in the fluids, in the secretions and excretions, and particularly uric acid in the contents of the *vesica urinaria*.

This tendency of acid and acescent food to produce an acidulous state of the fluids, and to generate uric acid, is owing in part to the ease wherewith vegetable acids are changed into each other and into animal acids: all our acid food and drinks are of a vegetable nature, we take the mineral acids only as medicines.

Whether the fluids of the body are in this acidulous state, can always be ascertained in an instant, by dipping into the contents of the *vesica urinaria*, or confining under the arm-pit, a piece of cloth or paper, reddened by syrup of violets, by infusion of litmus, or of red cabbage, and then slightly blued by the vapour of ammonia, or a weak solution of that alkali: being the common chymical test of acidity.

7. The uric acid and the lithic acid are the same: this has been fully ascertained, particularly by the experiments of Dr. Wollaston.

8. Of stones in the bladder, the greater part consist chiefly of uric acid; about four-fifths of them consist either of uric acid and animal mucilage, or of the urates agglutinated in layers by animal mucilage.

9. The acid of the stone in the bladder, and the acid contained in the chalk stones of the joints of gouty patients are the same. Dr. Wollaston has ascertained that the chalk stones are urates of soda.

10. Cases of gout, are generally accompanied with complaints of the kidneys, or the bladder, and with symptoms of the gravel, and always with that sediment in the contents of the *vesica ur.* which is usually observed also in nephritic complaints.

11. The stone and gravel are most prevalent in countries where thin wines or cider are the common beverage, and in young people: the gout is observed in persons chiefly of mid-age, or in the decline of life, accustomed to drink wine, to live plentifully, and to use little exercise; that is, in persons who take acid and acescent drinks, and whose stomachs are debilitated by being somewhat overloaded every day, whose strength is not renewed

by exercise, and whose vital powers are languid in the extremities. Hence

12. Gout must of course be increased, and frequently induced where the diathesis prevails, by any debilitating cause; as excess of stimulus, excess of exercise, excess of venery, grief, &c. These causes operate in two ways, they bring on acid indigestion, and a debilitated state of the system generally, and of the extremities particularly, which also, always sympathize with the state of the stomach.

If the above facts be true, and I apprehend they cannot be denied by persons competent to judge concerning them, it will follow

a. That stone and gout depend on acid nutriment, or on morbid acid secretion, producing an acid state of the fluids throughout the whole system.

b. That where the system is strong from youth, and the circulation in the extremities vigorous, the disorder produced will not be gout but stone: on the contrary; where from long indulgence of sensual pleasures beyond the bounds of moderation, and from the languid action of the system on the commencement of the decline of life, the extremities will be more liable to be attacked, and the type of the disorder will be gout. But in both cases, the seat of the disorder is in the *fluids* of the body; and the state of the fluids throughout the system, is in most cases, induced by the chemical nature of the food taken into the stomach, and the fluids there produced.

It is undeniable that gout is strongly connected with wine drinking: now to show how the drinking of wine may produce the gout, I procured Mr. Cullen, of the alms-house, to make the following experiments under my direction: they appear to me strongly corroborative of the preceding train of reasoning. Mr. Brande's experiments show the quantity of alcohol in various wines; Mr. Cullen's the quantity of acid.

He took four ounces, by measure, of the common vinegar used for domestic purposes, he saturated it with the salt of tartar of the shops till it would no longer change the colour either of blue litmus paper, or of red litmus paper. It was neutralized.

Four ounces of vinegar required 193 grains of salt of tartar to saturate it.

An equal measure of very good claret required but 19 grains.

of good Port wine	- - -	$21\frac{1}{3}$
of Madeira wine	- - - -	24
of Fayal wine	- - - -	24
of Sicily white wine (Massala)	-	$25\frac{1}{3}$
of Currant wine	- - - -	$25\frac{1}{3}$

Hence upon the average, from one-ninth to one-eighth part of wine consists of vinegar of the usual strength with that commonly used for the table or for pickling; I say vinegar, for in making wine, the acetous fermentation is seldom stopt soon enough: but in fact the acid of wine consists partly of this acid, and partly of the supertartrite of potash. This last salt, gradually crystallizes and adheres to the sides of the cask; hence the superiority of old wine, and cask wine, in point of mellowness to the palate: hence the superior richness of ullage wine. I know of no method of getting rid of the acid: the tartaric acid may be separated by calcareous earth; but lime will combine with the vinegar, forming a soluble salt.

Females of sedentary habits are generally much afflicted with sick head-ach and heart-burn. This is owing to indigestion. Their drink is either wine and water, or spirit and water, or malt liquor, all of them acescent. In stomachs accustomed to a morbid secretion of acid, even alcohol is acidified. Indeed, vinegar is formed out of alcohol wherever it is produced. A very good method of making vinegar, is to put sugar and water and whiskey into an empty vinegar cask. This is the common practice of housewives in the back country. Women are of lax fibre, and the debility of constitution and habitual neglect of active exercise with them, produces the same effect as the indirect debility of stimulus in men. No wonder, therefore, that females in the decline of life should be liable to the gout; which they certainly are, as much as men: that is, in those classes of civilized society, where plentiful and luxurious nutriment, is combined with want of exercise. The gout with females, is usually called rheumatism, but a practitioner ought to be at no loss in determining the disorder.

The acid thus taken into the stomach, or there formed morbidly by indigestion, becomes the lithic or uric acid when it has passed the kidneys, whether this uric acid is formed previous to secretion in the kidneys, is not yet determined by direct experiment. But that the uric or lithic acid is formed out of acid and ascescent vegetable matter, is manifest. Our food is partly animal and partly vegetable; now who ever suspected that an acid could be formed out of a beef-steak?

Gout has been supposed to arise from large quantities of high seasoned food; rich soups, and made dishes, as they are called. Whether a man overloads his stomach by rich beef or turtle soup, the injury will be nearly the same; that is, indigestion from want of sufficient action. If you overload a horse uniformly, you will force him into the habit of stumbling, and he will stumble from habit, even when his load is moderate. To be sure, the indirect debility from the stimulus of spices, pepper, &c., in high seasoned dishes, which incite us to eat too much and to overload the stomach, is not to be neglected in considering the wholesomeness of food; but I am fully persuaded that animal food is very remotely, if at all, the cause of gout; and the rich dishes of the opulent are more wholesome in all respects, as well as more palatable, than the gross cookery of the poor.

The immediate cause of gout and of stone, is, the fluids of the body overladen with uric acid; and the uric acid is formed out of the acid liquors taken into the stomach, and the acid liquors formed there from acescent vegetable diet. If in every pint of wine, we take a wine-glass-full of strong vinegar, no wonder our secreted fluids should put on an acid character.

Under these circumstances, the exhibition of alkaline remedies in gout and stone is clearly indicated; including among alkaline remedies, the alkaline earths, lime and magnesia. Dr. Chittick's broth, Mrs. Stephens's Castile soap, Dr. Beddoes's soda pills, Dr. Falconer's aqua mephitica alkalina, Mr. Brande's magnesia, are all good.

In the cure of the gout and stone, the physician must be directed by the symptoms of the disorder, and the age and habits of the patient. But a regimen may be used, which will guard against the return of the fits.

All indigestion is accompanied with costiveness: acid indigestion with scybala. In females, half the hysterical cases, are simple cases of flatulence from indigestion. It is therefore necessary to keep the bowels regular.

When litmus paper, shows that the contents of the *vesica urinaria* is decidedly acid—or when the lateritious sediment appears, or when the shooting pain down the inside of the thigh, or the itching of the end of the urethra takes place, alkalies should be resorted to. Three large tea-spoonsful of magnesia in one day, and half an ounce of Castile soap thinly shaved down, on the next, and so on for a fortnight, will generally counteract incipient attacks. In this way I have so decidedly neutralized the contents of the bladder, in four or five days, as to produce no change in litmus paper. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the necessity of abstaining from acids and from wine. The best drink for those whose habits render moderate stimulus necessary, is gin and water; the least hurtful beverage when taken in moderation, for those whose stomachs cannot bear water alone. But if taken in excess, the indirect debility of the stomach so produced, occasions the gin itself to be converted into vinegar. The best rum and the best brandy, are more deleterious even when moderately used.

I have had strong reason to believe that morbid acid secretion is often the cause of diarrhoea, and of hemorrhoids. The burning sensation occasioned by the fluids voided, is always the consequence of acid irritation.

In many cases calomel acts with unexpected violence: may not this arise from the oxyd or sub carbonat being converted into a phosphat of mercury?

I submit these facts and suggestions to your readers.

T. C.

February 17, 1817.

The following macaronic verses were written by Dr. Geddes.

All in a word, qui se oppressos most heavily credunt.

Legibus injustis, test—oathibus atque profanis;

While high church homines in ease et luxury vivunt;

Et placeas, postas, meroedes, munia graspant!

Hi cuncta keen were; fari aut pugnare parati

Prisca pro causa.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE; OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.

A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes. HORACE.

(Continued from page 463, vol. iv.)

THE celebrated author of the Essay on Man, throughout the whole of that excellent performance, speaks no where with greater judgment or veracity, than where he affirms, and forcibly evinces, that

"Man never *is*, but always *to be blest*."

The animal and irrational part of the creation have, it is true, their various pains and their wants, their wishes and desires; but when once the former are alleviated, and the latter are gratified, the contented creature immediately sinks into a state of ease and tranquillity, and appears to be made perfectly satisfied and happy, by the agreeable melioration of its condition. But man alone, who is endowed with a superiority of reason, seems at the same time, by a strange and unaccountable contradiction, to be likewise gifted with supremacy of dissatisfaction. "In whatsoever station he is placed," justly observes the *Roman satirist, "whether his lot has been awarded him by the judicious hand of unerring reason, or whether it has been the gift of capricious and undiscerning fortune; he is invariably discontented." Even if, by a lucky concatenation of circumstances, he should at last acquire the possession of some favorite object which he has, perhaps, during a long series of years, indefatigably strove, or incessantly sighed to obtain; yet, wonderful as it may appear, instead of rejoicing at the valuable acquisition, he will probably, on examination, be found to be still more dissatisfied than formerly. Either the pleasure he at last receives is considerably diminished, if not wholly extinguished, by the unremitting labour and solicitude with which it has been acquired; either the object itself does not unfortunately arrive to that high degree of perfection with which long anticipation and a glowing imagination have portrayed it, or whatever else be the reason; yet, certain it is, that the first moment of his disgust may, in general, be safely dated from the first moment of his possession.

* Horace, Satire I. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Of this Denterville was a convincing example. Whilst he had lived in a private and almost solitary retirement, enjoying sufficient barely to satisfy his actual necessities, his thoughts had been invariably directed towards the superb mansions of the opulent; to the luxuries and voluptuousness he had heard and believed, they were constantly in a condition to enjoy; and to the happiness he imagined was naturally concomitant with their splendid and elevated situation. Now, raised by the indulgence of fortune to the exalted rank of those he had envied; the master of a magnificent mansion, and in the possession of an income adequate to the gratification of all his real and even imaginary wants; he felt, and it was with amazement, and almost with shame, that he felt, the same disagreeable discontented sensations which had so frequently haunted him whilst the inhabitant of a cottage.

A short month had scarcely elapsed before his new abode had ceased to charm by its novelty; and during the course of another month, he began seriously to complain of its tiresome monotony. The pleasures of sense, after the repetition of a few times, delighted no longer, and his satiated nature soon sat down with indifference, and almost with disgust, to the luxurious feast and the sparkling banquet. Acquaintance he had scarcely any. His titled neighbours sedulously avoided any intimacy with a man on whom they unanimously bestowed the epithet of *upstart*; as he unfortunately had no relish for the sports of the field, his company was avoided with equal diligence by the gentry around, amongst whom he was distinguished by the appellation of a *flat*; and his own pride would scarcely permit him to condescend to associate with the low and illiterate inhabitants of the adjacent village, or the rustic tenants of his extensive estate. Even the trifling attention he was unavoidably obliged to allow to his domestic concerns, was considered as disagreeable, and almost as painful, to a person of his natural indolence of disposition. His aged, and, as it commonly is the characteristic of old age, his talkative steward, regularly disturbed him with a tedious account of some advantageous purchase he earnestly recommended him to make, with a long panegyric on his own wonderful judgment and unerring experience; or else with a still more tiresome recital of the various economical

plans his prolific brain was perpetually producing for the better regulation and further improvement of the estate, and income of its new master. His servants would frequently apply to him for directions towards the management of his numerous household; and Denterville was often heard to exclaim, with the exaggerating voice of discontent, that his own situation was scarcely preferable to that of the lowest menial within the walls of his castle. "Alas!" said he, mournfully, to himself one day, "I am not yet satisfied. I perceive there is no good devoid of its concomitant evil; and the numerous pains are fully equivalent to the boasted pleasures of wealth. If the rich man has a greater profusion of delicacies daily spread on his table, than they can perhaps obtain who are placed in a humble state of poverty, he has at the same time less appetite to enjoy them; and the hungry labourer who always takes his coarse and frugal meal under the friendly shade of some neighbouring tree, may proudly boast of a luxury which the accumulated wealth of all the world, would be insufficient to purchase. Besides, how often have I dejectedly sat down since my prosperity, and cursed the hours that moved so heavily forwards. Formerly, whatever were my other misfortunes, I never then had it in my power to complain either of the wearisome length of the day, or the want of something constantly to employ me. What can I do? or how is it possible to remedy this glaring fault in my condition? I will," continued he, after a moment's ruminatio-

"I will betake myself to study. My dear father whilst he was living, taught me a little, and I recollect he has frequently mentioned with pleasure, my docility to learn, and surprising quickness of comprehension. Besides, I shall by this method, I hope, occupy some of the leisure time that now seems to move so slowly."

He no sooner had conceived his plan, than he was impatient to bring it into execution. He had now again something fresh to which he was able to look forward with sensations of delight, and his glowing fancy, always deceitful, painted to him the rugged road to literature, as if adorned with every flower.

Different masters, and innumerable volumes of books, were brought at a large expense, from a great distance, and with all possible expedition, to the castle; and, for a short time, Denter-

ville conceived himself happy. But the illusion was transient. He was undoubtedly possessed of a vast and capacious genius; but he unfortunately was destitute of the application requisite to bring such extraordinary talents to vigour and maturity. The remarkable levity and indolence inherent in his disposition, would scarcely ever allow him to follow an object with that diligence and perseverance which was necessary for its attainment; and he would always retire with every symptom of satiety and disgust, from any difficult or perplexing pursuit. He was indeed anxiously desirous to be accounted learned, but the fatigue of study was intolerable to him. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that his recent project should quickly lose the gay attractions of its first appearance. The dry, but indispensable study of a grammar, appeared to him insufferable; his ponderous dictionary soon became the subject of a very serious and heavy complaint; and he frequently expressed his great astonishment that any teacher who really desired to render a language easy and agreeable to his pupil, should begin with a couple of books so dull and uninteresting. His masters disturbed him with a long catalogue of rules which they pertinaciously insisted were absolutely necessary to be learnt; but he unfortunately was of a different opinion. To rear the towering structure without first forming the solid foundations on which it was to stand; to penetrate into the middle of a science without attending to the numberless imperceptible gradations which conduct insensibly to it, was what he desired. His masters would often remonstrate—it was methodical, they asserted, and could not be done. A dispute arose, at length, and they were immediately dismissed. He then sent for other instructors, promising them a double stipend if they would engage to teach him after a more easy method. They all smiled at the simplicity, or rather the folly, of the request; and told him it was impossible. These were likewise discharged; and Denterville was compelled to acknowledge, with a sigh, that the Goddess of Literature is not to be won by Gold.

“I have been mistaken,” said he, one day rising from a reverie which the disagreeable remembrance of his late bad success had thrown him into, “I have hitherto been mistaken. Literary pursuits are beneath the consideration of a rich man. The son of

wealth is independent of knowledge. Why should he bruise his foot in climbing up her steep ascent; or confuse his soul by attending her through her mazy labyrinths? The lore of science, the complicated theorem, and the profound investigation, are all the inheritance of the philosopher. *My* wealth is of a different stamp. He may boast of the endless immortality his sublime productions may procure him; or of the unspeakable advantages he renders to society by his midnight labour. But can this vaunted reputation afford one moment's vigour to his debilitated body? or is that good, he so proudly asserts he renders another, an adequate compensation for his own exertions and incessant anxiety of mind? The malevolent insinuations of envy will be sure to detract from his merit whilst he is alive; and, after the short revolution of a single century, his laboured works will probably be found only on the dusty shelf of a bookseller, covered by cobwebs, the food of moths, and consigned forever to obscurity; and why then should I fatigue myself with pursuing the delusive phantom of knowledge? "But still," continued he, after a moment's reflection, "something is certainly necessary to fill the dreary chasm betwixt me and happiness. If I could once obtain domestic comfort, I think I should be fully contented; and who," cried he, involuntarily starting from his seat, as the idea shot rapidly across his mind, "who is able to bestow that happiness like a *wife*. If I marry, I shall have the satisfaction of beholding at least one person, whose existence, will in some degree, be connected with my own. I shall possess a real and confidential friend, to whom I may unfold the most secret thoughts of my heart; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of sharing her's in return. How swift will the minutes fly in listening to her engaging conversation, whilst the secret but mutual desire of pleasing, will conspire to animate the discourse of us both. Besides, my servants who now daily disturb me with the concerns of my house, will then apply themselves to her; and thus, this disagreeable burden will be entirely removed from off my shoulders."

The wonderful quickness of Denterville's conception, was only to be paralleled by the great rapidity with which he always executed what he did conceive. His project, therefore, did not admit of either much consideration or delay! He imagined the felic-

city of his whole life to be dependant on its immediate success, and he was consequently solicitous to behold its completion.

Amongst the numerous tenants who rented the extensive estates of Denterville, there was one of the most respectable, who could justly boast of a daughter, that by the unanimous opinion of all the admiring swains, was accounted the ornament and beauty of that part of the country. The neighbouring villagers, who secretly felt, and were with reason, amazed at the powerful dominion she could exert over them, had distinguished her by the epithet of the enchantress; and even the rustic maidens openly acknowledged, though perhaps they might secretly envy, the great superiority of her personal charms, and the irresistible captivations of her polished behaviour. Indeed, she truly deserved both the admiration of the one sex, and the envy of the other. The face of Caroline Pierreville, (for that was her name) was regularly beautiful; and the symmetry of her features, was crowned by an animation that gave a lustre to the whole. Her fine figure was as much the object of admiration as her countenance. Insensibly verging in nice proportions towards the height which is denominated tall, it neither over-awed the gazing beholder by its majesty of appearance, nor displeased the fastidious taste of the exactest critic, by too near an approach to the standard of diminutiveness. Her graceful gestures—her airy motions—the sweet smile of innocence that played around her mouth—and the melting languor that beamed from her eye—all demanded admiration, and fascinated the persons who viewed her. At the village feast, the most daring wish of the most presumptuous swain was to procure a seat by the lovely Caroline. In the mazy dance, the utmost ambition of every youth was to obtain the nimble Caroline for his partner; and at the country wake, the noblest reward of the conquering boxer, or triumphant wrestler, was a small token of approbation presented him by the white hand of the beautiful Caroline. The favourite work of Nature, she had been formed in her choicest mould; and all those qualities for which the sentimentalist so frequently sighs, and the voluptuary so often wishes, were united to render her person agreeable. Besides, an indulgent father had educated her in a manner far superior to her station—she happily joined the polite behaviour belonging to a city,

to the healthy bloom that is peculiar to the country; and, by her agreeable conversation, and elegance of manners, she was enabled to preserve the conquests her beauty had procured her.

It cannot be supposed that Denterville, in the flower of youth, of an engaging person, possessed of a princely fortune, and the master of a magnificent mansion, should sigh at her feet in vain. As soon as his honourable intentions (for he immediately proposed marriage) were known, his numerous rivals, who had nothing but their ardent affection to recommend them, retired with vexation and envy from the unequal contest; and Caroline herself, whatever were the secret inclinations of her heart, dutifully acquiesced in the urgent solicitations, or rather peremptory commands of her delighted father, and gave her new admirer a decided preference.

If ever we are really happy, surely it is in anticipation; when the vigorous imagination, bursting from its shackles, wantons enraptured through the long, dim regions of futurity, and pictures to itself events, not as they ever can, but as it wishes they should happen. Thus it was, at least, with Denterville; his glowing but deceitful fancy displayed to his view a long assemblage of glittering objects, all delightful in idea, but all contemptible with reality. His imagination represented the altar of hymen as the inestimable source of endless felicity; and Caroline and marriage he seemed to consider as almost synonymous terms with constant pleasure and uninterrupted happiness. Engaged continually in the silent enjoyment of his visionary schemes, in the company and conversation of his beauteous mistress; or in making the requisite preparations for her reception at the castle, his time passed pleasantly and almost imperceptibly along; and perpetually busied in concerns for the future hour, he enjoyed with greater satisfaction the pleasures produced him by the present. "I will," said he to himself, "receive my wife without a portion, and thus will the chain of love receive additional strength from the ties of gratitude." He kept his word; Caroline appeared delighted; the transports of her father were unbounded at his generosity; and after the usual preparatory, or rather probationary time, the rector of the village united them for life.

"Now," thought the enraptured youth, when returned from the ceremony, as he conducted his blooming bride through the spacious hall into the elegant parlour of the castle;—"now I shall be extremely happy. The proud possessor of this angelic form, my whole life will certainly resemble one long uninterrupted nuptial day; and blessed with my lovely Caroline, I shall henceforth drink of the cup of joy, pure and unembittered." The gentle, but nevertheless expressive pressure which he at that moment bestowed on the soft hand of his mistress, sufficiently indicated the delicious ideas and transports of his heart; and the tender glance that swiftly shot from the mild blue eye of the charming bride, and the gentle sigh that fled almost involuntarily, from her bosom, were evident demonstrations of the delightful sensations, and also of the feminine timidity with which her heart likewise was alternately agitated.

Fortune, indeed, seemed at last to be propitious to his wishes. A husband's title was yet a novelty to him—a husband's privileges were enjoyed with rapture by him;—the matrimonial couch appeared to improve the charms of his Caroline;—the converse of friendship and the amusements of the country, diminished the tiresome length of the day;—the united powers of love and repose sufficiently shortened the hours of night; and Denterville, the fickle discontented Denterville, acknowledged himself to have been perfectly happy—for a week.

(*To be continued.*)

OF STEAM BOATS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The various accidents that have arisen from the bursting of the boilers of Steam Engines on board of passage boats, have excited much public attention. The utility of Steam in the production of mechanical power for the propelling of boats, is now admitted on all sides, the discussions on the subject having terminated in the question, whether we are to prefer its application by means of the high or low pressure Engines. We have already published a sensible paper on this topic; but we have not exhausted it, and in a matter which comes so much *home* to every one, even pro-

lidity would find ample apology. We invite a careful perusal of our statements, because they are predicated upon patient inquiry among practical men.

The low pressure or condensing Engine is the invention of Messrs. *Boulton* and *Watt* of England, and is calculated to do its work with a pressure of four pounds on every square inch of the boiler, exerted on a piston of very considerable area.

The high pressure Engine is the invention of Mr. *Oliver Evans* of Philadelphia. It is calculated to do its work by means of steam raised to a pressure of ten atmospheres, or 145 pounds on the square inch, exerting its force on a piston of relatively small area. We call *Mr. Evans* the inventor, though that honour has been claimed for *Mr. Travetick* of England, because his Engine was in use in Philadelphia two years before the patent of *Mr. Travetick*, and because he has been able to use a pressure of 145 pounds per inch, whereas *Mr. Travetick* has only used a pressure of from forty to sixty pounds, and with that he has often failed.

Both of these engines are capable of doing all that is required of them, and both may be said to be perfectly safe when confined to the limits at which their owners profess to work them.

In applying so powerful an agent as Steam to mechanical purposes, experience alone can point out what strength is necessary for the containing vessels, so as to render them safe and free from the danger of explosion. The engines of *Boulton* and *Watt* have now been in use for twenty or thirty years, and *Evans'* for about seventeen. It is presumable, therefore, that both have arrived at a considerable degree of accuracy in the knowledge of adapting the strength of the boiler to the pressure, to which it is to be subjected. The relative degree of safety which has hitherto attended these engines may be gathered from what we are about to state.

It is said that explosions have taken place on board of six boats in the United States carrying low pressure engines: viz. *The Paragon*, *Atlanta*, *Washington*, *Powhatan*, *Superior* and *Raritan*, by which eighteen persons were killed, and thirty-two wounded. On the other hand, it is confidently asserted by *Mr. Evans*, that although he has made about two hundred high steam boilers, within the last fifteen years, most, or all of which, are yet in ope-

nation; no personal injury has ever been sustained by the explosion of any of them; and that no explosion has ever taken place in any of them, similar to those of low pressure engines, by which so many lives have been destroyed both in England and America.

The testimony of men of experience both in England and America has shown, that wrought iron boilers, which when new were sufficiently strong, after becoming old and weak have always given way by a small rent or fissure, through which the steam escapes, and thereby the pressure is gradually taken off without doing any other mischief. The reason of this I suppose to be, that iron exposed to corrosion always decays irregularly, so that in one place it will become very thin, while an adjoining part will remain almost as thick as it was originally. This mode of corrosion is exemplified in the chains which are used on the stirrers of grain stills. One part will be eaten like a honey-comb, while another will be almost eaten off, and a third will remain of its original thickness, though the whole had been originally made out of the same bar of iron. In the case of one fissure which we have seen in a steam boiler, the greater corrosion of one part, was owing to the accidental dripping of water on it externally, and in all probability this may be the most frequent cause of the inequality of which we are speaking.

It is admitted that the *Constitution*, a boat built on the Ohio by Mr. George, son of Oliver Evans, did meet with a dreadful accident, through the collapsing of its fire flue, by which eleven persons were killed. Evans' boiler has no fire flue in it, and it was unfortunately without his approbation that an attempt was made to introduce into the high pressure engine, the weakest part of the other. This fire flue passed through the end of the boiler, and was not fastened to it. When the pressure of the steam came on it, during the first trip of the boat, the flue was crushed, and the aperture thus made between it and the boiler, permitted a great body of steam to rush out; which killed those who were sitting at breakfast opposite the end of the boiler. But the boiler remained perfectly uninjured.

Had the engineer kept water enough in the boiler to prevent the flue from becoming red-hot and soft, probably it would not have given way. But it seems to have been an injudicious expe-

riment, to have inserted so weak a part, or rather a part so liable to accident in a boiler which was to operate with a pressure of 150 pounds.

A melancholy accident also occurred on board of the *Norwich packet* in England. Her boiler was made in the form and manner of *Evans'*, but the cast iron ends of it were only three-fourths of an inch thick; whereas *Evans'* are above two inches. One of these weak ends gave way and killed several persons on board, while the violence of the recoil, projected the rest of the boiler over the stern of the boat. This was *Travetick's* engine, calculated to bear what is called in England high steam of sixty pounds on an inch, but which is much nearer to our idea of low steam. It is here worthy of remark, that this boiler was fifty-two inches in diameter, whereas that of *Evans'* is never more than thirty: consequently its end must have had an area three times as great as that of *Evans'* while it was only one-third of its thickness, so that *Evans'* end is nine times as strong as that of the *Norwich packets'* engine.

Thus it appears that neither of these two cases militates against *Evans'* construction. We have already stated that about 200 of his boilers have been in operation for nearly seventeen years past, not one of which has ever exploded so as to do any injury. We seem therefore warranted in saying, that experience, which alone ought to be our guide in this matter, has proved that *Evans'* boilers are strong enough to bear not only the regular pressure at which they usually work, but also all the accidental increase of pressure to which many, in so great a number, must from a great variety of causes have been exposed.

Mr. *Evans'* boiler is made of wrought iron a full quarter of an inch in thickness, of a cylindrical form and about thirty inches in diameter with a cast iron end two and a fourth inches thick. Some idea of the pressure which such a cylinder would bear, may be drawn from the following experiments: assuming in our calculation that wrought iron is stronger than copper, in the proportion of about 84 to 37, which has been proved by actual trial.

A mineral water copper of an oval form, the longest diameter of which was about thirty inches and the shortest about seventeen, the sides of which were less than one-third of the thickness of

Evans' boiler, was subjected to a pressure of sixteen atmospheres or 232 pounds on every square inch, which it bore without bursting, or even having its sides bulged out.

If the sides of this copper had been made of wrought iron and only as thick as the copper, it would have borne a greater pressure in the proportion of 84 to 37, or 633 pounds on the inch; and if the sides had been three times as thick as they were, which is the proportion of the thickness of *Evans'* boiler to that of the mineral water copper, they would have sustained a force of 1599 pounds on the inch. But as the circumference of *Evans'* boiler is greater than that of the other, in the proportion of 90 to 51, this sum of 1599 must be diminished in that ratio; which would show that *Evans'* boiler is capable of bearing a pressure of 906 pounds on the inch. This is the result of a single experiment. But we know that in warm weather for two or three years past, weaker coppers than the one here mentioned have been daily subjected to a pressure of twelve and a half atmospheres or 181 pounds on the inch, without having experienced any accident. The pressure was always measured accurately by the sthenometer. If we suppose the coppers to have been all of equal strength and therefore diminish this result of 906 pounds in the proportion of 181 to 232, we will then have shown by a long course of experiments that *Evans'* boiler is capable of bearing a pressure of 706 pounds on the inch without explosion.

The size of the furnace on board of boats is necessarily limited by the desire of saving room, and ought to be only sufficient to hold wood enough to give the requisite degree of heat to the boiler. This point is so nicely regulated on board of the *Etna*, a boat worked by *Evans'* engine, that we have been informed by one of the owners, that on a passage from Burlington to Philadelphia, while running in opposition to another boat, they could not at any time while the boat was under way, raise the pressure above 145 pounds on the inch; although the furnace was kept well supplied with dry wood. If the furnace were made larger and well constructed, no doubt the steam could be raised to a much higher point, but it is not probable that any owner will do this contrary to his own interest, and if he did, he could not make it such as to give a pressure, while the engine is working, equal to one half of

what we have shown the high pressure boilers to be capable of bearing.

The relative advantages and disadvantages of high and low pressure engines have been variously stated, and it is to be regretted that the interests of the owners is in opposition to a candid exposure of facts. We shall state them as far as we have been able to obtain them, and shall not be ashamed to stand corrected if we err in a matter which presents so many obstacles to the discovery of truth.

A greater degree of safety, which to the public is of primary importance, seems to have been claimed by the advocates of low pressure engines. But in this assumption we have shown that they are not warranted by experience; so many of their engines having produced fatal accidents; whereas no such occurrence has happened with those of *Evans'*, which appears to us to be the best of the high pressure kind that has as yet been invented.

The London *Monthly Magazine* for July 1817 contains the following paragraph on the subject of Steam Engines:

"Captain William Davy, one of the most intelligent miners in Cornwall, in answer to a letter from a gentleman in London, observes that, 'as to danger from engines employing steam of high pressure, none who are competent to give an opinion on the subject (and none else have a right to do so,) will so far commit themselves as to say, that there can be any danger in working steam from 35 to 45 pounds pressure on the square inch in the boiler—which is the ratio at which Woolf's engines are worked,—provided safety valves be employed, and the construction and materials be of a proper quality. As to the common engine being less dangerous than those employing steam of a higher temperature, the idea is quite groundless; for those who make them, proportion the strength and substance of the materials accordingly, nor do they ever give their boiler the same strength for a pressure of six or seven pounds as they would for a pressure of forty. In fact, I have known several accidents in consequence of the boilers of common engines giving way. By the bursting of a common wrought iron boiler at Poldory mine, three men were killed and three badly scalded. At Chasewater, two horses were killed by the explosion of the boiler, though at work in a different building from the boiler house. There was also a serious accident lately at Crenver, from one of the common boilers, which caused the loss of several lives.'"

It is stated that the difference in weight of the two machines, including the whole of their apparatus, together with their furnaces, and the necessary quantity of water requisite for their operations, is about twenty tons in favour of the high pressure engines.

This, of course, gives the advantage of cheapness in the first cost, in their favour, as well as that of saving freight.

The quantity of fuel consumed is a most important item in navigating by steam, both on account of the cost, and also of the freight in long passages. Those who navigate by high steam assert that "their daily consumption in passages of five or six hours, is about two and a half cords, whereas the low pressure boats use four or five cords under similar circumstances." This, however, is not entirely admitted by their opponents. There are two circumstances that indicate the advantage on this point to be in favour of high steam. In the first place, if one engine with its appendages be twenty tons heavier than the other, it must afford a much greater surface by which its heat may be dissipated, for the whole apparatus must be pervaded by the heat. In the second place, the elasticity of steam increases in a ratio nearly geometrical, while the temperature is increasing in arithmetical progression. Thus we see that it requires but little additional heat to give a very superior degree of elasticity. This, by the by, is also the reason why a weak boiler may be exploded by a small increase of heat.

"The average work performed by thirty-three engines of *Boulton and Watt*, in Cornwall, in May, 1817, was, according to *Messrs. Lean's* report for that month, 20,897,040 pounds of water, lifted one foot high with each bushel of coal consumed. During the same month, the work done by *Woolf's* engine (high pressure) at Wheal Vor, was 49,555,244, and by his engine at Wheal Abraham 56,917.312 pounds, lifted one foot high by each bushel of coal. By *Messrs. Lean's* report for June, the average work of twenty-eight engines was 20,884,326 pounds, lifted one foot high with each bushel of coal; and during the same month, *Woolf's* engine at Wheal Vor, 43,161,819, and at Wheal Abraham, 51,476,482 pounds of water, lifted one foot high with each bushel of coal consumed."

[*Augustan Review, September, 1816.*]

The city of Philadelphia has been hitherto supplied with water, by means of a low pressure engine. A high steam engine made by Oliver Evans is now substituted in its place, and has been in operation a few weeks. It is stated by those who conducted the operation, during the proof experiments to which it was subject-

ed, that the supply of water can now be rendered with much greater certainty and expedition, and with a saving, in fuel alone, of *seventeen dollars per day.*

The experiments with the mineral water coppers, which we have stated above, will show how very thin the low pressure boilers may be made, and yet be perfectly safe, as long as the pressure is at or below four pounds on an inch. Mr. Evans's boilers have been shown to be perfectly safe at 150. There is then nothing necessary to insure the safety of the passengers in boats worked by either, but to guard against the increase of steam beyond its prescribed limits. Heretofore this has been attempted by loading the safety valves to a limited point, and by a mercurial guage kept for the use of the workmen. Experience has shown that neither of these can be relied on, for dreadful accidents have occurred when both were in operation. They are in the hands of the workmen, and can be altered so as to deceive all other persons on board, whenever it is desirable to increase the speed against a rival, and whenever, through accident or carelessness, the safety valve is left too heavily loaded. Another expedient has been proposed, which, in conjunction with the safety valve, it is believed would always insure the safety of the passengers. This consists in placing a sthenometer in the cabin, which will constantly indicate, to every person on board, precisely the pressure which is then operating. This instrument is formed like a thermometer, and was invented by Dr. James S. Ewing, of this city. The rise of the mercury indicates the pressure of the steam. The graduations show the number of pounds per inch; so that when the mercury rises to 4, it indicates that the pressure in the boiler is equal to four pounds on the square inch, or that which should not be exceeded by low pressure engines; and when it rises to 150, it shows the pressure to be such as should not be exceeded by high pressure engines. It is so simple, that every person on board will readily understand it. When such an instrument can be had at a trifling expense, the owners of boats seem to be under an obligation to furnish their passengers with the means of knowing when their lives are put at hazard by the carelessness or mismanagement of those who conduct the boat. In a case in which such dreadful accidents have taken place, and the ordinary me-

thods of preventing them have failed, common prudence would require that every mode of guarding against danger should be adopted. The sthenometer cannot be altered by the boatmen so as to give a false indication, as both the steam guage and safety valve can be. If they do not injure it so as to prevent its acting at all, it must give the pressure truly. It has been applied to a steam engine of high pressure so as to prove its accuracy, and it has been used for several years, by many persons, in making mineral waters, where the pressure is greater than in high steam engines; and although it has not been assisted either by the steam guage or safety valve, so sensible is it to the least variation of pressure, and so true its indications, that no accident has ever happened where it was used, while dangerous and even mortal explosions have taken place every season among those who have operated without it.

From all that has been said, we may reasonably conclude, that if the plan of having two safety valves, and subjecting the boilers to occasional trials of their strength, as proposed by the Councils of Philadelphia be adopted, and a sthenometer for the use of the passengers be placed in the cabin, steam boat navigation will be rendered as safe as it is pleasant.

THE SPANISH COLONIES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It was our intention to have given a connected view of the transactions in relation to this highly interesting subject, in this *Number* of our work; but the want of room compels us to defer it until the next month. As it will probably be brought before the Congress immediately, we deem it proper to publish, without delay, the opinion of one of our most sagacious statesmen, on a matter of so much moment. It will be found in a letter from *Gen. Hamilton*, in reply to one from *Miranda*, in which the following passages are to be found: "it appears," says that unfortunate patriot, "that the moment of our emancipation approaches, and that the establishment of liberty throughout the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger, in any apprehension, will be from the introduction of French principles, which would poison our liberty at its birth, and end by overturning yours."

The plan of operations upon which these sanguine expectations were founded, was intrusted to a person who was about to proceed to this country from England; but who, it appears, had not arrived when Hamilton wrote his answer.

New-York, 22d August, 1798.

SIR,

I HAVE lately received, by duplicates, your letter of the 6th of April, with a postscript of the 9th of June. The gentleman you mention in it has not made his appearance to me, nor do I know of his arrival in this country; so that I can only divine the object from the hints in your letter. The sentiments I entertain with regard to that object have been long since in your knowledge; but I could, personally, have no participation in it, unless patronized by the government of this country. It was my wish that matters had been ripened for a co-operation in the course of this fall, on the part of this country, but this can now scarce be the case. The winter, however, may mature the project, and an effectual co-operation by the United States may take place. In this case I shall be happy, in my official station, to be the instrument of so good a work.

The plan, in my opinion, ought to be a fleet of Great Britain, an army of the United States—a government for the liberated territories, agreeable to both the co-operators, about which there will be, probably, no difficulty. To arrange the plan, a competent authority from Great Britain to some person here, is the best expedient. Your presence, here, in this case, will be extremely essential.

We are raising an army of about 12,000 men. General Washington has resumed his station at the head of our armies; I am appointed second in command.

With esteem and regard,

I remain, dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,

A. HAMILTON.

GEN. MIRANDA.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISS EDGEWORTH AND THE JEWS.

MR. SAUNTER,

The story of HARRINGTON by *Miss Edgeworth*, has excited more than common attention, because it is stated to have been written to conciliate a particular description of people—one of whose members, “an American lady,” had complained that her society had been harshly treated in the writings of that celebrated author. Harrington, the hero of this tale, is captivated by a young lady of the Hebrew stock. Both himself and his parents, entertain violent prejudices against *Jews*. These prejudices in due time, are removed by concurring circumstances; yet, her religion being an insurmountable bar to their marriage, it is suddenly discovered that she had been educated a christian!—and all concludes happily in the usual way.

One of our critics in the **NEW-YORK MAGAZINE**, after commenting with sufficient amplitude on novel-writing in general, and Miss Edgeworth’s manner in particular—gives a summary of this fashionable tale, and concludes with the following remarks: “*Miss Mentonero* is a lovely, sensitive, interesting girl—but she “is no Jewess! and the whole fabric, which the author had raised, “falls before this single fact. By doing away this prominent impediment to the union of the lovers, she completely destroys the “interest of the reader, and the moral of her tale. The mode “adopted to dispose of the difficulty, is a tacit admission that it “could be got over in no other way. *Miss Edgeworth* is quite “willing to allow the *Jews* to be very clever, good people—but “it is pretty plain that she does not think a Hebrew damsel a “proper helpmate for a John Bull.”

We readily agree with this writer, that by removing the impediment to the match, she has destroyed the interest of the reader—but not, we hope, the fabric *she meant* to raise, or the “moral of her tale.” Her design was simply to concede that *Jews* are like other men—good and bad—and this she has effected. But had she intended to inculcate that heartless liberality which supposes that conflicting opinions in the most essential articles of a religious creed, should be no impediment to a matrimonial union—

she would, indeed, have betrayed an evidence of that indifference to all religions, with which she has sometimes been charged. She was perfectly right in admitting that "the difficulty" must be removed; but there was another—and but one other way—the sacrifice of their love to their religion. Had she finally separated the lovers on this account, our sympathy would have been sustained, and to the virtues intended to be conceded to the still venerated name of Israelite, would have been added—that tenacious adherence to their faith which we know they practise—and so long as they sincerely think it right, they are highly commendable in doing so.

With such laws as could only be performed at Jerusalem, the Jews are now obliged to dispense; but all that are practicable in their dispersed state, they piously obey. Had not this been the case, they would have been long ago amalgamated, like every other ancient people, with the Gentiles, and their very name would have been discovered only in their history. Their absolutely abstaining from intermarriages with any others than those of their own communion, is the principal means by which they are preserved in their separate state; nor can we see how two persons, each conscientiously attached to a creed essentially so different as those of the Jew and the Christian, could live together in that perfect harmony, which ought, at least, to be *anticipated* by every individual who enters into the most important of all engagements.

In the course of her work, Miss Edgeworth has taken occasion to notice the liberality of public sentiment, and the undistinguishing toleration of our laws in America. A recent opportunity would seem, indeed, to show that the former at least, must be very much at variance with the state of feeling in England. In all the conversations to which Mr. West's celebrated picture has given rise in the last two or three years, we have never heard it intimated that the English critics had objected to the complexion by which the artist has thought proper to distinguish the High-Priest and his adherents, from *their brethren*, the disciples of Christ. With us, it is seen with one universal feeling of surprise and disgust. There is not the shadow of authority for such a liberty in the scriptures; and if it be adopted in the license of the poet—though it be temerity to differ with Mr. West—we cannot

but say there is a gross absurdity in exhibiting in the same picture two groups of persons, all of *the same family*, and the same period of time—of opposite colours—the one white, the other black! *Friends* and *enemies*, are very properly discriminated by the expression of their features; but no strength of passion, especially at the moment of its birth, can change the colour of the skin.

Miss Edgeworth has gone beyond the courtesy of either party, and proved too much, when she compliments us so far as to say, that “in America Jews have *frequently* married christian women, and the wives have continued undisturbed in their faith.” (page 137.) She has been misinformed in this particular. A few such instances, it is true, have occurred; but in some cases one of the parties has wholly embraced the opposite creed; and in others, they have evinced their total indifference to all religion, by suspending the exercise of their own opinions during the lives of their companions, and returning to it afterwards. In all the various intercourse of social life, we know of no uncharitable barriers between Jews and Christians, in our happy community. Talents and virtues are alike honoured in both: but in the view of a more intimate connexion—many a youth enchain'd by the charms of a lovely Jewess, has breathed the vain aspiration of Paul to Agrippa—“I would thou wert not only almost—but altogether such as I am;” *not excepting these bonds!*

MARTHA

France. By Lady Morgan. 4to. pp. 375. London. 1817.

(*From the London Quarterly Review.*)

FRANCE! Lady Morgan appears to have gone to Paris by the high road of Calais and returned by that of Dieppe. In that capital she seems to have resided about four months, and thence to have made one or two short excursions; and with this extent of ocular inspection of that immense country, she returns and boldly affixes to her travelling memoranda diluted into a quarto volume, the title of FRANCE! One merit, however, the title has—it is appropriate to the volume which it introduces, for to falsehood it adds the other qualities of the work,—vagueness, bombast, and affectation. This does not surprise us, and will not surprise our

readers when they are told that Lady Morgan is no other than the ci-devant Miss Owenson, the author of those tomes of absurdity—those puzzles in three volumes, called *Ida of Athens*, the *Missionary*, the *Wild Irish Girl*, and that still wilder rhapsody of nonsense, *O'Donnell*—which served Miss Plumptre, kindred soul! in her famous tour through Ireland,* as an introduction to society, a history of the country, and a book of the post-roads.

Lady Morgan remembers, with more anger than profit, the advice which we gave her in our first Number on the occasion of *Ida of Athens*; and, in the Preface to her present publication, treats us with the most lofty indignation—she informs us, that we made ‘one of the most hastily composed and insignificant of her early works, a vehicle for accusing her of licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism. To cure her (she adds) of these vices, we presented a nostrum of universal efficacy; and prescribed (by the way lady Morgan’s language smells vilely of the shop since her marriage) a simple remedy, a spelling-book and a pocket-dictionary, which, super-added to a little common sense, was to render her that epitome of female excellence, whose price Solomon has declared above riches.’—p. viii.

There is an inveterate obliquity in lady Morgan’s mind, which prevents her from perceiving, or stating a fact as it really exists. In copying our *recife* (to accommodate our language to her ear) she has omitted the principal ingredient. We were not so lightly impressed with the danger of her case, as to suppose that it might be alleviated by a spelling-book and a vocabulary only: there was, *as she well knows*, another book, which we recommended her to add to the list; and it was on the humble and serious study of this, (need we add that we spoke of the *BIBLE*?) that we mainly relied for that amendment in her head and heart, which her deplorable state seemed to render so desirable.

In the wantonness of folly she tells us, that, in ‘pursuance of our advice, she set forth “like Cœlebs in search of a wife,”’—not quite, as we shall prove to lady Morgan before we have done with her—and, with her ENTRICK in one hand, and her MAVOR in the other, obtained the reward of her improvements, in the person of a doctor Morgan; and, in spite of “the seven deadly sins,” which the Quarterly Review laid to her charge, is become, she *trusts*, a respectable, and, she is *sure*, a happy mistress of a family.’ Lady Morgan does well to speak thus modestly of the former part of her position: of the latter, she may be as positive as she pleases. Happiness is a relative term, or, as it is more correctly explained by Slender to his cousin Shallow, *thereafter as it may be*. We have no reason to believe that all the captives of Circe were unhappy. But to proceed—

* *Quarterly Review*, No. XXXII. Art. III.

'The slander thus hurled at her, happily fell hurtless; the enlightened public,' as she informs us, 'by its countenance and favour, acquitted her of all the charges; placed her in a *definite* rank among authors, and in no undistinguished circle of society.' As the climax of her triumph over us, she boasts that O'Donnell has been translated into three languages. *What* three languages she does not state; but if the *English* be one of them, we humbly beg to be informed where the work is to be had, that, by the help of the said translation, we may have the pleasure of opening its treasures to our readers.

Lady Morgan, in the passages just quoted, seems strangely anxious to persuade the world that we accused her of *personal* licentiousness, profligacy, &c., but she does both us and herself injustice. We spoke then, as we shall do now, only of her works. We disclaim all personal acquaintance with lady Morgan—we never saw her; and, except as a book manufacturer, know absolutely nothing about her—and it is not without sincere pain that we feel ourselves obliged to repeat, on the occasion of her *latest* and *most important* work, the same charges, (but with increased severity and earnestness,) which were forced from us by her *earliest* and *most insignificant*.

Before we proceed to show how little lady Morgan is mended of Miss Owenson's graver faults, and how very like FRANCE is to *Ida of Athene*, we must notice a more venial error which we formerly recommended for correction, and which we lament to find as bad as ever. Lady Morgan's readers will recollect that almost the only intelligible passages in her former works were those in which, confessing that her manuscript was 'illegible,' she assured us, that *many* of the errors were merely errors of the *press*; and we therefore thought it not inexpedient to suggest to this young lady, (such, ten years ago, we supposed her to be,) the advantage of taking a few lessons in 'joined-hand' in order to 'become legible.' On the subject of this friendly hint we are sorry to find her still very wrathful; though she affects to receive such criticism with all the dispassionate coolness of Sir Fretful Plagiary: but her *bitter gratitude* carries her too far, when she says that she has profited by our lesson so much, as to have learned to write legibly; or, as she expresses it, 'to have received a reward' (viz. Dr. Morgan) 'for her *caligraphic* acquirements.' Unfortunately for her veracity; we find, in the very next page, the following flat contradiction of this assertion, and downright denial of her *caligraphy*.

'The publisher feels himself called upon to state that the delay which has taken place in the appearance of this work has arisen, in the first place, from the *very illegible* state in which the manuscript was transmitted to him, and which therefore required twice the usual time to print.'

Advertisement.

This, we must observe, is the publisher's reply to an accusation made against him by the writer, of having 'entirely caused a de-

lay equally injurious to the interests of the work, and to the reputation of the author,' but this attack on the publisher, is, in truth, rather intended to afford an excuse for Lady Morgan's own errors, and to give a colour to the stale apologies by which she has already *more than once* endeavoured to lay her own blunders to her charge of her printer. She tells us, that—

'The following pages have been composed between the months of November and March, from the heads of a Journal kept with regularity during my residence in France, in the year 1816, and having bound myself to my publisher to be ready for the press before April, I was obliged to compose à trait de plume, to send off the sheets chapter by chapter, without the power of detecting repetitions by comparison, and without the hope of correction from the perusal of proof sheets.'—p. vi.

This indiscreet squabble (*bellum plusquam civile*) between the author and the publisher, lets the world a little too much behind (as she would call it) the typographical scene: the uninitiated will be shocked to find that the sylphid Miss Owenson, the elegant Lady Morgan, is in fact a mere bookseller's drudge, (we tremble as we write it!) and that this large and valuable quarto volume, so pleasantly denominated *France*, was written under contract, to be delivered, like other Irish provisions, between the months of November and March.

Lady Morgan treats our former strictures as '*unfounded calumnies*,' and with great acrimony appeals from our judgment to that of (what she calls) the public; namely, the 'no undistinguished circle' in which she lives, and the buzz of which she fancies to be the voice of renown. As on the present occasion we are obliged to renew, with increased force, all our charges against the former works of this lady, we may be sure that she will be still more indignant; and it therefore behoves us to proceed methodically, and lay the case more fully before the public than we formerly thought it worth while to do: but to anticipate lady Morgan's future complaints of falsehood, scurrility, and calumny, we shall take the precaution of judging her, absolutely and literally, out of her own mouth: *she shall be her own critic*; all the severity which we shall use will be to quote her own words, and all that we shall think it necessary to do will be to arrange our extracts under the particular heads to which they seem to belong. We trust our readers will excuse us for paying so much attention to what they will find to be so worthless a publication; but the subject of that publication is important, and the manner in which Lady Morgan treats it deserves the severest reprehension.

Our charges (to omit minor faults) fall readily under the heads of—Bad taste—Bombast and Nonsense—Blunders—Ignorance of the French Language and Manners—General Ignorance—Jacobinism—Falsehood—Licentiousness and Impiety.—These, we admit, are no light accusations of the work; but we undertake, as we have said, to prove them from Lady Morgan's own mouth.

BAD TASTE.—The work is composed in the most confused manner, and written in the worst style—if it be not an abuse of language, to call that a *style*, which is merely a jargon. There is neither order in the subjects nor connexion between the parts. It is a huge aggregation of disjointed sentences so jumbled together, that we seriously assert that no injury will be done to the volume by beginning with the last chapter and reading backwards to the first; and yet it has all the affectation of order: it is divided into *parts*, and the *parts* into *books*; and each *book* has a running *title*, as ‘Society,’ ‘Peasantry,’ &c. But Lady Morgan has a very convenient way of getting rid of the trammels of order to which a division into *parts* and *books* might have subjected her excursive genius—she every here and there breaks off her subject, and interposing a line of asterisks, thus—

* * * * *

proceeds to any other topic which occurs to her. In her first book there are no less than sixteen of these gaps, and if there had been a gap wherever there was a breach in the order of narration, or a change of subject, there would have been several hundreds. As to the running titles of her book, these are convertible amongst themselves, and the chapters which are called ‘Peasantry’ might be quite as truly denominated ‘Paris,’ and vice versa.

Of these statements, we cannot from the nature of the case, lay before our readers such distinct proofs as we shall upon other points. To give them a full idea of the disorder in which Lady Morgan has flung out her observations, our article must have been as long as her volume. Of her bad taste in other respects, instances will be found hereafter, but one is too remarkable not to be here especially quoted. *Lady Morgan despises Racine*; to be sure, he was guilty in her eyes, of the atrocious offence of piety; and for this she rather more than sufficiently sneers at his imbecility.

‘Dieu m'a fait la grâce, (says the *feeble* Racine to Madam de Maintenon,) en quelque compagnie que je me suis trouvé, de ne jamais rougir de l'évangile ni du roi.’ ‘Racine, who associates the king and the Gospel so intimately in his familiar letters, talks in his work on the Port-Royal of the great designs of God on the mère Agnès, (one of the founders of that religious community,) such was the intellectual *calibre* of the author of *Phèdre*.’ (*Phèdre*.)—Part i. 48.

But her rage against his memory is carried so far that, in defiance of the unanimous voice of France, and the assent of all Europe, and in contempt of a century of fame, she (Lady Morgan, who does not understand his language, and cannot write correctly the name of his best known tragedy) has the wonderful audacity to pronounce him no poet!—ii. 95, 98.

BOMBAST and NONSENSE.—This also would be a very long chapter if we were to do full justice to our subject, but we shall only select a specimen or two.

—A clock gives rise to the following observations.

‘To count time by its *artificial* divisions, is the resource of inanity! The unoccupied ignorance of the very lowly, and the inevitable *ennui* of the very elevated, alike find their account in consultations with a time-piece. It is in the hour-glass of energy and of occupation, that the sand is always found lying neglected at the bottom.’—i. p. 37.

—Some profound remarks on national character are introduced in this simple, elegant, and intelligible manner.

‘National *idiosyncrasy* must always receive its first colouring from the influence of soil and of climate; and the *moral* characteristics of every people be resolvable into the peculiar constitution of their *physical* structure. Religion and government, indeed, give a powerful direction to the principles and modes of civilized society, and debase or elevate its inherent qualities, by the excellence or defect of their own institutes. But the complexional features of the race remain fixed and unchanged, the original impression of nature is never effaced.’—i. p. 85.

—The following pathetic exclamation breaks forth at the sight of some tulips growing at a cottage door in France.

‘Oh! (these groans are very frequent with lady Morgan) ‘Oh! when shall I behold near the peasant's hovel in my own country, (Ireland,) other flowers than the bearded *thistle*, which therewaves its lonely head and scatters its down upon every passing blast, or the scentless *shamrock*, the unprofitable blossom of the soil, which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs.’—i. 29.

We do not pretend to guess what this passage can mean; but we will readily pay lady Morgan the compliment of saying that the flowers of her eloquence are just such *flowers* as the *thistle* and *shamrock*.

—Having a note to write in French she consults her footman, and, in return for his assistance, she compliments him with the title of an *illiterate literatus*, (p. 207.) an expression which we the more readily adopt into our language, as it seems to afford a generic name for the very class of writers to which lady Morgan belongs; we really know not how we could better express her merits than by calling her an *illiterate leterata*.

—Lady Morgan thinks the period at which she visited Paris was very favourable for observation—

‘The agitated surface, still heaving with recent commotion, was strewn with the relics of remote time thrown up from the bosom of oblivion.’—p. 109.

—Diderot has said, foolishly enough, that to paint a woman, you should dip your pen in the hues of the rainbow, and dry the writing with the dust of butterflies' wings—lady Morgan contrives to turn the silly hyperbole into still ranker nonsense.

‘To paint the character of a woman,’ says Diderot, ‘you must use the feather of a butterfly's wing.’—i. 163.

BLUNDERS.—This is also a plentiful crop—we shall only amuse our readers with some samples of the article, which savour very strongly, not of French, but Hibernian origin.

—During a royal visit to the theatre, at which lady Morgan was present, she was afflicted with such a *squint* in her *mind's eye* as to see

'That the king and royal family occupied a *centre box* on one side.'—ii. p. 134.

—In her admiration of general La Fayette, she intends to dignify him with the title of *patriarch*, but by an unhappy ignorance of her own language, contrives to make the general's children and grand-children the *patriarchs*.

'We found general La Fayette surrounded by his *patriarchal family*, his son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters and their husbands, and eleven grand children.'—ii. p. 183.

—But this is not quite so extraordinary as the fact which she has discovered, that, in the families of the emigrant nobility, the children are all the same age, or nearly so, with their own parents; 'the old emigrant nobility, and their scarcely younger offspring.' (i. 113.) After this sensible exordium, she goes on to pour out a torrent of falsehood and jacobinism upon that 'prejudiced,' 'ignorant,' 'selfish,' 'bloody' and 'revengeful faction,' the royalists of France.—Although it does not belong to this part of the subject, we cannot refrain from asking lady Morgan to instance one drop of blood shed by the emigrants since the restoration.

—The rights attached in most other countries to primogeniture, have been abolished in France. This fact lady Morgan pleasantly blunders into the abolition of a practice which, except in the case of twins, has obtained in all countries since the world began.

'There is no primogeniture in France!'—i. 22.

—In the same blundering way she transforms the '*Palais du sénat conservateur*', into the '*Palais conservateur*', (ii. 34.) a title which all the directories, councils and senates which have in turn inhabited it, regret that it so little deserves.

—The king's *surgeon*; because he was one of the *frères de la Charité*, she mistakes for the king's confessor, and on this low and stupid blunder of her own, insults Louis XVIII, and builds a comparison between the spiritual influence of the former and that of the Père de la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV.—ii. 131.

—Milton sings of *towers and battlements*,

'Where perhaps some beauty lies
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

—Our learned lady believes that the place and not the beauty is the *cynosure*, and informs us that the court of the grand monarch

'Was the fatal cynosure of the women of France.'—i. 160.

—In the dispute between the real and pseudo Amphitryons in Molière's play, one of them, to establish his identity, appeals to the

company whether he had not invited them to dinner; upon which Sosia, in pleasant ridicule of the way in which parasites decide in doubtful cases, says

‘Le véritable Amphitryon
Est celui chez qui l'on dîne.’

This, lady Morgan had heard, we presume, applied with pleasantry and success; and resolved to make the most of so good a joke, although she does not see where it lies, she quotes the words in a dozen different places, and in every one of them with about as much success as he of whom Joe Miller relates that he let fall a shoulder of mutton and then begged pardon for a *laious lingue*.

Cider is not held in any estimation by the *véritables amphitryons* of rural *savoir vivre*.’—i. 71.

‘The countess De Hossonville (who had invited Lady Morgan to breakfast) was the véritable amphitryon of this delightful day.’—i. 229.

The other instances are equally pointless and absurd.

IGNORANCE OF FRENCH LANGUAGE AND MANNERS—The allegation that the manuscript was illegible and the long list of errata prefixed to the work, induced us to impute to *mistake* a thousand instances which we might otherwise have introduced under this head; but enough remains to show, that of the manners of France, ancient or modern, and of the language, with which she so affectedly,—et usque ad nauseam,—interlards her pages, she is more ignorant than a boarding-school girl.

—She describes the cottages in Normandy as

‘Deeply buried in their *bouquets d'arbres* or *knots* of fruit and forest trees’—i. p. 35.

If it were not for lady Morgan's own officious translation we should have thought *bouquet*, nosegay, a mere error of the press for *bosquet*, a grove or tuft of trees; but with the assistance of the translation, it becomes evident that lady Morgan found the word *bosquet* in her notes, and not remembering what it meant she turned it into *bouquets*: but on consideration, not very well understanding what a *bouquet d'arbres* could mean, she recollects that *bouquet* is a *knot* of flowers, and that it may therefore also be a *knot* of oaks.

—The word ‘Menin,’ the name of some young officers who attend the dauphin of France, lady Morgan translates the *minions* of the dauphin, (i. p. 99). We could not guess where she found this strange mistranslation, but happening to look into Boyer's School Dictionary, we there found ‘*menin, minion:*’ how it got there we cannot tell, but if lady Morgan knew any thing of the French language or French history, she would have known that the English *minion* comes from the French *mignon*, and that this name, in its peculiar, offensive meaning, was applied to Joyeuse, d'Espernon, &c., well known as ‘*the minions of Henry the Third.*’

In speaking of Bonaparte, lady Morgan says—‘He was quite a different personage to the few who had *les petites entrées*, and

the many who had *only les grandes.*'—i. p. 213.—The fact is itself false—and a story which lady Morgan builds on it, is miserably silly; but we only quote the passage as a proof of her ignorance of the French language and manners. Deceived by the term *petites*, which seems to apply itself to the few, as *grandes* to the many, she reverses the true meaning of the words. The ordinary reception at court which is given to every body is called *les petites entrées*—the more intimate admission into the royal society is called *les grandes entrées*. This blunder is not a mere slip of the pen, for lady Morgan repeats it in more than one place; and we notice it the rather, because, ignorant as it proves her to be of the very terms which were used in the old court of France, she on all occasions affects to be a nice critic in its *étiquettes*, and a severe censurer of its manners.

—We shall presently see how she can bungle a Greek name into something which is both Latin and French, and yet neither.—The whole Ægean family is fatal to poor lady Morgan.—She assures us that she saw with her own eyes Gerin's (she means Guerin's) picture of Phædra and *Hypolita*. She may have seen a picture; but she certainly could not have understood it, nor even have read Racine's play, from which it is taken.—The fact we take to be, that this learned lady's knowledge of the history of Theseus has been supplied by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which there happens to be no Hypolites, and to be an *Hypolitu*.

—Of the Place du Carrousel she says,

‘In 1622 Louis XIV. gave here his famous fête to Mad. La Vallière, and strove to win her heart by flying Turks, whose sorties from the angles of the court, are said to have given it its present name, by a forced etymology of Quarré-aux-ailes, originating the modern appellation of Carrousel.—ii. 24.

Here is a delightful bunch of blunders. The Carrousel is not a modern appellation—it was not first called by that name in the time of Louis XIV. It is derived, not from Quarré-aux-ailes, but from Carouse, Carousel, meaning in old French, as in old English, feast, festivity; and Louis XIV was not born for nearly twenty years after lady Morgan describes him as a flying Turk.—Some French wag, seeing her taking notes, must have imposed this story on her simplicity.

—Lady Morgan is mighty familiar with the princesses, dutchesses, countesses, &c. &c. of France, and intimates pretty roundly that her own ‘personal talents and celebrity’ obtained her admission into French society to which few, if any other foreigners were received.—i. 241, 242. Yet there is hardly one of those ‘dear,’ ‘beautiful,’ ‘gracious,’ and ‘witty’ friends, (for this is the coin in which she repays her entertainers,) whose name she can spell; and though she talks as familiarly of these Parisian ‘lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,’

she is so portentously ignorant as to confound the husband of her ‘dear’ friend Madame Lefebre Desnouettes, with Lefevre duke of Danzick.—ii. 258. Another ‘dear’ friend she calls the dutchess of Biron-Gontea. She confounds Madame de Staal and Madame de Staël; calls the unfortunate princesse de Lamballe the daughter of the duke de Richelieu, and throws away a wonderful deal of applause, meant for the painters Girodet, Gerard, and Guerin, upon three phantoms called Gerodet, Girard, and Gerin. She places *la bonne et bourgeoise Mad. Geoffrin*, as the French call her, in ‘the first class of nobility,’ to evince her acquaintance with the great; and in her rage for fine writing, talks of ‘*the glance of an ennuied Du Deffand*.’—ii. 154. Madame Du Deffand was as well known for her blindness, as celebrated for her conversational and epistolary wit. These would be trivial mistakes if they were not so numerous as to be the proofs of ignorance and not of inadvertency; and if they were not delivered in a tone of the most impudent self-sufficiency.

—But amidst all her pyebald quotations and her arrogant criticism from French authors and on French language and society, a confession slips out which shows how well fitted she is to be the judge of such subjects; when she visited the Institute

‘She held in her hand the “ordre des lectures;” and though acquainted with the subjects which were to be discussed, she found it extremely difficult to follow the speakers, or rather the readers.’—ii. p. 161.

Notwithstanding this avowal, that she could not *follow*, that is, *understand*, what was said, though she was previously apprized of the subject of the discourses, she fearlessly gives an account of the several speeches, and finatly concludes by condemning the whole Institute in a lump.

‘Something wearied by the discordant and declamatory tones I had so long listened to, and not particularly edified or entertained by the subjects or compositions of the varous discourses, I felt both my ear and spirits relieved by the breaking up of the Institute, which upon the whole gave me an impression little favourable to incorporated bodies of learning, or confraternities of taste.’—ii. p. 163.

And this condemnation of academies in general, she supports by the shrewd observation, that ‘neither Homer nor Ossian belonged to an academy.’—ii. 163.

We shall conclude this topic, with producing a witness whose authority lady Morgan will not deny, namely, the translator, *hired by herself*, or, (to use the publisher’s more gentle term,) *procured*, to bring out a Paris edition of her work.—On the occasion of some of her French scraps, the poor perplexed translator subjoins a note to say ‘that, though the words are printed in the original to look like French, he honestly confesses he does not understand them.’—Vol. i. p. 84.—*French edition*. And he slyly adds, ‘*Nous sommes fâchés de ne pouvoir les TRADUIRE à nos lecteurs.*’ It is, we believe, peculiar to lady Morgan’s works, that her English

readers require an English translation of her English, and her French readers a French translation of her French.

GENERAL IGNORANCE.—This chapter would properly be a recapitulation of the greater part of the volume. As to quotation, we are in an absolute ‘embarras de richesses,’ or as we should rather say, de *fauvretos*; we must, therefore, take what we find next our hand.—She is told

‘that in Auvergne, LA Bretagne, and THE Béarnois, the subject of the modern *idylliums* may be found not less touching, or *naïve*, than the ancient. Nor indeed are the Theocriti and Sannazaris of the Théâtre des Vaudevilles et de la Variété, unfaithful to their original.’—p. 43.

We beg our readers to ponder a little on this passage, and to try to discover (for we cannot) why the French article should be prefixed to *La Bretagne*, and the English to *the Béarnois*—why the adjective *naïve* should be in the feminine gender and singular number, to agree with a plural neuter or masculine, we know not which? why this exact writer should talk so carefully of *Theocriti* and *Sannazaris*, and give the Greek name a Roman, and the Roman name an English declension? why, amid so much pretension to scholarship, she offends our ears with modern *idylliums*? and finally, why she supposes that *Theocritus* and *Sannazari* wrote farces, and whereabouts in Paris she found the Théâtre de la *Variété*?

—But there is another writer for the stage, with whose plays Lady Morgan seems not much better acquainted than with the farces of *Theocritus*, we mean *Shakspeare*. ‘The belles-lettres of national literature seem to come to the French youth as reading and writing did to *Touchstone*, by nature’—p. 149. We do not recollect any thing in *As You Like It* which resembles this, and we vehemently suspect that Lady Morgan alludes to the observation of our old friend Dogberry; which she may have *heard* quoted in company: if she had *read* the admirable scene in which it is to be found, she could not have forgotten it.

—Lady Morgan is desperately enamoured of Bonaparte and all his generals, for which, indeed, the best excuse seems to be that she knows little or nothing about them. In page 214 she tells a flaming story of the devoted attachment of General Rapp to Napoleon, which story is probably a fabrication; but in the course of it, to excite a greater interest in favour of her hero, she calls him a *veteran*. Unhappily for Lady Morgan’s accuracy, Rapp was hardly thirty when he was made aide-de-camp to Buonaparte; even now he cannot be more than forty-five years of age, and the circumstance, if any thing like it ever occurred, must have taken place ten years ago; and if Lady Morgan had looked with attention at some of the pictures which she so flippantly attempts to describe, (ii. 21.) she could not have forgotten the figure of Rapp, which is any thing but that of a *veteran*.

—But her ignorance upon all other subjects is a blaze of light—her arrangement is the perfection of lucid order, compared with the confusion which she makes of every thing connected with the reign of Louis XIV. (a portion of history the best known even to ordinary readers) and her floundering efforts to persuade the world of the meanness and pride, prodigality and penury, refinement and bad taste of that too-long-mistaken monarch, and of his so much boasted age.

She begins, as we have seen, by exhibiting him at a masquerade twenty years before he came into the world;—she would have had him a patron of learning at the same early period, and she is mightily indignant that he waited to be born before he began to patronise Molière.

‘Amid the false glare which has been hung over the reign of Louis XIV. the ascribing a more than proportionate share of talent to the day he flourished, and the attributing its existence to the magnificent patronage of the sovereign, are positions equally false and unfounded; —— Molière had already nearly *ran* (run) his great career of glory, and was crowned with fame and opulence beyond his desires, before his pieces formed the amusement of the court—He was already entertaining the Marshals of France at his villa near Paris, when the sun of royal favour first turned its rays upon him.—When he first arrived with his troupe in Paris in 1635, he played at the sign of La Croix Blanche, in the Faubourg of St. Germain—He did not receive his patent from the king for his theatre till 1660.’—ii. 115, 116.

Louis was born in 1638, so that he could hardly have seen Molière at the Croix Blanche in 1635; and it seems his tardy patronage of Molière commenced when he was only twenty-two years old. And lady Morgan it appears, does not consider the Tartuffe, the Misanthrope, L’Ecole des Femmes, L’Ecole des Maris, Le Malade Imaginaire, or Le Médecin malgré lui, as contributing to Molière’s glory, as they were all produced under the royal countenance.

—In two several places she mentions Cardinal Richelieu as the minister of Louis XIV. (ii. 116—150;) and to his councils she attributes the vanity and despotic disposition of that monarch. Louis must indeed have had earlier and more extraordinary talents than even the flatterers whom Lady Morgan so indignantly censures, attribute to him, as he was only four years old when the Cardinal died.

—If she is ignorant of the time when this remarkable sovereign was born she is no less so of that of his death; for she gravely assures us that she herself saw and conversed with or was present at a conversation between two officers who had served in the armies of Louis XIV. or as she impudently calls them, in the revolutionary jargon which insults age and loyalty, ‘two voltigeurs de Louis XIV.’ (i. 117.) As these gentlemen go to court and walk up and down the stairs of the Tuilleries, Lady Morgan cannot suppose them to be more than eighty years of age; and if they

were only fifteen when they began to serve, it follows that according to Lady Morgan's chronology, Louis (dancing with his mistress in 1622, and living till 1750) must have attained the age of at least 150 years. And all this ignorance she betrays in her blundering and mischievous anxiety to ridicule the ancient nobility, men as respectable for their early loyalty as for their subsequent devotion to their duties.

—In the same way she fancies that the battle of Fontenoy was fought in the reign of Louis XIV.; and she has here devested herself of the shift to which she usually has recourse,—of laying the blame on the printer for substituting that monarch instead of Louis XV.; for in the same spirit of ridiculing all that belonged to the ancient monarchy, she laughs immoderately at the bloodless and inglorious campaigns of Louis XV. *les campagnes à la rose*, (i, 115) as she calls them. We presume that even Lady Morgan's ignorance cannot mean to treat the battle of Fontenoy as a 'campagne couleur de rose,' which is what she must mean by her jargon of *campagnes à la rose*.

—After this our readers will not be surprised to find that 'the great Condé' was incarcerated in Vincennes, and that

'his original crime, and the cause perhaps of all his after errors, was his devotion to a beautiful wife whom he refused to resign to the romantic passion of—Henry the VIII.'

This is certainly the best apology we have yet heard for the errors of the great Condé; but we fear that it cannot be admitted to be valid by those who, like ourselves, venture to believe that the great Condé was not born, and of course (we presume) not married till many years after the death of the supposed paramour of his 'beautiful wife.'

—Lady Morgan is equally well informed in architectural history.

The palace of the Tuilleries, *as it now stands*, was built by Catherine de Medicis, in 1564. It is curious to observe, that in the apartments of the *rez de chaussée* occupied by Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon Buonaparte, ex-king of Rome, held his fairy court; and while the baby king dispensed smiles and sugar-plums in one of the wings of the palace, the holy representative of St. Peter lavished demi-francs and benedicites from the windows of the other.'—ii. 28, 29.

Catherine, unluckily did not build the Tuilleries *as they now stand*; she began the palace, but it was not till the degraded reign of Louis XIV. that it was finished *as it now stands*: and we are sorry to be obliged to spoil Lady Morgan's excellent jokes upon the Pope, who lavished his benedictiés from one wing, while young Napoleon dispensed sugar-plums from Catherine de Medicis' apartments on the *rez de chaussée* (how topographically accurate Lady Morgan is!) in the other wing. Alas! the wings are precisely those parts which were not built nor even begun till after Catherine's death.

—With equal inaccuracy she describes another palace.

'The Palais Bourbon, one of the most splendid palaces in Europe, was built by Louis XIV, for his natural daughter, the Princess de Condé, after the design of Gerardin.

'Although the origin of its foundation be now forgotten,' (which it is not, except by *Lady Morgan who pretends to remember it,*) the Hotel de Bourbon, or the Palais du Corps Legislatif, whatever name it may bear, must always be a monument of interest, and an object of admiration: its *Corinthian* portico; its *Grecian* peristyle; its elegant pavilions; its vestibules; its colonnades, &c. &c. still remain.'—ii. p. 9.

This whole passage is a tissue of the grossest ignorance.

The Palais Bourbon was not built till several years after the death of Louis XIV. and this learned lady, who so carefully distinguishes Grecian from Corinthian architecture, and the Corinthian portico from the rest of the building, will be a little astonished to learn, that the *whole* edifice is Corinthian, and that there is no peristyle, (Grecian, Roman, French, or even Irish,) to be found in the structure: it is quite clear that she does not know the meaning of the word peristyle; and it is equally so, that she thinks the *Corinthian portico* is of the same date as the rest of the palace, though the former was built about the year 1730, and the latter about 1800.

—She is equally flippant, equally ignorant, on all subjects connected with the arts.

'The majestic Parthenon frowns beside the superb temple of Pæstum, and contrasts in its severe simplicity,' &c.—ii. 42.

She imagines that there is but one temple at Pæstum, and that it is *superb*, compared with the frowning and severe simplicity of the Parthenon; and yet she tells us that she had seen the models of these edifices; if so, she must have mistaken the one for the other; for our readers well know that the temples at Pæstum are in the earliest and severest style, and that the Parthenon, though in the purest taste was adorned with all the splendor of sculpture. —Lady Morgan hardly knows, surprising as such ignorance must appear, the difference between sculpture and architecture.

'Sculpture, an art which peculiarly belongs to a free country, and which has rarely flourished amongst slaves, wholly declined in the reigns of Louis XIII., and XIV., and, with the exception of the Porte St. Denis, left nothing of these times in France, that is not inferior,' &c.—i. 19.

The pompous assertion with which this passage begins, is unfounded; it might be more justly said that sculpture never flourished in any free state except Athens; and there only during the *dictatorial* administration of Pericles. The truth is that all such generalities are nonsense. No nation, which is sufficiently enlightened to have any taste in the fine arts, can be enslaved to such a degree as to affect the genius of the sculptor more than any other artist; and Lady Morgan would be very much puzzled to produce specimens of any great works of the fine arts produced by what she would call *free* countries. Where are the statues of the Roman republic, where are the paintings of the commonwealth of England?

But the Porte St. Denis is a specimen, it seems, of sculpture,—we had always thought it was a specimen of architecture. All ornamented architecture must have a certain degree of sculpture in the first and extended meaning of the expression; but it so happens, that of all the triumphal arches in the world, the Porte St. Denis has the least sculpture on it, even in this sense; and in the more technical meaning in which we and Lady Morgan use the word *sculpture*, as the representation of animal life, it has none *at all*. As the apex of her ignorance in these points, she calls Buonaparte's arch in the Carrousel, 'the GRAND triumphal arch'—it is not only smaller than the three other arches which Lady Morgan must have seen at Paris, but it is unluckily the smallest in size, and most trifling in execution of all the arches in the world!

—We have seen how well skilled Lady Morgan is in French,—she also favours us with a few specimens of her knowledge of Italian. She talks with great indulgence of 'the frailties of a French woman of fashion, as long as they are *faccate celate*.'—i. 185, and when she would describe the comfort of having a home to one's self, she employs the following phrase, which we copy punctatim: 'Casa-mia, piccolina, che sia.'—ii. 8. We are much mistaken if her Italian translator (if she can *procure* one) does not lament his inability to translate her Italian, as her French translator despaired of her French.

—Lady Morgan, who never lets pass the double opportunity of showing her ignorance and her irreverence for sacred things, talks of 'the aerial character of the little *cherubim*, the *maudit page* in Beaumarchais' play of Figaro.'—ii. 47. Some one, however, seems to have informed her that the word *cherubim* is plural, and thereupon the learned lady, as usual, charges the mistake upon her printer, and in her elaborate list of errata request us to alter *cherubim* into *cherubin*, which latter she takes to be the singular number of the former.

'Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

—When Lady Morgan talks of the literary of France, she takes occasion to tell us, in a tone of regret, that 'even the superior effusions of Parny, author of *Eloge à Eléonore*, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, &c. &c. &c. are scarcely known in this country by name.'—ii. p. 206.

Will our readers believe that this Parny—whose *superior effusions* Lady Morgan would have known in England—is the most beastly, the most detestably wicked and blasphemous of all the writers who have ever disgraced literature! that the *Eloge* (as she calls it) of Eléonore, is neither more nor less than a system of debauchery, detailed in the language of the brothel!—the language, did we say?—it is detailed

‘———— cum verbis, nudum oolido stans
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet!’

and that the other work which she quotes with eulogium, *Les Guerres des Dieux*, (or, as we believe it is called, ‘*La Guerre des*
VOL. V.

*Dieux,') is the most dreadful tissue of obscenity and profaneness that the devil ever inspired to the depraved heart of man; and that, while we write this, we still tremble with horror at the guilt of having read *unwittingly* even so much of the work as enables us to pronounce the character of it! We will be fair with Lady Morgan. We do not believe it possible that she could have seen or known what she was talking about;—and we therefore rather set it down among the proofs of her flippant and arrogant ignorance than impiety.—Lady Morgan, however, is better read in the virtues of Bonaparte; and, determined that none of them shall be lost to her countrymen, she adds in a tone of triumph over the wretched taste and parsimony of the Bourbons, ‘**PARNY** was *protected* and *fensioned* by Napoleon!’*

JACOBINISM.—Lady Morgan, though a knight’s *Lady*, is, we are afraid, somewhat of a democrat, and we strongly suspect that her present rank does not sit naturally upon her; she certainly takes all the opportunities she can find, and liberally makes them when she cannot find them, to sneer at and deprecate the legitimate government, the royal family, and nobility of France, and to extol the enemies of France, of her own country and of the civilized world.

—‘The horrors of the revolution’ are, it seems, ‘bug-bears dressed to frighten children,’ (i. 91.) and, what is still more surprising, the legitimate monarchy of France, and not the revolution, is answerable for all those enormities, because,

‘the generation which perpetrated these atrocities were the legitimate subjects of legitimate monarchs, and were stamped with the character of the government which produced them, and the Marats, Dantons, Robespierres, belong equally to the order of things which preceded the revolution, and to that which filled up its most frightful epochs.’—i. 92.

If this, which we take to be the greatest discovery of modern times, be true; if the monarchy be really guilty of the crimes of the republic; if Louis and not Marat, if Maleherbes and not Danton; if the Princesse de Lamballe and not Theroigne de Mericourt are the real perpetrators of the regicide and the massacres of September, because the regicides and *massacreurs* were born under the legitimate monarchy, we appeal to Lady Morgan’s impartiality whether the same rule must not be further extended, and whether all the glories in arms and arts, all the private virtues and public bounties of her idol Napoleon, ought not to be attributed to the ancient government, under which he was not only born but carefully educated both in arts and arms? Our readers smile at this argument, and at the virtues of Napolcon. We assure them that there is hardly any virtue, and no kind of merit which Lady Morgan’s blind devotion does not attribute to ‘the child and champion of Jacobinism.’ In addition to being ‘the greatest captain of the age,’ (i. 97.) (she does not except the greater who conquered him,) Lady Morgan assures us that ‘his manners were kind and gracious,’ and ‘his feelings generous’ (ii. 181.)—that he was ‘popular for many little acts of generosity and bonhomme,’ (i. 97.) and

that 'his *personal bravery*' rendered him 'worthy the devotion of his soldiers.' (i. 151.) 'His policy,' she acquaints us, 'was merciful,' (i. 106.) and 'during the first period of his reign' (in which Palm, Wright, and D'Enghien were murdered) 'his popularity was *unassailed*,' (i. 98.) his public deportment but the exhibition of vice out of fashion, (i. 102.) as a sovereign he was '*grand*' (i. 102.) in his conceptions; forgiving in his temper, even to his personal enemies, (i. 106.) and munificent and discriminating in his bounty, (i. 98.) In private life he was a sincere and ardent friend, (i. 165.) and 'even his enemies acquit him of ever forgetting a favour or neglecting a friend.' (i. 107.) Such are a few of the topics of Lady Morgan's loyal and judicious admiration of Buonaparte; we trust them, without a comment, to the execration of every lover of truth.

—In the same way she heaps her jacobinical admiration upon every person and thing which belongs to the revolution, and vilifies and libels all that is connected with the legitimate government.

'How true Frenchwomen can be in feeling and sympathy to their husbands has been painfully evinced during the horrors of the revolution, the struggles of twenty-five years of emigration, and, *above all* during the political vicissitudes and conflicts in France which have occurred *since the return of the Bourbons*.'—i. 179.

Thus Lady Morgan asserts that the trials to which domestic feeling has been subjected have been more numerous and more cruel since the restoration, than during the revolution;—a restoration which has exhibited the execution of two traitors taken with arms in their hands, and convicted in due course of law; and a revolution in which (to omit the *noyades* and *fusillades* which tainted the rivers, and drenched the soil of France with innocent blood) 5000 persons were massacred, in the streets of Paris alone, within six and thirty hours, and fifty or sixty a day sent to the guillotine without the forms of a trial, for ten or twelve successive months.

For the devoted wives of the royalists she has only a cold and general phrase; for the heroic attachment of the injured queen to all the duties of a wife and mother, she has not a word; for the sorrows and sufferings of the orphan of the Temple, no feeling, no tears—nothing but clumsy ridicule, envenomed calumny, and jacobinical rancour—while the griefs of the Bonapartists, victims of the restoration, are recited in a catalogue (a short one indeed, but as large as she could make it) of their names, and in bursts of Lady Morgan's finest and tenderest style of sorrow.

'The young and unfortunate Madame La Bedoyere, dying of a broken heart for him, whom her tears and supplications could not save;—the struggles, the exertions, the almost manly efforts, made by Madame Ney, are cited even by their enemies, as incomparable. The ready self-immolation of Madame La Valette, who knew not, and feared not, the results of the task she had undertaken; and the sacrifices of Madamne Bertrand, who so willingly gave up a world, where she still reigned supreme in the *unproscribable influence of fashion and beauty*, to follow her brave husband

into a voluntary and dreary exile; these are splendid instances of conjugal virtue.'—i. 179—181.

Ney, indeed is a particular object of her lamentation; because, we presume, he was the greatest and most infamous traitor of the Hundred Days. He is with her 'the gallant Ney, the theme of every soldier's praise.'—p. 237. and his death is one of

'those views of human conduct, one of those scenes of human suffering which sicken the heart and wither up its powers. Here civilized society seems to lose its splendor, and the development of the human faculties seems but to multiply the power of doing evil.'—p. 238.

—But the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, her ladyship coolly palliates by an observation 'on the fatal policy which *may*, or *may not* have necessitated his death.'—p. 239. The sentence itself is nonsense, but the meaning is tolerably plain and sufficiently atrocious; she sometimes, however, *speaks out*, and does not leave us to infer her sentiments.

The royalists she calls 'a long-forgotten *faction*', (i. 113;) and when she overhears a lady observing at court, *comme Madame d'Angoulême est embelli ce soir! et sa Majesté, qu'il a l'air d'un père de famille!*' she sets it all down with indignant contempt, as the '*jargon of loyalty.*' i. 20. She lavishes upon Brissot the most enthusiastic praises for bold and fearless eloquence, and for public spirit, good sense, genius and patriotism. Brissot (as every one knows) was a spy, a libeller, a jacobin, a murderer, and a regicide, who had neither talents nor courage. For Monge, the bloodiest satellite of Robespierre and the meanest slave of Buonaparte, who signed the death warrant of Louis and voted a crown to Napoleon—for him she cannot find a lower epithet than '*the illustrious.*' But the chief gods of her idolatry (our readers will see by-and-by that this is hardly a figurative expression) are the vain, feeble, doting coxcomb Lafayette, who, after indulging his vanity by insulting his king and overturning the throne, fled basely from the storm which he had raised, and only returned to public life to take a seat in Bonaparte's Champ-de-Mai; and Gregoire, the ex-bishop of Blois, one of the first of the clergy who in 1789 abandoned his duty, his order and his sovereign—who proposed in the infernal Convention the abolition of royalty; who asserted that 'kings were in moral life what monsters were in nature,' and who crowned his infamy by volunteering (for he was absent on a mission at the time of the king's trial) a letter to the Convention, in which, with a hypocritical cant more disgusting than the naked cruelty of Sieyes, he says that 'his holy profession (*his* holy profession!) forbids him to pronounce the penalty of death on any criminal, but that as a greater punishment he condemned him to live';—such was the '*virtuous*, '*venerable*', '*religious*', '*enlightened*', '*beneficent*', '*humane* and *philosophical*' friend of Lady Morgan. We need not quote any more of her personal panegyrics; they are all upon persons of the same stamp, men of blood, whose only celebrity is that they belonged to the worst times of the revolution.

We shall conclude this chapter, which we could easily make as long as a volume, with stating that lady Morgan gives at full

length, and as excellent productions, several infamous songs, in which the king, the royal family, &c. are grossly libelled. Our anxiety that lady Morgan should stand convicted (as we have said) out of her own book induces us to conquer our reluctance to propagate slander by quoting a stanza from one of them as a specimen of its jacobinism, a word which includes disloyalty and impiety.

‘Quand Berri, D’Artois, D’Angoulême
 De ville en ville en colporté,
 Des héritiers du diadème
La dilitante Trinité.
 Ils se donnoient pour des grand Princes.
 Mais bientôt chacun dit, tout bas,
 Pour leurs grandeaus, ils sont trop *minces*
 ça ne tiendra pas, ça ne tiendra pas,’—i. 139.

FALSEHOOD.—Of lady Morgan’s offences in this way we have incidentally given several examples already, and we might quote more than half her book;—but we shall only select a few specimens.

—In speaking of the profligacy of the court of Louis XIV. she expresses her high indignation at the unblushing fidelity in which the memoir-writers describe those details of depravity, and by way of having a *hit* at a *duke* and of course an *aristocrat*, whom she hates, though he has been nearly a century dead, she says, sneeringly, ‘It is the illustrious St. Simon who attests the enormities he so gayly pictures.’—p. 39. Now our readers well know that the duke de St. Simon is the most severe and merciless castigator of the scenes which he records; that his Memoirs are written in a style of misanthropism and indignation which resembles that of Juvenal; and that so far from his having given *gay pictures* of profligacy, his capital fault is that he saw every thing in the blackest colours, and wasted upon trifles, or suspected faults, too much of his gloomy castigation. But lady Morgan slanders the living, and, à fortiori, has no respect for the dead, unless they have been shot for treachery.

—Lady Morgan, whose conscience perhaps increased the ordinary delusions of her imagination, fancied on one occasion, that she was about to be arrested.

‘Bastilles, lettres de cachet, mysterious arrestations and solitary confinements started upon my scared imagination, and I had already classed myself with the Iron Mask and caged Mazarine, the Wilsons, Hutchinsons and Bruce.’—p. 136.

This is the *lie* by implication.—Wilson, Hutchinson and Bruce had grievously violated the laws of France:—they were openly arrested, legally confined, publicly tried, leniently sentenced, and generously pardoned; and this is the case which this wretched woman chooses to associate with Bastilles, letters de cachet, and iron cages. But the falsehood of falsehoods, is the old and impudent one which we have so often refuted, that England has been guilty of treachery and bad faith in her treatment of Bonaparte: we shall not condescend to enter into any discussion of subjects of this nature with such a person as lady Morgan; but content ourselves with submitting to the indignation of our readers the whole

passage, which is as false in fact as it is disgusting in principle and contemptible in style.

'Napoleon, always greater in adversity than in prosperity, chose to trust to the generosity of the English nation, and to seek safety and protection amidst what he deemed a great and a free people. This voluntary trust, so confidently placed, so sacredly reposed, was a splendid event in the history of England's greatness—it was a bright reflection on the records of her virtues! It illuminated a page in her chronicles on which the eye of posterity might have dwelt with transport! It placed her pre-eminent among contemporary nations! Her powerful enemy, against whom she had successfully armed and coalesced the civilized world, chose his place for refuge, in the hour of adversity, in her bosom, because he knew her brave, and believed her magnanimous!

'Alone, in his desolate dwelling; deprived of every solace of humanity; torn from those ties, which alone throw a ray of brightness over the darkest shades of misfortune; wanting all the comforts, and many of the necessities of life; the victim of the caprice of petty delegated power; harassed by every-day oppression; mortified by mean, reiterated, hourly privation; chained to a solitary and inaccessible rock, with no object on which to fix his attention but the sky, to whose inclemency he is exposed; or that little spot of earth, within whose narrow bounds he is destined to wear away the dreary hours of unvaried captivity, in hopeless, cheerless, life-consuming misery! Where now is his faith in the magnanimity of England? his trust in her generosity? his hopes in her beneficence?'—ii. 189, 190.

This is, perhaps, the proper place to notice a circumstance which has forcibly pressed upon us, from the first opening of lady Morgan's book.

'—————Oh l'ennuyeux conteur!
J'aussi on ne le voit sortir du grand seigneur;
Dans le brillant commerce il se mele sans cesse,
Et ne cite jamais que due, prince, ou princesse.'

It would appear from her pages that nothing had taken place at Paris during her short residence there, in which she was not, in some way or other, personally concerned. To her every event in every party of politics or pleasure occurred; and to her every remark was addressed. The eternal exordium to all her anecdotes is—*La princesse de _____ said to me; la duchesse de _____ said to me; la marquis de _____,*—for lady Morgan realizes the visionary grandeur of Malvolio,—*la contesse de _____ said to me; &c.* Now we will take upon ourselves to dispute most of these *dites à moi*. That something like them was said, or rather told to lady Morgan, we well believe; but not by the persons represented.

The French critics politely attribute this *égoïstique perfidy* to that invention, which (as they say) 'doit rarement abandonner lady Morgan.' Invention, however, had little to do in the affair; as, perhaps, these gentlemen could have told us. The fact is, (as we have said,) that they were told to her, as good things; and this, and this alone, accounts for that utter confusion of dates, names, and titles, with which she has repeated them in her book. Many of them took place before she was born; and we could point out not a few that were actually printed and published at Paris several years before it was honoured with her presence. Of all this

Lady Morgan knew nothing. Jests and repartees, stale even to a French lacquey, appeared to her pure novelties; and she saw (in the simplicity of her ignorance) neither difficulty nor danger in appropriating them to conversation of her own, and taking the lion's share of their merit and importance to herself.

LICENTIOUSNESS.—Lady Morgan *quizzes* (to borrow her own phraseology) with great taste, the respect which a catholic people pays to the Holy Virgin; but she grows particularly facetious, or, as they say in Ireland, *roguish*, in relating that, on a procession at Boulogne-sur-mer, in honour of the Mother of our Saviour,

'The priests, to their horror, could not find a single *virgin* in that maritime city, and were at last obliged to send to a neighbouring village to request the *lone of a virgin*—A *virgin* was at last procured; *a little indeed the worse for the wear*; but this was not a moment for fastidiousness, and the Madonna was paraded through the streets.'—i. p. 59.

We say nothing of the staleness of this joke, borrowed from the loose tales of Boccacio and La Fontaine, nor of the ignorance that travesties a French Notre Dame into an Italian Madonna: we only request our readers to consider what manner of woman she must be that revives and displays such false and detestable grossness, of which even a modern jest book would be ashamed.

—In the same spirit she slyly denominates the priests who walked in company with some young women at a religious procession, '*stout young priestlings*,' and she summarily dismisses all the rest of the persons who attended this pious ceremony as 'the corps dramatique.'—i. 57.

—Some of our readers may have heard the title of a most profigate French novel called 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses.' We had hoped that no British female had ever seen this detestable book; it seems we were mistaken. Lady Morgan sneers at the court of Louis XVIII. 'because all "*Liaisons Dangereuses*" are banished from it.' p. 132. And lest her meaning should be mistaken, she distinguishes '*Liaisons Dangereuses*' by marks of quotation, and goes on to say that when *piety* usurps *their* place, (i. e. is the place of deliberate seduction and debauchery, or as she delicately words it, of 'gallantry and the graces,) it is as if chimney sweepers were to usurp the place of cupids. *ibid.* But even upon this subject she contrives to evince her ignorance, and attributes this work and the other abominable works of La Clos, to the respectable historian Duclos.

But Lady Morgan appears equally well read in the loose volumes of Pigault Le Brun, and recommends the character of a prostitute in one of them, in the following terms:—

The charge of coarseness made in France against the author, is too well founded to admit of defence; but the mind that originated the frail but fascinating character of *Fanchette*, in the *Macédoine*, one of the most amusing and philosophical of his tales, is surely capable of great elegance and refinement of conception. But for her "*Virtu de moins*," there are few female writers, however delicate and celebrated, who would have disdained the creation of such a character, as the tender, generous and devoted *Fanchette*.—ii. p. 22.

This *virtu de moins* is a gay and civil mode of expressing one of the deadly sins, &c. and Lady Morgan quotes with great apparent delight an observation of one of her friends on this subject.

Speaking on this subject to a very clever and a very witty French woman, Mad. d'E***d, she observed respecting the decency, even of the women most notably gallant, “*Les Françaises sont les seules femmes peut-être à qui il soit permis d'avoir des torts; car elles seules s'attachent à leurs devoirs et à la décence, quand même elles ont une vertu de moins!*”—i. 190.

But Lady Morgan appears to go beyond even the indulgence to crime which these words imply, for she says distinctly in another place:—

‘It is no uncommon thing in France, to see the most lasting attachment succeed to the most lively passion; and *all* that was faulty, in unlicensed love, become *all* that is respectable, in disinterested friendship.’ i. 163, 164.

In no very delicate phrase Lady Morgan violently reproaches D'Alembert that his connexion with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was *too Platonic*—she would have had it a little more substantial.

‘The Academy was to D'Alembert another Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. In his connexion with either, there was not a trace of energy of character, or of mental manhood.—All was feebleness and subjection. He carried the love letters of the one to his rivals, and he seconded the tyranny of the other in his discourses.—ii. 151, 152.

With these principles we are not surprised to find Lady Morgan applauding the farce of Figaro as one of the most amusing and *philosophical* which any language has produced.—ii. p. 46. The representation of which (she says) she could have attended every night it was played, while the inimitable Tartuffe inimitably acted, almost put her to sleep.’—ii. 118.

In this philosophical farce the chief character is a young page who longs for every woman he sees, while all the others are employed in different ways in the same kind of pursuit; whereas in poor Molière, the lady, in whose character Mademoiselle Mars exhausted the patience of Lady Morgan, was a woman of *virtue*, and this *tedious* play ends in the discomfiture of the adulterer.

—But the climax of Lady Morgan's laxity will be found in nine pages (169 to 177) of eulogy upon a Madame D'Houdetot, an avowed adulteress, and, if we are to believe Lady Morgan's friendly account, a prostitute: we shall not sully our pages by more particular extracts; we shall only say that Lady Morgan, after telling us that this Madame D'Houdetot passed through the hands of Voltaire, St. Lambert, Rousseau, &c. and became, in old age, the mistress of a Monsieur S. concludes by

‘lamenting that she arrived too late to have seen this interesting and extraordinary woman; but occasionally associating with those who once had the happiness to live with her, and *delightedly tracked* the print of her steps in those elegant circles, over which she once presided.’—p. 176.

Lady Morgan is so very figurative in her expressions, that we apprehend, however blamable the countenance given in this passage to vice may be, it would be uncandid and unjust to take her

au pied de la lettre, and suppose that she would *really have found delight in tracing the steps* of Madame D'Houdetot.

IMPIETY.—Madame de Maintenon declares that some of the gay men of the court were ‘pleins de grandes impiétés, et de sentiments d’ingratitude envers la roi.’ To us, who have been taught to ‘fear God and honour the King,’ this does not seem a very extraordinary, nor a very hazardous remark; but Lady Morgan is of a different mind, and parodies Scripture for the purpose of turning it into ridicule.—‘It was the fashion of that pious day to confound the sovereign and the Deity, and to consider the king both “as the law and the prophets” within the *purlieus* of his own court.’—p. 47.—Lady Morgan is enamoured ‘of the highly-prized petits soupers of Paris, the point de rassemblement of wit, pleasure, and fashion,’ and these, in her impious jargon, she calls ‘the Pass-over of family re-union;’ words which have really no meaning, and excite no idea but that of disgust and horror at the profanation on which this audacious worm seems to pride itself.—p. 225. In another place she calls the ‘civic dinner’ given under the tyranny of Robespierre, (the mere triumph of one bloody faction over another,) ‘the passover of an emancipated people.’

On the subject of a port-folio of water-colour drawings she says:

‘These transcripts of the *prima intenzione* of superior genus always appear to me more precious and interesting, than the long-studied, long-laboured task, that time and judgment work into faultlessness. It is like the sublime command, “*Let there be light; and there was light.*”—ii. 64, 65.

—When she would describe the streets of Paris, it is by a profane allusion—their narrowness is ‘an original sin without redemption.’—On the occasion of the homage paid to the king, she takes the favourable opportunity of uttering another horror. She laments that he is obliged to hear so much flattery, because, ‘as the chevalier de Boufflers says, with more levity than becomes the subject, Il n'y a que Dieu qui ait un assez grand fond de gaieté pour ne pas s'ennuyer de tous les hommages qu'on lui rend.’

Levity!—‘more levity than becomes the occasion!’—and, with this gentle observation, she registers and disseminates a blasphemy which we dare not translate, and which, if any of our readers has patience to read a second time, he will find to be as silly as it is impious.

—The infamous Volney,—or, in Lady Morgan’s opinion, ‘the *sublime* Volney, withdraws his *high-born* genius from its devoted career, and descends to the cold and tame pursuit of chronological calculation. His *Histoire de la Chronologie* is undertaken in a very philosophical, and, from some passages which I heard cited, a very sceptical mood. He attempts to prove the history of Moses is a compilation of astronomical facts, that Abraham was a brilliant constellation, and Moses himself Bacchus, or the sun.’—p. 213.

We shall not stop to notice the incredible ignorance even of her *sublime* and *high-born* genius’s own works, which this mad woman

shows, when she fancies that these 'dreams of the devil' are at all new. We shall merely add, that instead of the horror which our readers feel at this threadbare impiety, Lady Morgan treats it with great coolness as simply 'an attempt to disturb the genealogical line of patriarchal nobility.'

Some of these expressions would have led us to suppose that this Lady Morgan was an atheist; she seems to intimate, however, towards the conclusion of her work, that she is only a deist, and that she has as much and the same kind of religion as the American savages. She says that at a certain fête made for *her*, the manuscripts of the atheist Voltaire were displayed, and the *sublime* ode of the atheist Chénier, in praise of the said Voltaire, was recited with an emotion on the part of the audience
'only to be felt and understood by this ardent people to whom genius is but another word for divinity and who, next to the GREAT SPIRIT venerate those whom he has most informed with the rays of his own intelligence.'—p. 243.

That is to say, *Voltaire* and *Chénier* are worshipped by Lady Morgan's ardent friends next to what she calls an imitation of the Iroquois, the *Great Spirit!* and lest any one should mistake her distinct meaning, she distinguishes the words *Great Spirit* by a peculiar type. On the daring blasphemy of the concluding line, which represents the God of all purity as illuminating, with the brightest rays of his own intelligence, the minds of such monsters of vice and infidelity, we almost tremble to think again.

Once more, and we have done. If it be asked why, with the feelings which we have expressed, we proceed to notice such abominations, we answer, with a pious father of the church, **LEGIMUS, NE LEGANTUR.**

'Truth wants no ornament; religion is in itself an *abstraction*; "the evidence of things unseen." It is ever to be regretted that the first religious ceremony, mentioned in holy writ, caused the first *murder*, in the *first* and *only* family then upon earth.'—i. p. 60.

Our readers cannot have gone far in this work without being struck with the wonderful similarity of its sentiments and language to those of the *Letters from Paris*,* reviewed in a former number. Both exhibit the same slavish awe when speaking of the usurper, the same impudent familiarity when noticing the lawful monarch; both profess the same admiration of all that was feeble, and treacherous and bloody in France; the same hatred of all that was firm and loyal, and virtuous: both evince the same proneness to profanation, the same audacious contempt of every thing saveuring of religion and piety. Both mistake the whinings of a few obscure Jacobins for the general voice of the French people; and both,—more insane than the madman in Horace who kept his seat after the curtain had dropped, and heard *miros tragædos* in an empty theatre,—at a period when every moment brings fresh proof of the return of France to its characteristic loyalty and attachment to its

*The substance of some Letters written from Paris, by John Hobhouse, Esq.

ancient line of kings, can see nothing, can hear of nothing, but plots to overthrow the government, and bring back the golden age of their day-dreams, the reign of rebellion, plunder, and blood.

We shall not, of course, be accused of attributing to Mr. Hobhouse the portentous ignorance and folly of Lady Morgan. Mr. Hobhouse, unfortunately for himself, is not ignorant, unless of existing circumstances:—but Lady Morgan (and we record it to her praise) possesses one substantial advantage over him. She insults and vilifies the royal family of France, it is true, but she does not outrage humanity so far as to term them ‘bone-grubbers,’ because they piously sought to give the remains of their sovereign and father a decent burial.

We must how have done:—to confess the truth we have long since been weary of Lady Morgan, and shall not therefore offend our readers by any further exposure of the wickedness and folly of her book; of both of which we have given an idea less perfect, we readily admit than we had materials for, but one which will, we hope, prevent in some degree, the circulation of trash which under the name of a *Lady* author, might otherwise find its way into the hands of young persons of both sexes, for whose perusal it is utterly, on the score both of morals and politics, unfit.

The volume closes with four bulky ‘Appendices on Politics, Finance, Law, and Physic, by Sir T. Charles Morgan, M. D. thrown in, we presume, as a kind of makeweight to the literary cargo which his lady, *as per contract*, ‘was bound to deliver between the months of November and March.’ Three of them are on subjects of which the Doctor is utterly ignorant; and we therefore think that he has been very prudently as well as kindly advised, ‘to confine his literary mania in future to the ambition of being read by apothecaries.’

We have just received a second edition of Lady Morgan's France, in two volumes, octavo, preceded by a flourishing preface, in which she affects all the intoxication of literary triumph that the rapid success of her quarto should have necessitated a second edition. This is, we fear, of a piece with all the rest, or, in other words, a downright falsehood; we have compared the octavo edition with the quarto, and have no doubt that the former has been printed off from the same types which were set up for the latter, a species of manœuvre which enables a publisher to make two editions out of one; and what puts it beyond doubt that Lady Morgan's triumph is reducible to this trick, is the fact that in this second edition *not one of the numerous errors of the first (of which both Lady Morgan and her printer had grievously complained)* is corrected; nay, the very table of errata which accompanied the quarto is carefully reprinted in the octavo. So much for the glory of a rapid sale, and the triumph of a second edition!—And thus Lady Morgan concludes as she began.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Poetical Epistle to Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

Oh! Mr. Oldschool, could you know,
How far your mighty power extends,
It might endanger, perhaps o'erthrow,
That judgment which delights your friends;
'Mongst whom, believe me, though unknown,
And wishing to remain so ever,
I fain would have you rank me one,
Who knows you're kind, and swears you're
clever—

Then let it not your ire excite,
Though I should pay in terms too trite,
The homage that to Power is due,
A power, peculiar, sir, to you—
And that for which I'd gladly give,
The mightiest king's prerogative.
A power, which if you e'er should love,
And love, like me, glas! in vain,
E'en to the maddening of the brain,
The bursting of your heart in twain,
Whose tranquilizing aid you'll prove—

For should your fair but cruel friend,
Your darling hopes and fears to end,
Angry and hurt without a cause,
No more submit to reason's laws;—
But spurn, unread, the billet doux,
Which sweet affection, friendship true,
Had penn'd in anguish, to explain
The hated cause of all your pain!
If such, should ever be your fate,
You still your cause can vindicate—
You still have got at your command,
The power of a magician's wand.

To your three happy page 'tis given,
Oh! first of blessings this side Heaven,
To feel the pressure of that hand,
Whose dimpled beauties none withstand—
To view without offence that face,
The envied seat of every grace;
To gaze unhurt—that look to catch,
Which yet on earth no look could match;
To greet those unsuspecting eyes,
With lines that speak your bursting sighs,
O'er which half-conscious she will bend,
Uncertain yet to what they tend—

And when, obedient to the call
Of heavenly pity, given to all
Whom nature in her bounteous mood,
Created beautiful and good,
Her heart shall feel for others' pain;
Unmindful of the harsh disdain,
Of which her thousand beaux complain;
Then—ere the softened maid is wary,
Or dreams that by an unknown name,
An unknown bard extols her fame,
Your verse, may like a whispering fairy,
Say *Myra anagram'd is Mary;*
And touch the proud *Cydippa's* heart,
By acting o'er *Acontius'* art—
So shall the dear offended fair,
With smiles reward th' ingenuous snare—
Smiles which perchance may Heralds prove,
To welcome back ungrateful love—

Much was I pleased as late my eyes,
Found in fair Barbauld's* verse a prize—
And much I wish'd that I could sue,
Where she was judge and jury too—

These, "signs of love" by woman wrote,
I've wish'd a thousand times to quote,

* The "Signs of Love" by Mrs. Barbauld, in Port Folio for December, 1811.

So aptly my sad case they speak—
And since to hope's the *proof* of love,
Why then should hope the anger move,
Of that fair maid our soul would seek?
The fault's not ours—the fault is hers,
She makes us love—'tis she that errs—
For more or less than human he,
That view'd her op'ning charms must be,
Who saw and did not love—
I saw and loved—and till that hour,
Which dooms me, death, to feel thy power,
Unchanged my heart will prove—

Soon will the drowsy watchman's bawl,
Proclaim that all-devouring time,
Has just ingulfed another year—
But as to me t'was wormwood all,
I trust I may, without a crime,
Rejoice when it shall disappear—

Then let it pass—I owe it naught—
To me it every hour was fraught—
With pangs despici'd love bestows—
And yet sir, I would not exchange
My miseries, for the widest range—
Of pleasures, blank indifference knows—

And now, sage sir, an unknown wight,
Sincerely wishes you good night—
He hopes, that every coming year,
May double your subscription clear—
That, if you love, success may make
You soon to want a wedding cake—
And that, with your accustomed grace,
You'll give a rhyming Strophon place,
To praise his mistress, if she's kind,
If cross, to try to change her mind—

Acontius.

SONNET.

On seeing a vessel weigh anchor for a long voyage.
Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide!
To some far distant land adventurous bound,
The sailors' busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks rebound;
A patient, thoughtless, much enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows at the howling of the midnight wind?
Will wake and tremble in her boding pray:
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind
Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortunes fair!

S.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Good-bye to capt. —

The season's o'er—the Cit returns,
His finger now with ardour burns,
To thrum again his day-book;
And Miss who fancied Nature's page
Enchanting, while it was the rage,
Must change it for a play-book.

No longer now the Poet sings
Of mountain air, at *Bedsford Springs*,
He strolls no more the hills on;
His worst complaint, an empty purse,
He finds becoming daily worse,
And bids farewell to *Dillon*.

The southern Nabob's palid cheek
Is chang'd—his body, fat and sleek

Has grown upon the waters;
Of aromatic mint, his dram
He wants—and to the land of *Ham*
Bears off his wife and daughters.

And I, a rambler, never still,
Again must cross the Laurel Hill,
Where each man swears who passes,
With deep regret must bid adieu,
Dear Captain, to your friends and you,
And all the pretty lasses!

The lasses! did I say?—by Jove,
I never saw the hook of love
So elegantly baited;
And he who's wise enough to wed,
Ever all the joys of youth he fled,
Might here be nicely mated.
Orlando.

Behold the rose, with how much grace
Her curls are waving in the air,
While o'er the jasmine's modest face,
The violet braids her fragrant hair.

The rose-bud, like a virgin bride
Adorn'd with sweet and lovely smiles,
Each heart from virtue leads aside,
Each heart of peace and rest beguiles.

The love-sick bird of evening sings,
The linnet warbles in the bow'r,
The rose from Sorrow's dwelling springs,
And comes to grace this festal hour.

Of fortune's fables from thy wine
Oh Hafez, and thy cup inquire;
While at thy side some sage divine
Speaks sweetly as the vocal lyre.

P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

Marry, or not to marry? that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cob-webbed rooms
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
And, by uniting, end it? to live alone,
No more: and by marrying say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand make-shifts
Batch'ors are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To marry, to live
In peace! Perchance in war: ay, there's the
rub;

For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause—there's the respect,
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts and for balls,
The insolence of servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take
When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single. Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of bachelor,
But that the dread of after marriage,
(Ah that vast expenditure of income,
No tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life,
Than go to jail for debt we know not of—?
Economy thus makes bachelors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The advice of Hafez. From the Persian.

The breath of Spring sheds rapture round,
The opening rose to joy invites,
And bids each harsher thought be drown'd
In rosy wine and love's delights.

Where'er thou see'st the rose's cheek,
With wanton smiles and blushes gay,
From thy young heart, with ardour seek
To tear the root of grief away.

The playful zephyr to his arms
The youthful rose-bud comes to woo;
She tears the veil, that hid her charms,
And all her beauties burst to view.

Learn truth and gen'rous deeds to love,
My heart, from yon transparent stream;
And ask the cypress in the grove,
Of justice, and her sacred theme.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO,

Spring. From the Persian.

This day, let joy our souls inspire,
Since 'tis, the feast of spring so gay:
We've gain'd our heart's supreme desire,
And fate submits to us this day.

No more, oh moon! of Heav'n the bride,
Thy face in eastern skies display,
My charmer shows with conscious pride
The full-moon of her cheek today.

Why dost thou think the nightingale
Thus early sings his plaintive lay?
The blooming spring's return to hail,
He seeks his sweetest notes today.

No more our giddy youth reprove;
To yonder railing censor say;
Who sits content without his love?
Or who's deprived of wine today?

Ah see, at last we're wise no more,
The pious dervish bends his way;
He who in convents dwelt before,
Within the tavern hides to day.

Proclaim, that from thy charms divine
The eyes of Hafez never stray,
And on the sparkling cup of wine
His tuneful lips are fixed to day.

P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE.

*To a lady of Norfolk, on her birthday,
10th. Nov. 1817.*

How bright the beams of morning shine
When hope and youth together twine,
And o'er the smiling, rosy way,
In search of promis'd pleasur' stray!
So bright to them, the beams appear
That wake the welcome new born year,
While, circling, dance the rosy hours
That led thy steps to pleasure's bow'r,
Oh! long to thee may morn be bright,
And wake thy heart to new delight;
Her rapturous smile affection shed,
And constant friendship near thee tread;
No tear but joy's thy cheek bedew,
And partial time each grace in new,
And while returning birth-days shine,
May ev'ry bliss continue thine.

A

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

MISSOURI COUNTRY.—*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in St. Louis to his friend, dated Sept. 19, 1817.*—The valley of Missouri, below the mouth of the great river Kansas, lies between the latitudes of 38 deg. and 39 deg. 5 min. as near as has been ascertained. It is, therefore, that precise latitude in which, according to the elevation and face of the country, and the warmth of the soil, wheat, oats, rye, barley, Indian corn, buckwheat, grasses and tobacco are equally at home. All these, as far as experiments have been made, are produced in the highest perfection. Wheat, for example, weighs from 64 to 72 lbs. Tobacco is very thick, not apt to fire, and I have measured many leaves of 16 inches in length, and thereabouts. Stock of all kinds are healthy, and easily raised on the highlands. They are subject to some peculiar diseases in the low grounds. Our horses, unlike those of Kentucky, have clean limbs, small round feet, and are tough and hardy. Our best lands are high lands. The best of them are as fertile and more easily cultivated than the low grounds. On these lands, with ordinary cultivation, (what you would hardly call cultivation at all) the crop of Indian corn varies from 12 to 16 bbls. This I see every where. I have heard of much more, and have little doubt that more than 20 could be raised by a judicious and industrious farmer. Land of this quality may be had according to its situation, for from two to ten dollars. Of such land as I have just mentioned, there are, besides the river bottoms, whose average width is two miles, many patches of from 20,000 to 200,000 acres, scattered through the country. The quantity of land unfit for cultivation is very small. There is an intermediate quality more easily cultivated than that first mentioned, but not so productive; but, in this country, where land is a drug, and labor a jewel, it is hardly less desirable at present. These lands will produce, with our common cultivation, from 10 to 15 barrels of

corn to the acre. Their appearance is unsightly, being chiefly covered with dwarfish trees, stunted by fire, and their value is known to very few. They lie vacant every where, and until lately, have been unoccupied except by *squatters*. They may be had, of course, from two dollars to five dollars per acre. The bottom is unfriendly to wheat; and of the highlands, perhaps the second quality produces the most and best. The average crop is from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. The low grounds of the Missouri are never overflowed; those of the Mississippi sometimes, but never except in May. Occasional rains in the summer produce no visible effects on these rivers. We have all varieties of timber from the impenetrable forest to the clear prairie. The wooded bottoms are covered with walnut, elm, oak, ash, peccan, hackberry, sycamore and cotton wood. The growth of primitive upland forests is the same, except the cotton wood and sycamore. The cotton wood is a huge tree. Its leaf resembles that of the Lombardy poplar—its timber is precisely that of the Virginia poplar, having the same varieties. The growth on prairies just recovering from the effects of fire, is stunted hickory and black jack. You will see this growth on a loam three feet deep. Where the fire has been long excluded you find tall, clean red and white oaks and hickory. Our conveyance to market is by the river to Orleans, at one dollar per cwt. The return load is four dollars and fifty cents per cwt. We are never stopped by want of water, and therefore can always anticipate Kentucky in the wheat market. Our home prices are from 75 to 100 cents for wheat, and from \$1 25 to \$2 50 for corn. We are a little sickly on the bottoms. On the uplands, remarkably healthy. Strangers arriving between May and November may expect a seasoning—those who come between November and May escape it. A negro fellow will hire for 15 dolls. per month. My own hands this year make 1000

bushels of corn and 1000 lbs. tobacco each. Dry Goods about 10 per cent above the Atlantic prices. Iron and smiths' work very high. Groceries may be laid in at moderate prices—say, brown sugar, 18 cts. coffee, 36 cts. &c. Having answered your questions, I have left myself little more to say. Our country abounds with coal, salt, iron, lead and copper. We want nothing but capital and population to make it the garden of the west."

Irish Emigration Society.—Thos. A. Emmett, Esq. and other gentlemen propose to form a Society of Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen for the purpose of endeavouring to procure from Congress a tract of land in the Illinois territory, to be settled by persons of that description. They disclaim all interested views and we give them every credit for the benevolent objects by which they are actuated. Mr. Emmett justly remarks, that much might undoubtedly be expected from the generous sympathy which the sorrows and sufferings of Ireland have every where excited in the United States, and from the acknowledged liberality of its constituted authorities; but very forcible arguments might also be addressed to its policy and interest. Not only those that in the ordinary course of events would arrive here, whose usefulness is lost by the want of proper direction, and who become burdens or scourges to our cities, would be rescued and placed in a situation where all the energies of active and enterprising minds might be serviceable to themselves and the community; but also the very fact that such an asylum was open and accessible, would infinitely increase the amount of emigration from Ireland, and people our wilderness with incalculable rapidity. The place upon which we have fixed our eyes, continues Mr. E. is in the Illinois territory—it has been lately purchased, and it is not yet even surveyed. In the ordinary course of events it is not likely to be brought into market

(at least to any extent) for many years; but, if Congress listen to this application and grant to the settlers an extended credit, government will receive payment for the land probably as soon as if it were suffered to remain unheeded till its regular turn for sale came round. A large body of settlers will be enabled to grow rich during the time that the land would be otherwise waste and unproductive, and the value of all the contiguous property belonging to the United States, would be rapidly and immediately increased, to say nothing of the advantages resulting from such a settled frontier.

Ancient Chronicle.—The Armenian Academy established at Venice in the island of St. Lazarus, has had the good fortune to discover a manuscript complete of the Chronicle of Eusebius, of Cæsarea. It is translated into the Armenian language, and is of the fifth century. The academy proposes to publish the Armenian text with a Latin translation facing it.

Raleigh, (N.C.)—Among the numerous productions to which the soil and climate of North-Carolina are favourable, it is found that the sugar cane may now be added. The present is the second year of the experiment—only a few plantings having been at first obtained—but the enterprising gentleman who has made the attempt, calculates on making sugar his staple crop for the approaching year.

Salt Springs.—The Ohio Spectator printed at Wooster, Wayne County, has the following;

"Mr. Joseyh Eichar having penetrated through a rock, 440 feet, has at length, obtained salt water of a good quality, such, that 100 gallons of water makes a bushel of excellent salt. His well is about three miles west of this town. The rock being in many places very hard, he was upwards of two years in perforating it, the expense of which was by no means inconsiderable."

Wars have in all ages been a dreadful scourge to mankind. But history exhibits none so sanguinary and destructive as those engendered by the ever to be deplored French Revolution, particularly those waged by Bonaparte after his accession to supreme power. A French writer of eminence calculated the destruction of men in these wars as follows:

1. The war of St. Domingo in 1801,	
Soldiers and Sailors,	60,000
Whites of the Island,	50,000
Negroes,	50,000
	—
2. The war with Eng-	160,000
land, from 1802 to	
1814,	200,000
3. The invasion of Egypt,	60,000
4. The winter cam-	
paign of 1805–6	150,000
5. The Campaign of	
Calabria, from 1805–7,	500,000
6. The war of the North,	
from 1806 to 1807,	300,500
7. The war of Spain,	
from 1807 to 1813,	
(French and Allies,	
English, Spaniards	
and Portuguese,) 2,100,000	
8. The war of Germany	
and Poland in 1809,	300,000
9. The campaign of 1812,	
French and Allies,	500,000
Russians,	300,000
Poles, &c.	200,000
	—
10. The campaign of 1813	1,000,000
Making a total of upwards of five	450,000
millions of the human race! —	

The receipt last year, of the British Society, for promoting Christian Knowledge, amounted to 250,000 dollars. The books and tracts distributed, amounted to 1,219,444.

Snake Battle.—In the year 1059, a prodigious quantity of snakes formed themselves into two bands, on a plain near Tournay, in Flanders, and fought with such fury, that one

band was almost destroyed, and the peasants killed the other with sticks and fire.

Washington.—Extract of a letter of recent date, from a young Bostonian now in Valencia, (Spain,) to the Editors of the *Boston Patriot*.—“A few days since, I saw advertised in the play-bills, in the streets, in large letters, ‘WASHINGTON.’ I did not dream that the name of Washington was known here, and I thought it could not possibly relate to the great man of whom our country is so justly proud. However, to my surprise, I found the comedy truly American. The character of Washington is placed in the most favourable light for virtue, patriotism and honour. The plot is taken from the circumstance of the General’s threatening retaliation on his British prisoners, which deterred the British commander from inflicting death on a number of American officers, prisoners of war. The play was well written, and excellently performed. During the performance, an illumination scene took place, and in the most conspicuous part of the stage appeared in large transparent letters, “VIVE WASHINGTON!” The act ended in a beautiful dance, the dancers building a temple of laurel wreaths over Washington. I have never seen any thing half so complimentary to the General’s memory on our stage. An interesting and novel part is introduced in the comedy, to relieve the more serious. It is a little extraordinary, that the actor who personated the General was about 50, of a tall commanding, appearance, and if he had personally known Washington, he could not have copied him better. That stern inflexible manner which was natural to him in the camp, but which gave way to the softest feelings of humanity when his duty did not interfere, were admirably portrayed. The play was repeated three nights.”



Otis del.

Goodman & Elmes Sc.

Mrs. MAJON'S SON.



Engraved for the Port Folio Published by Harrison Hall 133 Chestnut St. Philad.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1818.

Embellished with a portrait of Mrs. MADISON.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence. - - - -	90	ed States, <i>ib.</i> — <i>Livermore's</i>
Life of Mrs. Madison, - - - -	91	Law of Principal and Agent 160
Pascal, - - - -	141	POETRY.
Letter from Cortez to the king of Spain on the conquest of New Spain, - - - -	108	The dark-rolling Connecticut— The Statue of the Gladiator —On the death of Proté— Woman, 161—To her who may understand it—Fancy and Sense—Maria's tomb— The sigh - - - - -
The ADVERSARIA;		162
Philadelphia Athenaeum,— Johnson and Horace Wal- pole,—Horace,—Kissing,— Polydore Virgil,—Eras- mus,—Antonio Perez, - -	219	MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Agrarius Denterville;—a tale, 122		Rights of black citizens— Greek Athenaeum—Im- provement in navigation— Niagara falls, 163—Tax on bank of U.S. stock—Countess of Leitrim's will, 164—Sin- gular presentment—Death of Werner—Hounds and Box- ers in N. J.—Size of Balti- more—Property in Rich- mond—Origin of paper mo- ney—Oil in cabbage seed, 165—Earthen-ware in Phil- adelphian, 166—Death of Mr. Edgeworth—Trial of a deaf and dumb woman, 167— Building-stone in Florida— Breach of promise of mar- riage - - - - -
Reviews;		168
Outline of the Revolu- tion in Spanish America,— <i>Breckenridge's</i> South Amer- ica, 92.— <i>Duponceau's</i> Pho- nology, 105.— <i>Paulding's</i> Letters from the South, -	131	
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE;		
<i>Hall's</i> Abridgment of Sir Leoline Jenkins,— <i>Hall's</i> Law Journal, 154.— <i>Binns'</i> Declaration of Independ- ence, 156.— <i>M'Callum's</i> New poems of Ossian, 157. —Conversations on the Bi- ble, 159,—Sully's Memoirs, <i>ib.</i> —Resources of the Unit-		

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The PORT FOLIO having commenced with the present century, this is the 206th month of its existence. As we have not attained even the period of discretion, it cannot be expected that we should yet put on "the silver livery of advised age." It is not, therefore, for the purpose of claiming the reverence due to our *extraordinary longevity*, but merely for the sake of convenient reference, that we shall mark the chronology of our miscellany, with reference to its establishment in 1801. The early volumes having become very scarce and expensive, it has been recommended by many of our friends, that a selection from them be made and published in a style of uniformity with the present series. Such a collection might be illustrated by notes respecting the authors, and the current events of the time. By rejecting papers not worthy of preservation, and by economy of mechanical arrangement, it is probable that the five quarto volumes edited by Mr. *Dennie* might be reduced to two; the price of which should be *ten dollars*. If a sufficient sum be subscribed, and paid, the work shall be published without delay; and if the amount advanced should be inadequate, the money can be returned or passed to the credit of the individual.

Dogberry junior, like his namesake, has something "handsome about him," we shall not spoil his sport.

The lines on the death of a gallant officer, are in the hands of the printer. We expect at no distant period, to be able to present to our readers some account of this gentleman's brief though brilliant career.

The prize poem on the death of Tasso has produced three translations; but neither of them is adequate to the original. The *attempt*, as the last communication is modestly styled, is the best; and, in the hope that the author will improve in a second effort, his paper shall lie on the table.

Mum is a dull dog. Stephano may answer him, for we shall not: "Mum then, and no more."

Our readers will observe that we have introduced a new subject to their attention in the present number. We allude to the "*Proceedings of Congress*," which shall be continued hereafter, in each number, with a distinct paging, so that it may be bound at the end of our volumes or form a separate book. The value of this article may not be perceived immediately, and some may complain of the introduction of a dish on the last of the month which has been upon the table every day; but a little reflection must suggest the propriety of preserving in a portable form an accurate history of our country. In the debates of our representatives we shall find the reasons for which our laws are enacted, and in the communications from the executive our relations with foreign nations may be traced.—At the end of each session, there will be given lists of the members of the executive and representative departments, of committees, &c. &c.

Those booksellers, authors and others who do not find, what they may expect, in our journals, are referred to the advertisement frequently published on the covers.

To several subscribers we are obliged to repeat the language of Timon:

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off.—

Those of our patrons, who would afford us substantial support, are requested to transmit their subscription in advance.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1818.

No. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MRS. MADISON.

The consort of the late president of the United States, whose maiden name was Paine, was born in the year 1772. Shortly after that period her father emigrated from Virginia to this city. He had three daughters, who were educated according to the principles of the Friends, a class of people which is eminently distinguished for the exemplary conduct of its members. In the year 1790 this lady* became the wife of John Todd, Esq. a practitioner at our bar. He died in 1793, and in the following year his widow was united to her present husband.

It is our privilege to offer a passing testimony to distinguished excellence; but on the present occasion we do not feel authorized to enter into the usual details of biography. At a time when the restless spirit of party covered every path with thorns, this lady held the branch of conciliation and she well deserves a place among those who endeavour to promote peace and good will. In the exalted station from which she recently descended, she never neglected her early friends, but extended to all who approached her, those attentions which add dignity to the great and inspire the humble with confidence. A politician of the present day, exclaimed, on a memorable occasion, “we are all federalists, we are

* The sisters are married, we believe to Mr. Washington and Mr. Cutts.

all republicans." In her intercourse with society, Mrs. Madison reduced this liberal sentiment to practice; her circle was at once the model of polished life and the dwelling of cheerfulness.

We had the pleasure of seeing her some years ago, on the occasion of a splendid fete, which was given by his excellency M. Daschkoff, the minister from Russia, in honour of the natal day of his sovereign. [We remarked the ease with which she glided into the stream of conversation and accommodated herself to its endless variety.] In the art of conversation she is said to be distinguished, and it became evident in the course of the evening, that the gladness which played in the countenances of those whom she approached, was inspired by something more than mere respect. We fear that our artists have not presented an adequate representation of the features of this lady. We have not forgotten how admirably the air of authority was softened by the smile of gayety; and it is pleasing to recal a certain expression that must have been created by the happiest of all dispositions—a wish to please, and a willingness to be pleased. This, indeed, is to be truly good and really great. (Like a summer's sun she rose in our political horizon, gloriously, and she sunk, benignly.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EMANCIPATION OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Outline of the revolution in Spanish America; or, an account of the origin, progress, and actual state of the war carried on between Spain and Spanish America; containing the principal facts which have marked the struggle.—By a South-American. *New York, Eastburn & Co. 1817.*

South America—A letter on the present state of that country, to James Monroe, president of the United States.—By an American. *Washington, 1817.*

MANY years have elapsed since our brethren of the south began to manifest their uneasiness under the galling yoke of Spanish domination. Pillaged and cheated as they have been by corrupt functionaries and pretended ministers of religion, they have excited the sympathy of every friend to civil liberty; and all lamented the honest but mistaken loyalty which prevented them from severing their unholy bands, when the Spanish regency was hemmed up in the walls of Cadiz and their puppet king was disporting himself in the imperial palaces of Napoleon. Long before

this we had followed, in fearful anxiety, the steps of the gallant Miranda. In 1783, this persevering patriot, whose services during several years in the Spanish army had acquired for him the rank of major-general, visited this country. After a short stay here he set out on an European tour, in the course of which he traversed successively, Germany, Italy, Greece, Sweden, Russia and Denmark. While he was in Greece, Athens was his chief residence. Quitting this classical region in which he was constantly reminded of those illustrious deeds which make nations free and heroes immortal, he next visited Russia, where he received pressing invitations from Catherine to remain, but his eagerness to promote the emancipation of Spanish America prevailed over every consideration of self-interest. In 1790 he was introduced to Mr. Pitt. His project was received with great attention by this unparalleled statesman, and it continued to enter into the serious contemplation of the British cabinet as long as the differences respecting Nootka Sound prevailed between the two governments. In 1792 he passed over into France to await the chances of the revolution. Here he was tantalized for a long time, served in the revolutionary army and experienced all those vicissitudes of fortune which are incident to such conjuncture. Being sentenced to banishment in 1797, he found means to return to England where he was again favourably received by Mr. Pitt. Great-Britain being then in a state of war with Spain, a plan was projected at London, for combining the forces of the former with those of our country, in the prosecution of this important enterprize. In 1798, the preparations were so far advanced, and Gen. Miranda was so full of expectation, that he wrote to general Hamilton, "that the moment of emancipation approached." It would appear from this letter and the answer to it (vide our last No. p. 55,) that the patriot general calculated, as a matter of course, without having made any stipulations, to that effect, upon the co-operation of this country: in this expectation however he was disappointed, and obliged once more to postpone his designs. From the reply of Hamilton we should infer that he entertained similar hopes—but he understood his duty too well as a citizen—would that wisdom had never deserted him!—to embark in any such schemes without the authority of his government.

A subsequent plan, to be accomplished by the English forces "single handed," in 1801, met with no better fate, in consequence of the peace with France. The resumption of hostilities with Spain in 1804 revived the subject, but the third coalition against France in the summer of the following year, occupying the whole attention of England, Miranda once more visited the United States, with the knowledge and approbation of the British ministry, in order to avail himself of any advantages that might arise from our disputes about the navigation of the Mississippi. This matter, however, being settled by the purchase of Louisiana, Miranda seems to have resolved no longer to put his trust in princes, but to throw himself upon the limited means of individuals. In Mr. Ogden and Col. Smith, of New York, he found powerful friends, and fitted out the *Leander*, Capt. Lewis, with 200 men at that port. At St. Domingo he was to be joined by the *Emperor*; but the remonstrances of the Spanish and French ministers were so urgent, that our government found itself obliged, upon the sailing of the *Leander*, to order prosecutions against the gentlemen whom we have named. These persons were acquitted, but the enterprize was crushed, and many of our citizens, who went on this expedition, ignorant of the views and plans of their leader, perished miserably in the hands of the ferocious Spaniards. We shall barely add, in this place, that by an act of the most atrocious perfidy, Miranda was seized afterwards by Gen. Monteverde, transferred from one prison to another, and died lately in that of La Cartaca, in Cadiz.

The invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, burst upon Europe like a stroke of thunder. Then it was, that the moment for freedom seemed to present itself to America, wearied and exhausted by three centuries of continual suffering. Spain invaded by a colossal power—its fortresses in the hands of its enemies—the royal family in captivity and all the elements of the government broken up and dispersed! What more could be desired? But the colonies sympathized in the sufferings of the mother country; with a magnanimity which was equally unprecedented and undeserved, they generously forgot their own wrongs to redress those of their oppressors.

At La Guyara, one of the agents of Napoleon, who was endeavouring with all the arts of allurement and dissimulation, to accom-

plish the object of his mission, was sent to prison; the colours of Spain and England were hoisted on all the forts and the streets rung with shouts in favour of Ferdinand. The city of Mexico voted fourteen millions of dollars for the service of the mother country, and the people, boasting that they were the descendants of the immortal Cortez, enrolled themselves for the defence of that empire which he had won for Spain. The French were publicly insulted at Caraccas, and an imperial captain was obliged to withdraw with all possible secrecy. Even at Buenos Ayres, where that animosity against the English, occasioned, throughout the Spanish colonies by the ravages of Drake and Cavendish, and the buccaneers, had been so unhappily revived, just when the lapse of time had obliterated it, there prevailed among the people a feeling of stronger and juster resentment against the French. Nevertheless, there existed a party there, in consequence of Sir Home Popham's wretched expedition, numerous enough to support the governor Liniers in a temporizing policy, which, while it waited to acknowledge the right of the strongest, evidently inclined towards the new dynasty. Elio, the governor of Montevideo, penetrating into his views, accused him of disloyalty: the patriotic cause daily acquired strength; it soon became as unpopular to speak French, as it had ever been to speak English; the port was thrown open to British and Portuguese ships; Liniers was deposed and Elio supplied his place with a junta in imitation of those of Spain? Intelligence of the general insurrection in Spain was received at Mexico in July 1808 with great enthusiasm; but the confidence of the prudent part of the community was destroyed by the contradictory claims upon their allegiance, which were severally made by the juntas of Seville and Asturiaz. They found it necessary to take care of themselves. From this period it would be but an useless labour to trace the desultory measures of an unconnected people. In some points however, all agreed. They had uniformly been treated with the basest treachery by the mother country in the promises of reform which it had repeatedly made; and their attachment was weakened as their confidence diminished. The millions which they were contributing to the war against the invader, might enable Spain to restore the king to his throne. But would that event relieve the colonies? In such a hope they had been deceived too

often. On the other hand, if these splendid aids should be swallowed up in an unsuccessful defence, what then would be their situation? The central junta, as it was pompously styled, endeavoured to allay the spirit which was rising by declaring the colonies *equal to the mother country*. This answered for a time; but in the event a self-formed regency, whose authority was very properly questioned, declared war against the colonies in the name of that king, for whom the faithful colonies had poured their blood and treasures—that king who was amusing himself, at the time of these momentous struggles in tambouring petticoats for the mistresses of the new dynasty. The Spaniards were then protected by the British arms, and they drew off forces which were wanted for defence against the common foe, to gratify those mean and malignant passions which were excited by the unexpected opposition of their American brethren. They rejoiced, after the battle of Albufera, at the advantage they had gained, because, said one of the cortez, “we can now send troops to reduce the insurgents.” And send them they did, in the shape of those blood-hounds by which the aborigines were hunted. The measure which had been meted out to the peaceable Montezuma and the gallant Guatimozin was now to be filled again to the followers of their exterminator. In these contests, says the author of the “Outlines,” the blood of thousands has already inundated an extent of country of more than 1600 leagues; and as if the mortality in the field of battle were not sufficient, numbers are daily murdered in cold blood.” The champions of the holy inquisition and the beloved Ferdinand have emulated the fame of Bonaparte by the destruction of prisoners and the contempt of capitulations. The renown of these achievements will not perish in the provinces: it has roused a spirit which will repose only on the field of death or in the assurance of safety. The contest will be of long endurance, because the parties are two thousand leagues apart, and the imbecility and corruption of the court will be balanced by the unskilfulness and want of concert on the other side. Pride will animate the one and the fear of their old chains invigorate the other. Each may be said to struggle for existence; for the colonies have supplied the chief aliment of the old country for many years. The colonies have defended themselves against domestic treachery and open violence for ten years

and we are therefore warranted in the belief that they can never be reduced to their former servitude, which is an unnatural state of political existence. The Spanish merchants may now sigh for the commercial monopoly which they enjoyed; and the nobility, which, almost to a single family, is deeply concerned in the integrity of the kingdom, by reason of the numberless lucrative appointments which depend upon it for existence, will now be shorn of a part of their splendour. From the moment that the Cortes, under the influence of *the monied interest*, rejected the mediation of England, upon grounds acceded to by all the *deputies* from South America, it was evident that this was no longer to be considered as a rebellion, or as a warrantable resistance of natural right against abuse of authority,—not a question about the reciprocal obligations of allegiance and protection—but an open war waged by rival nations, which will be terminated, sooner or later, by a treaty, negotiated upon equal terms.

The commerce of the English would be promoted by the emancipation of these colonies, and therefore we trust she will not be inclined to draw her sword again in support of an ally, who has repaid her generous sympathy in so signal a manner. In France, the government is on rockers and England holds the balance. It is true, a recent writer, who probably danced into Paris at the heels of lord Wellington, and has been *restored*, on account of his *patriotic adhesion*, to some comfortable post, is sadly alarmed at the present state of things in America, both north and south. His disordered imagination carries him back to the period of 1793, when the flame of the revolution burst forth and menaced the edifice of social order with destruction. But he forgets that there have been no philosophers among the colonists: and it is utterly false that the colonists have demanded any indulgence indicative of French Jacobinism, or inconsistent with the just rights of human nature. They professed an affectionate regard, a willing submission to their king: they upheld his throne by their blood and their treasures: and they demanded a redress of grievances, arising from corruptions which had crept into the government. In all this they had an example in their neighbourhood, which we trust will guide them to a successful issue. Instead of the awful spectacle of a great nation throwing off its chains, and rushing from the fætid air of unwhel-

some bondage, to the day-light of freedom, this writer beholds nothing but French revolutionists—his terrified imagination carries him to the English settlements, and thence by an easy effort of so perturbed a fancy he converts all the natives of the two Indies into *sans culottes*. Affrighted by this legion of phantoms he calls upon England to make another coalition, and summon all nations to form a new league against the establishment of revolutionary principles in Spanish America.

But we doubt whether the chord of legitimacy can be stretched any further. It will not extend to this hemisphere, and it would long since have been snapped in the old countries, if the people had been sufficiently enlightened to discern their own rights and sufficiently virtuous to know how to enjoy them.

How far political information has been diffused among the Spanish Americans, the author of the "Letter," has enabled us to form some conjecture.

In all the colonies in which the standard of independence has been raised, a formal appeal has been made to the civilized world, setting forth the causes by which they were actuated. These public declarations are couched in terms similar to our own act of the same kind, and evidently dictated by the same spirit. Their proclamations, their political writings, are such as we might safely own in this country. These cannot have failed to have reached the minds of the young and ardent; and those who are growing up, will cherish them through life. I have been told by a gentleman who has frequently questioned the boys of the most common class, "what are you?"—"a patriot"—"why are you a patriot?"—"because I will defend my country against invaders, because I do not like that my country should be governed by strangers, and because I wish to be free."—The establishment of newspapers has invariably followed the expulsion of the Spanish authorities; the enlightened and liberal political dissertations with which these papers are filled, furnish sufficient refutation of the slanders of their enemies. Correct notions on political subjects, are, it is true, confined to a smaller number, than they were amongst us at the commencement of our political struggle, but the desire to free themselves from foreign power, has as completely taken possession of the great mass of the people. Our constitutions are translated and distributed every where, as well as our best revolutionary writings. Two young lawyers were expressly employed for this purpose, by the government of Venezuela, and sent to Philadelphia, where they executed many translations. It would certainly be very strange, if, in this long protracted struggle, a struggle calculated to rouse all the dormant faculties and energies of man, no advancement should have been made in political knowledge.—p. 23.

From the mass of acrimonious invective which has been published on this important subject, we recommend the pamphlets whose titles we have copied as honourably distinguished. The first was originally published in England; a circumstance which should

have been mentioned in the American edition. It is written by a South-American, and no one can read the interesting details with which it abounds without admiring the candour and moderation which the author displays in describing the conduct of men who have exhibited every thing that is perfidious, sanguinary and ferocious. He commences with a general description of the provinces, and enumerates the burdens and impositions to which the people have long submitted.

It is supposed that the continental part of Spanish America contains thirteen millions of inhabitants; Indians, Spaniards, Negroes, and their descendants, without including the nations of Indians still existing independent of the Spanish government, on the banks of the Meta, the costa of the Guagiros, on the banks of the Orunoco, Rio Negro, Pampas de Buenos Ayres, &c. Part of the population of Spanish America is employed in agriculture, especially in Venezuela, Guatemala, Guayaquil, Chili, Cartagena, &c.; many in the care of cattle, particularly in the provinces of Rio de la Plata, and part of Venezuela: while the inhabitants of several provinces of Mexico, Peru, and New Grenada, are almost wholly employed in working the mines.

The Indians and Negroes have retained in a great measure their primitive customs; the Creoles have received theirs from the Spaniards. The Catholic religion being that of Spanish America, the church government and ecclesiastical dignities are the same as in the mother country; archbishops, bishops, &c. who were nominated by the king, in conformity with the privilege granted to him by Julius the second, in the year 1508, which is called *real patronato*. See tit. 6. lib. 1. de la Recopilacion. The inquisition was also established in the new continent.

Considerable ignorance, even of the most necessary arts of life, reigned throughout these immense territories, with the exception of the capitals; and in Mexico, Lima, and Santa Fè de Bogota, the studies of medicine, and some branches of natural history are pursued with much success. The Creoles applied themselves with much earnestness to theology and law, for in those pursuits alone was honour to be obtained. They actually took the degree of doctor from the universities, of which there were nine in Spanish America.

All access to the Spanish settlements was not merely closed to foreigners, but even the inhabitants of the different provinces were prohibited from intercourse with one another; ley 8. tit. 18. lib. 4. *Cedula* of 1609; ley 69. and 68. tit. 45. lib. 9. *Recopilacion de Indias*. Commerce was exclusively carried on with Spain, and was almost entirely in the hands of the Spaniards. Ley 7. tit. 87. libro. 9. de la Recopilacion, prohibits the inhabitants of Spanish America, under penalty of death, to trade with foreigners on any pretext whatever. About the end of the last century, there were some few instances of special licenses having been obtained from the viceroys and captains-general to trade with the Antillas, in cases of very difficult communication with the mother country. In 1797 the court of Madrid was under the necessity of allowing some of the ports of Terra Firme to be opened for the advantage of commerce; for, in consequence of the war, Spain found herself unable to supply her distant colonies with those European articles they had long been accustomed to, and which had consequently become to them necessities. Urged by similar motives, Cis-

neros, the viceroy of the provinces of *Rio de la Plata*, in 1809, opened the ports of Buenos Ayres, that a free trade might be carried on with the nations in alliance with Spain.

The court of Madrid very long maintained its power in the new continent, though supported by but a small number of Spanish troops, the Creoles being cordially attached to the mother country, and the Indians unable to free themselves: but about the middle of the last century there was, in Caraccas, a plan of conspiracy formed by a Canarian named *Leon*, who, trusting to the support of his partisans, whom he considered numerous, intended to destroy the company of *Guicupoá*, to which the privilege had been granted of exclusively trading with Venezuela. His design was however discovered, he was condemned to death, his house rased to the ground, and a column placed on the spot to perpetuate horror of his plan.

An act of injustice to which Don J. G. Tupac-Amaru had been exposed by the Audiencia of Lima, and the insults he had received from a corregidor, added to a feeling of the abject state to which the Indian nations were reduced by the oppressions of *Repartimientos*, and by the new taxes imposed upon them, gave rise to the insurrection which took place in Peru in 1780. By the system of the *Repartimientos*, the Indians were obliged to receive their necessary supplies of goods, hardware, and mules from the corregidores at the prices they fixed, and on the credit they thought proper to give.

The exertions of several individuals who came forward in the general cause, at the instigation of Tupac-Amaru, soon spread a spirit of resistance for three hundred leagues through the interior of the country, where the most bloody scenes soon were exhibited. It was at first little more than a slight revolt of the native Indians against the oppression of the corregidores and other agents of government. The contest lasted three years with varied success, and Tupac-Amaru had been hailed Ynca of Peru. The conduct of Tupac-Amaru, however, did not conciliate the minds of the people, and the efforts of the Indians became feeble, partly on account of the difficulty they found in being supplied with arms and ammunition. The combined attacks of the troops of Buenos Ayres and Lima, then gave confidence to the Spaniards, in whose favor the greatest part of the people declared, notwithstanding their earnest desire for a change in the administration. Tupac-Amaru, and many of the principal leaders of the faction, were put to death in a shocking manner.

In 1781, in consequence of some reforms, and additional taxes imposed in New Grenada, by the Regente Pineres, the province of Socorro, one of the most populous of that viceroyalty, openly declared against the late changes; and having assembled near seventeen thousand men, they marched against Santa Fè de Bogota, crying, "Long live the king, but death to our bad governors." The capital was in a defenceless state, and they proceeded in triumph till they reached the plain called *Mortino*, about twelve leagues from Santa Fè, where they met the archbishop Gongora, dressed in his pontifical robes, holding the host in his hands. At such an unexpected meeting the Socorrenos halted, impressed with awe and astonishment; and the archbishop, availing himself of this happy moment, proposed to their leader, Don Salvador Plata, to hold a conference. The result was, that they came to terms of accommodation, and the assembled multitude dispersed. The Socorrenos afterwards complained that the articles of capitulation were never complied with.

Some few Creoles and Spaniards, well acquainted with the principles laid down by the French politicians in the early period of the French revo-

SOUTH AMERICA.

lation, and even with those of the writers who had immediately preceded that period, formed a plan for revolution in Caraccas in 1797. They treated with contempt the Spanish government, their navy having received many severe blows; and above all trusting to the protection of the English, in consequence of Mr. Pitt's well-known plan of giving independence to Terra Firma. The conspiracy was discovered when on the eve of breaking out, and the ostensible leaders, Don M. Gual and Don J. M. Espana, made their escape to the neighbouring island. Don Espana returned two years after to La Guayra, but being discovered, he was hanged. The following is sir Thomas Picton's proclamation, which was circulated through the contiguous islands at that time:—"By virtue of an official paper, which I, the governor of this island of Trinidad, have received from the right honourable Henry Dundas, minister of his Britannic majesty for foreign affairs, dated 7th April, 1797, which I here publish in obedience to orders, and for the use which your excellencies may draw from its publication, in order that you may communicate its tenour, which is literally as follows:—The object which I at present desire most particularly to recommend to your attention, is the means which might be best adapted to liberate the people of the continent near to the island of Trinidad, from the oppressive and tyrannic system which supports, with so much rigour, the monopoly of commerce, under the title of exclusive registers, which their government licenses demand; also to draw the greatest advantages possible, and which the local situation of the island presents, by opening a direct and free communication with the other parts of the world, without prejudice to the commerce of the British nation. In order to fulfil this intention with greater facility, it will be prudent for your excellency to animate the inhabitants of Trinidad in keeping up the communication which they had with those of Terra Firma, previous to the reduction of that island; under the assurance, that they will find there an *entrepot*, or general magazine of every sort of goods whatever. To this end, his Britannic majesty has determined in council to grant freedom to the ports of Trinidad, with a direct trade to Great Britain."

"With regard to the hopes you entertain of raising the spirits of those persons, with whom you are in correspondence, towards encouraging the inhabitants to resist the oppressive authority of their government, I have little more to say, than that they may be certain that, whenever they are in that disposition, they may receive at your hands all the succours to be expected from his Britannic majesty, be it with forces, or with arms and ammunition to any extent; with the assurance, that the views of his Britannic majesty go no further than to secure to them their independence, without pretending to any sovereignty over their country, nor even to interfere in the privileges of the people, nor in their political, civil, or religious rights."

THOMAS PICTON, &c. &c.

Puerto de Espana, 26th June, 1797.

To assist the revolutionary party in Spanish America, the English cabinet paid the expedition of Miranda to Venezuela, in 1806, and sent that of Whitelocke to Buenos Ayres in 1807, both of which however failed.

The different attacks made by the English and French on the coasts of Spanish America obliged the Spaniards to form a plan for raising an additional military force to assist the army already stationed in the ports, in case of any renewed attack. The civil commotions above alluded to gave rise likewise to a desirable military system, for placing the capitals in a situation which might enable the chiefs both to give and receive support in case of any insurrection. But although the troops were chiefly concen-

trated in the capitals, some were still kept in the provinces to enforce allegiance in case of necessity.

When we observe the attachment of the Spaniards to their country, the respect the Creoles entertained for Spain, the feeble minds of the Indians, and the state of political insignificance in which the other races were kept, it is not wonderful that for three centuries they should have submitted to be governed by laws established in a country more than two thousand leagues distant, without making any effort for independence. And when some enterprising characters endeavoured to excite revolt, the difficulties which attended their undertaking, and the facility with which the Spanish government stifled their plans for independence, may easily be accounted for, by the vigilance of the chiefs, as well as of the inquisition, and the apathy of the Creoles, the natural consequence of their education.

I do not pretend, however, to assert that the inhabitants of Spanish America were satisfied with the court of Madrid; on the contrary, I affirm that they were highly discontented. The following were grievances of which they complained:

1st. The arbitrary power exercised by the viceroys and captains-general, who very often eluded the laws, and even the orders they received from the king; see ley 173. tit. 15. lib. 2. *de la Recopilacion*, in which it complains that the *officers sent by the king to Spanish America, were frequently impeached and deposed, which was never the case with those nominated by the viceroys.* 2d. That the audiencias were composed of Europeans, who in trials were sole judges, and who had the power of interpreting the laws in their very application. 3d. That it was under the authority of the audiencias that clandestine decisions were often made, nocturnal arrests, banishment without previous trial, and numerous other hardships. 4th. That they were treated with distrust by the government, notwithstanding the loyalty which they manifested in the war for succession to the crown of Spain, in their resistance to the suggestions of the French and English to induce them to revolt, and, above all, in the loyal behaviour and uncommon courage which they displayed when Cartagena and Buenos Ayres were attacked by the English. 5th. That they were obliged to bear insults from the meanest of the Spaniards, who, merely because of their European birth, considered themselves superior, and, as it were, masters of the Spanish Americans. Among many other examples of this, the report may be quoted, which was made to the king by his fiscal, on the petition of the city of Merida de Maracaybo, in Venezuela, to found a university; the opinion of the fiscal was, that "the petition was to be refused," "because it was unsuitable to promote learning in Spanish America, where the inhabitants appeared destined by nature to work in the mines." After a pretended solemn deliberation of the consulado or board of trade in Mexico, the members informed the cortes, that "the Indians were a race of monkeys, filled with vice and ignorance, automata, unworthy of representing or being represented." 6th. That, notwithstanding the original compact made between the king, and the first settlers in Spanish America, ley 13. titulo 2. libro 3. *de la Recopilacion*, which stipulated, "that in all cases of government, justice, administration of finances, commissions, &c. the first discoverers, then the *pacificadores*, and, lastly, the settlers, and those born in the said provinces, were to be preferred in all appointments and public employments;" the Creoles were gradually shut out from all participation in local commands and dignities: for, from the period of the first settlements, until the year 1810, out of one hundred and sixty-six viceroys, and five hundred and eighty-eight captains-general, governors, and presidents appointed in Spanish America, only eighteen have

been Creoles, and these few only in consequence of their having been educated in Spain; when, at the same time, the Creoles were prohibited from visiting the mother country, without an express permission from the king, which could only be obtained with much difficulty. 7th. That the prosperity of Spanish America was viewed with such a jealous eye by the Spanish government, that no manufactories were permitted, though Spain could not furnish merchandise sufficient for the consumption of her settlements; and that even the plantations of the colonial produce were restricted. As an example of such restriction, although Spain paid considerable sums annually to Portugal, for tobacco supplied from the Brazils, yet only a certain number of tobacco plants was allowed to be cultivated in South America, and that number was fixed by the king's officers; and were a single plant found more than the number allowed to each cultivator, the whole plantation was in danger of being rooted up. Another example of this kind was, the prohibition of extracting oils, or of making wine or brandy, or of planting vines or almond trees in any province of Spanish America, excepting Peru or Chili; and that exception was in consequence of the length of the voyage from Spain for articles of so heavy a nature; and even the wine, almonds, &c. produced in Chili and Peru, were not permitted to be sent to Mexico, New Grenada, or Terra Firma; titulo 18. libro 14. de la Recopilacion: and to counterbalance these privileges enjoyed in Chili and Peru, to cultivate tobacco or the sugar-cane was forbidden in Chili. 8th. And in order to check the progress of population, and to keep distinct the different classes, there were many laws tending to put obstacles to marriage. *Vide cedulas sobre el disenso, y varias leyes del Recopilacion sobre los matrimonios.*

Notwithstanding these complaints, Spanish America might have existed in the dependent state many generations, I might say centuries. The court of Madrid knew perfectly well how to answer the petitions of its American subjects without redressing their grievances; how to keep them distant from public affairs; how to grant or to refuse their demands, without impairing the general system of exclusion with regard to them adopted by Spain. But Napoleon Bonaparte, who was, in fact, already master of the peninsula, and possessor of the wealth of America, by the influence he had in the court of Madrid, having invaded the kingdom, and seized the royal family of Spain, loosened those bonds which united the new to the old world, and gave rise to a revolution, which, from the wide extent of the country in which it is seated, its character, and consequences, is unparalleled in the annals of history.—p. 13—22.

He describes the loyal and even generous behaviour of the Americans, and sufficiently indicates the determination to form separate governments. Some account is given of the attempts of a person named Desmolarde, who is called the envoy of Mr. Joseph Bonaparte. This gentleman being very well pleased with Ferdinand's house in Madrid, was in no hurry to quit his quarters, and he employed both promises and threats to divert from the Spanish army, the aid which it received from the colonies. He told them—that he had agreed with the United States to furnish them with warlike equipments to achieve their independence—that brother Nap. had been sent by Heaven to chastise the pride

and tyranny of monarchs—and a great many similar stories too numerous to mention; all of which however were of no avail. Joseph was soon after obliged to make a very precipitate retreat, and after various misfortunes, as the story books say, he arrived in this country. He took care to provide himself with plenty of money, and having assumed a more fashionable name, he is now surrounded by an obsequious retinue of free and independent gentlemen, who quaff his wine without asking any questions. Truly does the great poet exclaim, “ how sweet a thing it is to wear a crown!”

The remainder of the volume contains what we believe is a very impartial account of the military affairs of the colonies, of which it is not easy to form an abstract with any degree of satisfaction.

The second pamphlet is written by one of our own citizens, who has passed several years in the neighbourhood of the people whose sufferings he deplores and whose rights he feelingly asserts. He is very confident of the issue of this struggle. He says

the united provinces of La Plata, as well as Chili and Peru, are already lost to Spain for ever. For seven years, the first of these, has remained entirely unmolested, opening a free intercourse with all nations, and already beginning to feel the advantages of independence. So far from being in danger of the power of Spain, the Buenos Ayreans have been able to detach a sufficient force to assist their brethren and neighbours of Chili, and put an end to the Spanish power in that colony. Peru must soon follow the condition of Chili, the power of Spain once annihilated in this quarter can never be restored; she can only send troops round Cape Horn, an enterprise beyond her strength, or through the province of La Plata. Five millions of souls are therefore free.—p. 26.

It is not the wish of this writer that we should intrude ourselves into this quarrel; but he contends that we should establish official relations with the republics of La Plata and Chili. In these districts there are governments *de facto*, sufficient for most of the purposes of political relations, and there is nothing in the public law to forbid it. The patriots are in complete and undisturbed possession in these provinces, and are not likely to be molested. Mexico, Grenada, and Venezuela have declared themselves independent, but they have not yet succeeded in expelling the *invaders*. The author of the “ Letter” does not claim our recognition of all these provinces, but he thinks it would not be a violation of the strictest neutrality to

acknowledge La Plata, at least, as an independent state. By this simple act we will insure to ourselves the lasting friendship of all the patriots

of South America, whose feelings must be in unison with their brethren of La Plata. It will inspire confidence in all who are engaged in the contest, it will animate every patriot with a new zeal, it will bestow a respectability upon the cause in their own eyes, which will cheerfully unite all hearts in support of their independence. Such was the feeling which the recognition of our independence produced. As the natural head of America, it will instantly increase our importance in the eyes of the world. Spain may be induced at last to put a stop to the horrid effusion of human blood, and renounce an undertaking in which she never can prevail. An understanding with the patriot governments of South America, will also enable us to make such arrangements, as may put a stop to many practices and abuses, in which our character as a nation is deeply interested.

The fact is so generally known that this "Letter" is the production of *H. M. Brackenridge*, Esq. that we need scarcely make an apology to our friend for mentioning his name. Since the publication of it, he has sailed to the coast of Spanish America in one of our public vessels of war, but nothing has transpired of a specific nature, respecting his mission. It is impossible not to sympathize in the sufferings of the colonists, but it does not follow that our tranquillity should be interrupted to gratify these feelings. All that the colonists now ask from us is a strict neutrality, and this course seems to be dictated by policy as well as humanity.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DUPONCEAU'S PHONOLOGY.

English Phonology, or an essay towards an analysis and description of the component sounds of the English language. By Peter S. Duponceau. Read as a memoir before the American Philosophical Society and inserted in the first volume of their Transactions, New Series, 1817, 4to. p. 55.

The author of this memoir has long been regarded as one of our most learned lawyers; but it is for those who enjoy the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, to acknowledge the benefits which he has conferred upon our literature by the most zealous and disinterested efforts to establish its character. The subject which he has undertaken to discuss in the essay before us, is of more importance than may, at first, be imagined. A vicious pronunciation, besides, being the mark of careless education or vulgar manners, is the forerunner of corruption in the language. It is therefore a matter of no slight consequence to ascertain and fix the powers of an alphabet, which is to be used throughout an immense empire, comprising within itself no less than twenty distinct and, to most purposes, independent sovereignties, and inhabited by men

from every part of the civilized world. If we do not attend to the subject in time, not many years may elapse before we shall be as unintelligible to each other as the inhabitants of certain adjoining counties are in the land that produced the poems of Milton and the plays of Shakspere. If in travelling from Philadelphia to Richmond, (Va.) *there*, *where* and *stair* have already become *thar*, *whar*, and *stahr*, what metamorphosis may we not expect to find at New Orleans?

By the term *phonology*, which, though not acknowledged by English lexicographers, may easily deduce its authority from a learned origin, the writer means, in general, the knowledge of those sounds which are produced by the human voice. He thinks, very justly, we believe, that "there is no man on earth who has ears to discriminate, and vocal organs to execute all the varieties of sound that exist in human languages." He confines himself therefore to our own language, of which he proposes "to analyze and compare with each other the different sounds, class them according to their respective analogies, graduate them by an accurate scale," and communicate the result of these studies, through the eye, by abstract signs. The great fault of grammarians, he says, is, that in their analysis of sounds they have proceeded from the sign to the thing signified: thus we are told of the sound *a*, the sound *e*, the sound *o*, when in fact these letters are mere arbitrary signs, the sounds of which are not yet so far determined as to be employed with any degree of uniformity. Greater confusion, continues the author, was created by endeavours to discriminate the sounds which the same or different letters bear in different places by numerical characters: thus the sound of *a* in *all* is precisely like that of *o* in *fortune*, and yet Walker represents one by à and the other by ó. So again the dissimilar sounds of *a* in *saint* and *ai* in *fair*, are both represented by à. Mr. D. concludes that the English alphabet, with all its concomitants, "will not give even to the best English scholar, a precise idea of the sound of any word which custom has not previously established. He therefore shuts his eyes to all deceptive signs and determines to attend only to the ear. He seeks the proper sound not in colloquial speech but in "that slow and distinct form of language in which a great number of hearers are to be addressed at the same time, and which necessitates [Qu?] the full articulation of every word and syllable."

This he properly considers as the true standard, and all deviations from it proceed from ignorance or the license of familiar conversation. Having completed his analysis of the sounds, of the imperfection of which the author acknowledges that he is aware, he proceeds to affix proper names to them, each of which contains the particular sound which it is intended to designate. Thus *aulif* is the name of the vowel sound of its first syllable, &c. *bee* is that of the consonant with which it begins. That the application of each name may be clearly understood, various letters and combinations of letters are subjoined, so that each sound is distinctly exhibited. The author next distinguishes "between the different modes of expressing vocal sounds according to the quantity, showing the various characters by which they are represented to the eye when long and when short." He reckons seven pure, simple, vocal, sounds in our language, to which he has given certain arbitrary names, each of which designates the vowel sound of its first syllable. We have only room to exhibit his table of the first vocal sound, which is called "aulif."

"When long it is represented by the following letters and combinations of letters:

1 by <i>a</i> ,	in	all, altar, alter.
2 <i>al</i>		walk, talk, chalk.
3 <i>au</i>		author, autumn.
4 <i>augh</i>		aught, naughty.
5 <i>aul</i>		baulk, caulk.
6 <i>aw</i>		raw, saw, awkward, awful.
7 <i>awe</i>		awe
8 <i>o</i>		fortune, mortal, orchard,
9 <i>ough</i>		ought, thought.

"When short it is represented,

1 by <i>a</i>	in	qualify, quality, equality.
2 <i>au</i>		authority, autumnal, austere.
3 <i>o</i>		pot, not,* olive, rosin, ostler.
4 <i>oa</i>		broad, groat.
5 <i>ou</i>		cough, trough."

* "Mr. Walker, distinguishes between the pronunciation of the vowel *o* in *nor* and in *not*; the first he represents by δ , and the last by δ . I acknowledge I cannot find any difference between these two sounds; to my ear they appear exactly alike."

This plan is pursued throughout all the sounds, according to Mr. Duponceau's classification. We must confess that in some of the examples, we did not perceive a difference of sound; but here our author has an advantage over us; we are so barbarous that a certain poet might have us arraigned for plotting "treasons, spoils and stratagems," while he possesseth an ear which can enjoy the softest tone that ever dwelt on "ladies' lute."

We do not expect that this little tract will receive that general attention which the subject deserves, although it is treated with brevity and ingenuity. Those, however, to whom the instruction of youth is entrusted, are bound in the faithful discharge of their duty, to understand the matter, and we feel warranted in advising them to study Mr. Duponceau's suggestions. A clear idea of the value of the sounds which our alphabet may convey, ought to be impressed upon their pupils, and they are much indebted to this gentleman, for having taught them the best manner of giving such instruction.

LETTER FROM CORTEZ TO THE KING OF SPAIN ON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(Continued from page 28.)

The next day at one I left this place in the order above-mentioned, supporting well my front and rear guard. The enemy continued to harass us incessantly on all sides, uttering frightful yells and calling on the numerous inhabitants of the country to aid them. Our little squadrons of horse attacked and dispersed them; but, owing to the inequality of the ground, were not able to do them much injury. We continued our march this day by the side of a lake, and at night came to a town well situated, where I expected to be obliged to come to blows with the inhabitants; but they quitted it and withdrew to some places in the vicinity. I remained here for two days, to rest my fatigued and wounded soldiers, who were almost perishing with hunger and thirst, and to recruit the horses worn down with toil and want of food. We found in this place some Turkey wheat, of which we eat abundantly, and boiled and roasted a quantity to keep us on our march, as we were at such times constantly pursued by our enemies.

We still followed our guide, the Tascaltecan, with confidence, though we experienced inconceivable fatigue, from being frequently obliged to quit the road. It was late when we came to a plain, in which were several small houses where we passed the night.

Early the next morning we recommenced our march, but were scarcely on the road, when our rear-guard was attacked. We continued fighting till we arrived at a large village two leagues distant from the place which we had left. Here I observed several Indians on a small eminence to the right, whom I supposed I could make prisoners, as they were near the road. Taking with me ten or twelve soldiers and five horsemen, I proceeded to make the tour of this height in order to reconnoitre it and discover if there were not more people on the other side. We here found ourselves at the back of a large and populous city, whose inhabitants attacked us with such fury, that the ground was covered with the stones thrown at us, and I was myself wounded in two places in the head. I then returned to the village where I had left my troops, and after having my wounds dressed, I ordered my men immediately to quit it, as I did not think ourselves secure there. We continued our march, constantly assailed by Indians, who wounded four or five Spaniards and as many horses. They also killed one of our mares, which afflicted us much; as, after God, we placed all our hopes in our horses. We consoled ourselves, however, for this loss, by devouring her to the very bones, for we had not even a sufficiency of the Turkey wheat, and had been frequently obliged to eat the herbs which we found in the fields.

Seeing the enemy daily increase in strength and numbers, whilst ours visibly diminished, on halting at night I had crutches made to support the wounded, in order that all might be able to defend themselves. It must have been the Holy Ghost that inspired me with this idea from what occurred the next day; for we had scarcely proceeded a league and a half when I was attacked on our flanks, in front and in rear, at Otumbo, by an immense number of Indians.

We fought, if I may so express myself, pell-mell, for we considered this battle as the last we should ever fight, so weak had we become, and our enemies so bold and vigorous. We were almost all wounded and ready to die with fatigue and hunger; but God was graciously inclined to display his power in our behalf and confound by our weakness the pride of our enemies. As their numbers embarrassed them both in fighting and in flying, we killed many of them; the battle, however, ended only with the death of one of their principal chiefs, when we pursued our way a little more peaceably, though almost dead with hunger, to a house in the plain, where we passed the night, partly sheltered, and partly in the open air.

46th. From this place we discovered with pleasure the mountains of Tascalteca, and began to recognize the country and the road which we had to pursue; but this joy was lessened by reflections of a painful nature. We were, in fact, uncertain as to the friendship of the inhabitants of that province, and had reason to fear being destroyed by them, in the hope of recovering their

liberty, as soon as they should perceive our weakness and the deplorable situation to which we were reduced. Our apprehensions, however, were soon dissipated, for at day-break the next morning, we took a plain road which conducted us in a direct line to the province of Tascalteca,—the number of enemies who pursued us being very small, although the country was extremely populous. On Sunday, the eighth of July, we left the province of Chulua, and entered that of Tascalteca, by a small city called Gualissan, containing from three to four thousand inhabitants. We were very well received by these people, and recovered ourselves in some measure from the effects of the fatigue and the hunger which we experienced before our arrival, paying for every thing that was furnished us with the gold which we brought. I stayed at Gualissan three days, during which I received visits from Magiscatzin, Sintegal, and all the caciques of the province, and also from some of those of Quazucingo, all of whom expressed the greatest sorrow for what had befallen us, and tried to encourage me, telling me that they had frequently assured me that the inhabitants of Chulua were traitors whom I ought not to confide in; that as I had not thought proper to believe their account, I ought to esteem myself very fortunate in having escaped from such enemies—that as to themselves, in consideration of the trouble I had met with, they would assist me to the last drop of blood; that they besides considered it their duty as subjects of the emperor, and that they had also to revenge the death of their children, brothers and fellow-citizens, who had accompanied me; that I might put their friendship to the utmost proof, even to death; but that since we were fatigued and wounded, we must go with them to their city, which was four leagues distant, in order to repose and recruit ourselves.

I thanked them, accepted their offers, and made them presents of some of the jewels we had left, which they received with the greatest pleasure. Our reception at the City, was very hospitable. Magiscatzin presented me with a bed completely furnishing to my people repaired and put in order, as far as it was capable of being done.

I had left in this city, when I went to Mexico, a number of sick soldiers, with some trusty men, to guard the money, effects and provisions, which I thought prudent to leave behind me; likewise the several treaties which I had made with the inhabitants of the country, and the clothes belonging to the Spaniards who accompanied me, with the exception of a single suit for each. I now learned that an officer from Vera Cruz at the head of five horse and forty-five foot, had taken with him the guard that I had left with the sick and baggage, and that all of them had been slain or taken prisoners by the Mexicans, who, on this occasion had likewise taken more than fifty thousand crowns in gold. I learned beside that they had murdered many Spaniards

who were going to Mexico, on the supposition that I was at peace with the inhabitants, and the roads safe.

This information gave us inexpressible trouble, as besides the loss of our men and effects, it recalled to our minds the death of our companions who had perished on the bridges of Mexico, and made us fearful that our enemies had fallen upon the garrison of Vera Cruz, and induced the people of the country to revolt, whom we had considered as our friends. To satisfy myself on this head, I sent a messenger to Vera Cruz, accompanied by some Indians as a guide. I ordered them to avoid the high road till they came to the city, and immediately on their arrival to send me information of its situation. By the goodness of God they found the garrison in the best possible state, and the people of the country very tranquil. This news comforted us a little for our loss; but the Spaniards at Vera Cruz were greatly afflicted on hearing of our disasters.

I staid twenty days at Tascalteca, to recover from my wounds, especially those on my head, which the fatigue of the journey and bad dressing had much inflamed, as well as to give time for the cure of my wounded companions. Of these, some died of their wounds and the fatigue which they had undergone, and many were left maimed and crippled. As for myself I got off with the loss of two fingers of my left hand.

47th. My men depressed by the death of their comrades, and the feeble state to which their fatigues, wounds and anxiety had reduced them, repeatedly entreated me to go to Vera Cruz, where we might have time to regain our strength, before the people of the country, whom we considered as our friends, should take advantage of our distress, join our enemies, and possess themselves of the heights and defiles through which we must pass, in order to fall both upon us and the garrison of Vera Cruz. They observed, that when we had collected our force there, and had ships at our command, we should be both stronger and in a better condition to defend ourselves, in case we were attacked, till we could receive aid from the islands. I, however, determined to continue the war, conscious that if we discovered a want of courage to the inhabitants, and especially to our allies, it would be an additional incitement for them to desert us. Reflecting besides, that fortune always favours the enterprizing—that our trust in the mercy and goodness of God had already produced miracles in our favour; and that it was not his will that we should perish, or abandon so fine a country, I resolved not to quit the heights, and sacrifice the interests of the emperor, and dishonour ourselves by flight, but to attack the enemy, whatever might be the fatigue and danger that we should have to encounter.

After passing twenty days in the province, though I was not entirely cured of my wounds, or my companions fully recovered from their fatigues, I left it on the side of Tesseaca, a province belonging to the confederation of Chulua, on the borders of which, it was said, twelve Spaniards had been murdered, on their way from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

On entering this province, the inhabitants came in crowds to occupy the defiles and strong posts, in order to fight us and prevent our penetrating into the country. But their efforts were ineffectual, I killed many of their men, and put them to rout, without having had a single Spaniard killed or wounded.

In twenty days I reduced to submission a great number of cities, towns and dwellings that depended on them, received the homages of the caciques and chief men, and drove off a great number of the Chuluans who had come thither to fight us, and prevent our forming a treaty with the inhabitants either by force or good will. There are still many cities in this province to be subjected, but, with the aid of God, they shall soon be united to your majesty's dominions.

As it was in the province of Tesseaca, that the Spaniards who were going to Mexico had been assassinated, I determined to make slaves of a certain number of the inhabitants, the fifth of whom I gave to your majesty's officers. This I did not only for the above reason, but because they had several times before rebelled, and been subjected by force; because they were cannibals, and because it had become indispensable, in order to restrain them, to terrify them by a rigorous example.

In this war we were assisted by the people of Tascalteca, Churustécal and Guaxucingo, who gave us the most zealous proofs of their friendship, and I have every reason to believe that they will always continue faithful subjects and loyal servants.

During the war of Tesseaca, I received letters from Vera Cruz, informing me that two ships belonging to Francis de Garay, had arrived at that port, in a very bad condition; that having gone with a number of men to the river Panuco, they had met with such opposition from the inhabitants, that they had lost seventeen or eighteen of their company, and seven horses; that a much larger number, including the captain and lieutenant had been severely wounded, and compelled to regain their ships by swimming.

This misfortune would not have happened to them, had they not have acted towards me as I have already mentioned at the commencement of this letter, as I should have given them such advice as would have secured them; for the cacique of Panuco had submitted to your majesty, and during the whole of my stay at Mexico, had neglected nothing to preserve my friendship.

I ordered the commander of Vera Cruz to give every assistance to these ships, and, if the captain was desirous of departing, to facilitate it as much as was in his power.

48th. After having pacified this province, we consulted on the means of securing ourselves, and preventing those revolts in future to which it was subject, and which it would be incited to by the Chuluans. Its importance, also, from its communication and trade with the interior countries, determined me to found here in an advantageous site, a city, which I have named Segura de la Frontera. I have in consequence collected a great quantity of

excellent materials, in order to erect as soon as possible, a strong fort, and have established a government and a tribunal of justice.

49th. I was occupied in writing this account, when I received messengers from the province of Guacahula, with information from their caciques, that a number of chiefs from Chulua had assembled thirty thousand men in their principal city and its environs, both to guard the passages, and prevent them and the neighbouring provinces from serving us as allies; that as for themselves, who had rendered homage to me a short time before, they should be very sorry to be supposed accessory in having given their consent to this incursion. That many other cities would before that time have sent deputies to me, if the Chuluans had not prevented them; that in fine, they had given me this information that I might restore things to order, and secure them from the injury which they must suffer from the residence of so large an army among them, who would maltreat all whom they met, and plunder every thing that was worth the trouble of carrying off.

The caciques added that they were ready to execute whatever I should order them. After thanking them for their zeal and information, I sent to their assistance thirteen horse and two hundred Spanish infantry, with thirty thousand of our Indian allies. It was settled that this army should march in a direction best calculated to prevent its discovery; that on its approaching the city, the cacique of the province and his vassals should surround the houses wherein the Chuluan chiefs were, and kill them before they could receive assistance: and that when their men came up, they should be attacked by the Spaniards, who would arrive in the city by that time, and put them to flight.

After this plan was formed, the troops began their march. The Spaniards passed through Churustecal and a part of the province of Guaxucingo, where their commander conceived such strong suspicions of the connexion subsisting between the inhabitants and those of Chulua, that he went out on the search, and made prisoners of all the caciques of Guaxucingo, together with the messengers from Guacahula.

He then returned with his men to Churustecal, which was only four leagues distant from the place where I was; from whence he sent me all the prisoners, under an escort of cavalry and infantry, together with an account of the discovery he had made concerning them, observing that the Spaniards were much discouraged with the difficulties of this enterprize.

On the arrival of the prisoners, I had them interrogated by my interpreters, and after having omitted no means of discovering the truth, I was convinced that the Spanish officer had mistaken their intentions. I then ordered them to be set at liberty, and satisfied them by telling them that I considered them as faithful subjects, and that I would march at their head on the day of the victory which I expected to obtain over the people of Chulua.

In order to avoid showing either weakness or fear to the people of the country, and our allies, I thought proper immediately to suspend all that I had undertaken that day, and go myself in person to the Spaniards to quiet their apprehensions. I arrived at Churustecal that very day, where I had much difficulty in persuading the Spaniards that there was no foundation for their suspicions of treason.

50th. The next day I lodged at the village of Guaxucingo, where the caciques had been made prisoners. On the following day, after having planned my march with the messengers from Guacahula, I set out before dawn and arrived there at the hour of six. At half a league distance I found messengers from the city who assured me that all was in a good train; that the Chuluans had no suspicion of my arrival, as the citizens had seized the spies whom they had placed on the road, and made prisoners of the detachments which they had sent to take possession of some posts and towers which commanded the country, that in consequence they were perfectly at ease, from the confidence they placed in their spies and centinels and that I might enter the city without being discovered. On this information I hastened my march. As soon as we were perceived by our allies, they surrounded the lodging of the chiefs, and began to fight those Chuluans who were quartered in the city. I was still at a bow's shot distance when they brought me forty prisoners. I hastened to enter, and under the conduct of a guide, proceeded directly to the quarters of the chiefs, which I found defended by at least three thousand men, who fought with such courage, that their enemies had not been able to obtain an entrance. But on our arrival we soon effected a passage, and with us so many of the inhabitants of the country, that it was not in our power to save the chiefs. I was very desirous of making prisoners of some of them, in order to obtain information of the state of Mexico and the successor of Montezuma; I could, however, find but one, and he was more dead than alive; from whom I learned the particulars hereafter mentioned.

Many of the Chuluans were killed in the city; those who were living when I entered, on learning my arrival, attempted to regain their camp, but numbers were slaughtered in their flight. My arrival was soon known in this camp which was situated on a height commanding the city and the plain round about. These Indians formed the most beautiful troop that I had ever beheld; they were covered with gold, silver, and plumes; and commenced their attack by setting fire to the city in different parts. As soon as I was informed of it, I sallied out at the head of my cavalry, as my infantry was much fatigued, and attacked them on all sides. They then retreated, and made head against us in a narrow pass, from whence we at length drove them. We destroyed an immense number of them in a ditch, so steep upon each side that they could neither pass it in their flight, nor we in our pursuit, and many were suffocated, or died with the heat; on our part, we

had two horses wounded, one of which died. The innumerable multitude of our Indian allies, who came to our assistance, completed the destruction of the Chuluans; as the former were all fresh and vigorous, and the latter half dead with wounds and fatigue, not one of them escaped alive. Their camp, in which they had built barracks, commodious lodgings, and houses of entertainment, was plundered and burnt by our Indians, who had collected to the number of a hundred thousand, at least.

After this victory not an enemy was left in the province, for we drove off all those who still remained on the other side of the hills, defiles and passes, which they occupied. We then returned to the city, where we took three days rest, of which we had much need.

51st. A short time after the Indians of Ocupatuyo came to offer me their services. Ocupatuyo is a very large city, at two leagues distance from the camp occupied by our enemies, and near that famous mountain which contains a volcano. They told me that their cacique had left their city with the Chuluans, whom we had pursued in that direction, on the supposition that we should not stop our pursuit till we arrived there; that, as for themselves, they had long wished for my friendship, and should have come much sooner to have offered themselves as vassals and subjects; if their cacique had not repeatedly opposed it; that they now came to pay me their homage, and request me to appoint for their cacique a brother of the one that had fled, who was at present and always had been of the same opinion with them, and also authorize them to refuse receiving the former, provided he should return. I replied, that having hitherto belonged to the Chuluan confederacy, and repeatedly revolted from the emperor, they deserved a severe and exemplary punishment which I had already determined to inflict upon them; but that since they assured me that their cacique was the cause of their rebellion, I would consent, in the name of my master, to forgive them, and receive them into his service; that in case of relapse, I should, however, chastise them with the utmost severity; but if, on the contrary, as I hoped, they became loyal and faithful subjects, I would always protect and favour them.

The city of Guacahula is situated in a plain, bordered on one side by steep and lofty mountains, and on the other by two rivers with very high banks, about two bow's shot distant from each other.

The approach to this city is very difficult; and it is almost impossible to enter it on horseback. It is surrounded by a thick wall of stone and mortar, twenty-four feet high towards the plain, and almost upon a level with the ground on the inside. Along the whole extent of the wall runs a parapet, six feet high, for combatants, which may be ascended on horseback by four outlets. These are covered with three or four inclosures, with curtains

projecting over each other. Each of the inclosures is filled with stones of every size, for the use of the combatants.

The city contains about five or six thousand inhabitants, and the surrounding hamlets dependant on it, may contain as many more. The ground occupied within its inclosure is very considerable, and contains many extensive gardens.

52d. After resting three days I marched from Guacahula to Izzucan, which is four leagues distant, as I was informed that there was a garrison of Chuluan Indians in that city, and that the cacique, who was a relation of Montezuma, was a strong partisan of theirs. I was accompanied by more than one hundred and twenty thousand Indians: we arrived after a march of ten hours at Izzucan, which we found abandoned by the inhabitants.

Five or six thousand well disciplined soldiers undertook to defend the city, but they very soon abandoned their design, when our Spaniards, who formed the advanced guard, on discovering a passage, entered it. We pursued them so closely from one end of the city to the other, that we compelled part of them to leap from the parapet into the river, which surrounds the walls. The enemy having broken down the bridges, it delayed our passage for a short time; but we afterwards pursued them for a league and a half, and I believe that but few escaped.

The cacique having fled to the province of Chulua, on my return to the city, I sent two prisoners in mine and your majesty's name to the principal inhabitants, who had abandoned their residence, promising to pardon their rebellion, and treat them well hereafter, if they conducted themselves as true and faithful subjects. In three days the prisoners returned with some of the principal men, who entreated my pardon for their misconduct, which was, as they alleged, wholly owing to the commands of their cacique, and promised to serve me with fidelity.

I encouraged them, and desired them to return with their wives and children; I likewise bade them advise the inhabitants of the country to make application to me, and that I would forgive them the past; but that they must not compel me to march against them, as I should be very much afflicted in being obliged to do them any injury.

In the course of two days Izzucan was repeopled, the whole country around submitted, the province was pacified, and the inhabitants entered into an alliance with us and the Indians of Guacachula.

There was but one thing more to settle—this was, to determine who should succeed to the principality since the flight of the cacique, whether the natural son of the native lord of the country, who had been put to death by Montezuma, or his grandson by a legitimate daughter who had married the cacique of Guacachula.

The succession by the public voice was decreed to this grandson who was ten years old, and his subjects took the oath of alle-

giance before me. They gave him for guardians, his uncle and three noblemen, two of whom were from Izzucan and one from Guacachula, these were charged with the government of the country and the care of the child till he should be of a suitable age to assume the rule.

Izzucan contains from three to four thousand inhabitants. The streets are straight and regularly laid out. It is situated on the declivity of a hill, on which, towards the plain, there is a good fort; a deep river flows around it. It is, likewise, protected by a very steep ravine formed by a torrent, above which runs a parapet quite around the city. This inclosure was filled with stones.

Near Izzucan is a delightful valley, producing an abundance of fruit and cotton, which are not found on the surrounding heights, owing to the coldness of the atmosphere. This valley, which is sheltered by the mountains from the north winds, is warm, and is watered by a number of handsome and well distributed canals.

53d. During my stay in this city, which I left tranquil and well peopled, I received the homage and submission, in your majesty's name, of the caciques of Guaxacingo, and of another city, ten leagues from Izzucan, on the frontiers of the province of Mexico. I likewise received deputies from eight places in the province of Coastoaca, which I have already spoken of, forty leagues distant from Izzucan. They assured me that the residue of their countrymen would not be long in sending to me, and intreated me to forgive their delay, which was owing to their fear of the people of Chulua: That they had never taken arms against me, nor any Spaniard, since they had become the subjects of my sovereign, but had ever remained faithful and ready to execute his orders, though they had been obliged to conceal their friendly sentiments, from the fear of bringing upon themselves an enemy too powerful for them to contend with.

Your majesty may rest assured, that, with the aid of God, you will soon recover the greater part, if not the whole of what has been lost, as every day I continue to receive acknowledgments of submission from cities and provinces formerly belonging to Montezuma; for they find that I treat those very favourably who submit, and make a pitiless war on those who refuse.

54th. I have learned from the Indians who were taken prisoners at Guacachula, particularly from the wounded chief whom I have mentioned, that Montezuma has been succeeded by one of his brothers, the cacique of Iztapalapa, the eldest of his sons having been killed at the causeway of Mexico, on our retreat, and of the two remaining, one being paralytic and the other an ideot. This brother is esteemed a prudent and a courageous man, and has fought against us. I have likewise been informed that the new monarch has fortified himself in Mexico, and has put in a state of defence the principal cities of his dominions; that he has had many ditches and subterraneous passages dug, and collected great quantities of arms; among others that he has had long lances, like horsemen's

pikes made, the use of which was suggested to him, from the Indians of Tepeaca having employed them in fighting against us.

I have sent four ships to Cuba, for a reinforcement of horses and soldiers; and shall send the like number with the same view to St. Domingo, from whence I shall request a supply of arms, cross-bows, and particularly of powder, which I am in great want of, as infantry, covered with shields, are of but little avail against fortresses defended by such immense multitudes. I have requested the licentiate Rodriguez de Figueirota, and the other officers of your majesty, to give us all the assistance in their power, as it is of the utmost importance to your service, and our own safety.

With these succours I shall return to Mexico, where I expect to repair my losses, and once more regain the dominion of that proud city and its dependencies. In the mean time I have directed twelve brigantines to be built in order to navigate the lake. All the timber and materials requisite, will be collected and disposed in such a manner as to be transported by land; so that on our arrival we shall only have to put them together. I have already prepared for the same purpose, nails, pitch, oakum, sails, oars, and all the necessary rigging. I shall not lose a single moment or means to effect my object, nor be sparing of either money, fatigue or danger.

55th. My lieutenant at Vera Cruz, two or three days since, informed me of the arrival of a small corvette with a crew of thirty men, wholly out of provisions, who had come in quest of the ships that I have mentioned, sent by Francis de Garay. This corvette arrived at the river of Panuco, where the crew remained thirty days, without having seen a single person on the shores of the river, which induced me to believe that the country had been abandoned, in consequence of what had happened to me.

We learn by this corvette that it was to be followed by two other ships belonging to Francis de Garay, filled with men and horses, who are already supposed to have gone down the coast. Believing it my duty to endeavour to apprise them of the dangers which they were exposed to, I ordered the corvette to go in search of them, inform them, and invite them to repair to the harbour of Vera Cruz, where the first officer whom de Garay had sent awaited them. God grant that she may meet with them before they land! As these Spaniards are no way distrustful, and the Indians are on the watch, they may be very roughly handled, to the great injury of your majesty's service; the more so as any new success on the part of the Indians would animate them and give them more and more courage and boldness to attack us.

As I am closing this letter I am informed, that Guatimozin, besides having fortified himself and collected quantities of arms, ammunition and provisions, has sent messengers into all the provinces and cities of his empire, to assure his subjects that he

will not demand any taxes or services from them for a year, provided they will use their utmost efforts in destroying or driving us and our allies from the country.

Although I hope, through the grace of God, that they will not succeed in their intention, I yet find myself every day more embarrassed with regard to the Indians who send to me for aid. They are so numerous, and in provinces so remote, that I cannot assist them all, as I could wish, against the Chuluans, who, in consequence of their submission to me, make a continual and obstinate war upon them.

From the great similarity which I have found betwixt this country and Spain, both in extent of territory, climate and fertility, I have thought proper to denominate it New Spain, and venture to request your majesty's permission to sanction the appellation.

I have thus communicated to your majesty, to the best of my abilities, though in a poor style, whatever has occurred to me in this country of importance to be known, and request your majesty to send hither some confidential person, who will render you a more particular account.

From Segura de la Frontera, in New Spain,
October the 30th, 1520.

CORTEZ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA.

From the Athenæum, December, 1817.

THIS institution, at whose rooms I spend many literary hours, has been in existence long enough to convince every reflecting man, that it affords the means of acquiring much information for a very small consideration. The best newspapers from all parts of the union, and several from England and the continent;—nearly every literary journal which our own industry can produce, together with all that are worthy of being imported from abroad, are to be found in this infant repository. The new novels, poems, and in general, every thing that belongs to the literature of the day, may be found here. It is the resort of strangers from all parts of the civilized world, and it therefore becomes the citizens of Philadelphia, to increase the library of the Athenæum, and adorn its walls with the productions of the burin and the chisel. What Philadelphian does not feel proud of the tribute which is paid to the learning and skill of our public teachers, when he beholds in our streets a procession of nearly 500 students! How forcibly does such a spectacle appeal to us to ratify our preten-

sions to the enviable station which we have claimed in the rank of cities, by supporting establishments of this description!

DR. JOHNSON. The following remarks are from the pen of that consummate literary coxcomb, Lord Orford, or, as he is commonly called, *Horace Walpole*: “his papers,” says this writer, in speaking of lord Chesterfield, “in recommendation of *Johnson’s Dictionary*, were models of that polished elegance which the pedagogue was pretending to ascertain, and which his own style was always tending to overload with tautology and the most barbarous confusion of tongues. The friendly patronage was returned with ungrateful rudeness by the proud pedant; and men smiled, without being surprised, at seeing a bear worry his dancing-master.”

This is a nobleman’s defence of a nobleman, against a genius whom probably they had both feared, and, perhaps in consequence, hated. Johnson was not a man to be admired by either of these authors. He was too stern a moralist for the one, and too zealous a friend to religion for both of them. His manners also, confessedly, were not courtly. That lord Chesterfield and Johnson should unite with cordiality was impossible; but had his lordship acted with real kindness towards the great christian philosopher, he would have met with a gratitude, which would have done more for his fame than all his own writings together. It was most evident that Chesterfield wished to have the credit of patronizing Johnson, without any expense, but Johnson detected and despised his meanness and dishonesty, and treated him as he deserved. As to the faults objected by Lord Orford to Johnson’s style, they apply almost exclusively to his *Rambler*, in which, notwithstanding all that may be justly censured in that point, there is more excellent and invaluable matter, than in all the *Worlds* which the coterie of gentle wits could have spun out of their associated brains in half a century.

The morality of Horace, like that of other great and good minds of heathen antiquity, is far from being unimportant or superfluous to the Christian. It is eminently calculated “to pro-

volve it to emulation," as we may assert from the following description of the social hours at his Sabine villa:

' Oh evenings and meals divine!
 When friends around my board recline;
 And every guest is left at ease,
 To drink what portion he may please,
 Exempt from lew'd licentious force—
 Then follows various discourse—
 Not of our neighbour's fame we tell
 If Lepos dances ill or well;—
 But, points that to each bosom go
 And 'tis reproachful not to know.
 If wealth or virtue, best supply
 The measure of felicity.
 If friendship's choice shall better rest
 On merit or self-interest.
 In what consists, best understood,
 The nature of essential good;' &c.

In justice to the original, we should add that this version conveys none of its spirit and ease. Horace has more good sense and genuine poetry, than any of the ancient poets, and he yet wants an adequate translator.

KISSING. The women of England, says *Polydore Virgil*, not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of their hand, as men do, by way of saluting each other.

Erasmus writes in raptures on this subject to one of his friends: —did you but know my Faustus, the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your great folks would not allow you, you would wish yourself a DÆDALUS. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, easy of access, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite males. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever

you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and where you take your leave every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you, they go with a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you but once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for a ten years exile, in England, but would desire there to spend the whole of your life.

Antonio Perez, secretary to the embassy from Philip the Second of Spain, writes thus to the *earl of Essex*: "I have this day, according to the custom of your country, kissed at an entertainment seven females all of them accomplished in mind, and beautiful in person." It would be as ridiculous to place this custom among the manners of the present day, in England, as it was absurd in the editor of the *Monthly Magazine* to represent the ladies of Philadelphia, as never wearing shoes or stockings but on gala occasions. It may not be amiss to add that the salutation which delighted Polydore Virgil so much, is very freely indulged on our stage, and that the actors and actresses, with probably not more than a single exception, are from England. The practice is an offence against decorum and ought to be discontinued. Where it is tolerated the stage loses, what ought to be its character,—*imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*—the imitation of life, the mirror of manners, the representation of truth.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE; OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.

A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes. HORACE.

(Continued from page 47.)

THERE is no situation in life that appears, to an inexperienced mind, to possess so many, and such dazzling advantages as matrimony. It is the slippery foundation on which the young and romantic of both sexes have always erected their temples to happiness; on which they have planned their visionary schemes; and to which they have constantly looked forward, as the fortunate point

where all their miseries would infallibly terminate, and all their pleasures commence. It has equally engaged the attention and employed the pens of the poet and of the philosopher, of the panegyrist and satirist. The common catastrophe of all our comedies, after a sufficient number of dexterous contrivances, invented and executed by the ingenious lover, is a marriage of the parties; and every novelist, when his tender heroine has surmounted with fortitude the accustomed dangers of lawless banditti, ghastly apparitions, and a long imprisonment in the dark north tower of some mouldering castle, concludes his wonderous tale by uniting the lovely sufferer with the charming youth, who has always secretly been the favourite object of her heart. If, indeed, some small caution were used in this important crisis of our lives, if each party acted without dissimulation, and both frankly displayed their different dispositions; if the qualities of the mind, as well as of the person, were attentively considered; the disparities of age, of temper, and understanding carefully balanced; if our ideas of its blessings were not so extravagantly wild, and if reason and discretion were allowed to maintain a constant ascendency over our minds, we should then, without doubt, experimentally perceive, that those animated descriptions of hymeneal happiness are more nearly allied to reality than to fiction. But it is unfortunately the fate of man, and more particularly of the discontented man, when projecting his plans of future happiness, to delight too much in indulging the sportive flights of his fancy: to form the most brilliant expectations; and, afterwards to be disconcerted and angry because he finds that his foolish dreams are not realized to his wish, and the incongruous heap of ridiculous projects his imagination has suggested, can never be accomplished in his journey through life. He then becomes dejected. He rejects the good that is beneficently offered to him, because it does not arrive to the high pitch of perfect happiness, and he exaggerates the evils that appear before him, because he is wholly unprepared to encounter or support them.

Of the truth of this, Denterville was an unfortunate example. Whatever he modelled in his mind, or whatever scheme he had in agitation, he constantly expected uninterrupted success to attend its execution, and happiness unalloyed to crown his endea-

vours. Inspired with these brilliant, but, alas! erroneous ideas, he at first panted for wealth; and deceived by these, he had sought, with an eager precipitation, the ties of marriage. But the same tormenting fiend, the same restlessness and discontent, that for ever haunted his steps, and disturbed his enjoyment in his former state, still pursued him with unrelenting fury, and polluted the clear stream of his present happiness. After he had been married about a couple of months, when perfectly at his ease in his new situation, he began gradually to unfold the natural tendency of his disposition; when the obsequious politeness of a timorous lover had slowly and imperceptibly retired, and the confidence of familiarity appeared in its place; when the thrilling ecstacies of first enjoyment were subsided by long and reiterated possession, and the fleeting honey-moon of rapturous love had resigned to reason the place it had usurped, Denterville, by degrees, began to perceive that even the matrimonial state was not entirely destitute of its vexations, and that his lovely wife was very far from being so completely perfect as his imagination had represented her.

Caroline indeed was not an angel, but she was all that a woman could possibly be. She was possessed of an elegant person, of a fascinating behaviour, of a mild disposition, and a good understanding. When Denterville first addressed her with the accents of a lover, his large fortune and splendid establishment determined her to accept him. Her vanity was gratified,—for where is the female who does not possess some small spark of this personal pride?—by the choice he had made; and she was both astonished and pleased that he should give the preference to her, the daughter of one of his tenants, for his companion and wife. His insinuating manners, and the generosity he displayed in receiving her without a portion, afterward won her affections, and she now ardently strove, by every fond and captivating method, to testify to her husband the warmth of her love.

But such was the unhappy peculiarity of Denterville's temper, that whatever he actually possessed, whether pleasing or disagreeable, was sure to excite his disgust. His restless mind was always most delighted with those objects that were new, splendid, and of difficult attainment. Charmed with variety, and endowed

with a disposition desirous of change, he constantly imagined happiness to consist in those things of which he was not the fortunate master; and it may be asserted of him, with the greatest justice and propriety, that his misery was invariably increased in exact proportion to the extent of his enjoyments.

To such a disposition as this, the tender and lawful caresses of an affectionate wife, were sure to be received with disgust. At first indeed they were accepted with some degree of pleasure, on account of the novelty with which they were accompanied. Repetition however insensibly undermined the force of the latter, and a careless indifference succeeded to the former; and, shortly afterwards, by imperceptible degrees, aversion and disgust supplied the place of indifference itself. That Caroline, still as captivating in her manners, still possessed of the same sensibility of mind, and still as beauteous in all the charms of her person, as when he first saw and admired her, he now assiduously avoided. The tender expression that so lately shone in his eye, and animated his countenance, was exchanged for a sternness of look that almost appeared to border on ferocity; and the dark and gloomy frown of discontent was constantly seen to lower on that brow, where rapturous love had once triumphantly reigned, and where the Graces had formerly been seen to sport. Oh man, man, what an enigmatical being art thou!

Caroline, who soon perceived, was, with reason, astonished at this unaccountable alteration in the behaviour of her husband. She would frequently ask him what was the reason of it?—if she had unconsciously offended him?—or if it originated from any other, and from what, cause? But he generally preserved an inflexible silence against her most tender inquiries; and his replies, whenever he would deign to reply, were short, harsh, and evasive. She observed, for love is watchful and observant of every thing, that he every morning, on some trifling pretext, left the castle and herself, and seldom returned till the approach of night; that he always appeared dissatisfied and displeased with her kindest endeavours to sooth him; that, when he addressed himself to her, his language was extremely concise, and the tone of his voice almost imperious; and that when the conversation happened to turn on any female of her acquaintance, the remarkable warmth of his expres-

sions, and the panegyrical fervency with which he would mention her, seemed to be a tacit reflection on her own unworthiness, as he now never used such a flattering style in his discourse with herself. She was surprised and confounded at it, and as she rightly imagined, it proceeded from some secret disgust he had suddenly conceived against her, she naturally strove with an ardour proportioned to her affection, by a thousand insinuating endearments, to regain the lost heart of her husband, and to recal that sweetness and serenity which had so lately fled from his clouded brow.

But, as it has been already remarked, it was these very testimonies of her affection that had first excited the disgust of Denterville. The singularity of his disposition, his habitual restlessness, and uniform discontent, have been explained, and the reader may easily imagine that his former aversion was only increased by the redoubled efforts of his wife to extinguish it. Had Caroline at first behaved as many of her own sex, if placed in the same situation with herself would have done; had she boldly asserted, and rigorously exacted, that respectful behaviour which should be constantly maintained even in the matrimonial state; had she from the beginning refused to submit to all the caprices of a whimsical disposition; had she rejected that familiarity which is too frequently the forerunner of contempt; and had her manner been less obliging, and the demonstrations of her love less violent, she would undoubtedly have preserved, if not the love, at least the respect of her husband; and, by her authority, she would have diminished, perhaps destroyed, the petulance of his disposition, and increasing discontentedness of mind. But she, with that fervency of feeling which is the most amiable characteristic of her sex, fondly imagined nothing she could perform was a sufficient recompence for the man who had raised her to a situation at which she could never presume to aspire, nor any expression she could possibly use to evince her tenderness, too warm for the husband whom she adored. Thus it happened, by an unfortunate, though not unnatural accident, that those very methods which Caroline employed to regain the affections of Denterville, only served to augment his dislike.

The breach between them became every succeeding day more apparent, and even the domestics of the castle remarked, in whispers to each other, the remarkable coldness and difference in behaviour of their master towards their mistress. That coldness, that indifference, was indeed but too manifest; and, as it always happens with a dissatisfied man, that the evils of the present moment, whether real or imaginary, are esteemed the greatest and most insufferable, Denterville would often solemnly protest that the wearisome state of constant unemployment, the dry labour of literature, or the pangs of that poverty and insignificance he was formerly obliged to endure, were doubly preferable to the matrimonial infelicity of his present situation. "Fool, fool that I was," he would often passionately exclaim, striking his forehead with his hand, "Why did I ever shackle myself with those cursed bonds? Wedlock the road to content!—the path of pleasure! Pshaw! Let the poet, the madman say so. Sooner will the ethereal sky form an union with the regions of darkness, than Happiness and Hymen be joined together. Oh woman, how surfeiting are all thy charms! how suddenly do they disgust! Whilst thou, endowed with the voracity of the cormorant,—thou art never satisfied. Let the lover admire the captivating softness of his mistress, let him extol the graces of her person, and exaggerate the perfections of her mind; let him be pleased if she is pleased, and grave if she is so, and let his whole soul be in unison with hers—Nonsense all! Soon, too soon will the marriage ceremony, like the wand of a magician, dispel for ever the pleasing enchantment; soon will he awake from his delightful dream; and that day he will see with astonishment overcast and dark impenetrable clouds, whose morning predicted so much effulgence."

Such were the soliloquies of Denterville. He dashed in a rage the cup of happiness from his lips, for no other reason but because he had it in possession, and looking on the present with rooted aversion, he once again turned his thoughts towards futurity.

Caroline, at length, perceiving that whatever she could do had not the smallest effect, or at all diminished the sullen dislike of her husband, became dejected and melancholy. She sought for solitude. She was frequently seen in her chamber, leaning upon her arm, and with the tears standing in her eyes. Her discourse be-

came almost incoherent, her countenance appeared continually clouded, the animating lustre that formerly beamed from her eye was fled for ever; and, in a short time, the perpetual agitation of her mind faded her beauty, impaired her understanding, and undermined a constitution that was naturally but delicate.

Denterville, in order to avoid the company of his amiable wife, had recourse to the sports of the field. He procured a skilful huntsman, some fine horses, and a pack of staunch and excellent dogs; and as we are all naturally attracted to the company of those who resemble the nearest ourselves, his acquaintance was now assiduously sought by the gentry around, by whom he had formerly been despised. He quickly contracted an intimacy with them, adopted their manners, used their expressions, and imitated their behaviour; and thus matters for one winter remained, he a foxhunter abroad, and his wife disconsolate at home, when an unexpected circumstance diverted the thoughts of Denterville to very different objects.

He had now been convinced, from experience, that matrimony was not, for him at least, the path that conducted to happiness, and that discontent was compatible with riches as well as with poverty; when, in the ensuing summer, the parliament of the nation being dissolved, the members hurried down to their respective counties and boroughs, with all the eagerness of interest and emulation, to canvass submissively for votes, to be reinstated in their former seats. The dissonant bells of the neighbouring towns hoarsely proclaimed the approach of the candidates: the worthy, and as they are likewise styled, the *independent* voters, already calculated, with confident minuteness, the exact sum they should demand for their interest; their wives and daughters were at the same time industriously employed in enumerating the presents they expected to receive; and the countenances of the common people were all animated with delight at the plenteous dinners and noble entertainments they hoped to enjoy, from the fear or liberality of the contending suitors. The bustle of the business was already begun. The many-coloured cockades waved in the hats of the people, to distinguish the partizans of the opposing candidates, and the demons of drunkenness, profusion, and debauchery, already publicly paraded through the streets of the town.

This uproar and confusion made a very visible impression on the mind of Denterville. He was now observed to be continually thoughtful and meditative, like a person whose mind is agitated by some vast and secret design; and, in truth these appearances were not belied by the event.

The borough to which his estate lay contingent was one of those which are distinguished by the appellation of "Rotten," both on account of the smallness of the town and the paucity of the electors. It was, he thought, a matter of no great difficulty or expense, to be elected for such a trifling place; he had already gained the estimation of the inhabitants, by some inconsiderable privileges he had lately granted them; and, after a little rumination, he was determined to endeavour to become one of the national representatives in the House of Commons. There were a number of patriotic gentlemen, whose names he recollects, and whose speeches he had always read with delight in the newspapers; and all of whom he esteemed as so many pillars, that served to support the tottering constitution of their country. He had heard of their being drawn triumphantly, in their carriages, through the streets, by the ungovernable mobs of London, and, with such a flattering distinction, he thought he must be unquestionably happy. He had frequent conferences with his steward, who in no wise dissuaded him from the resolution he had taken; his jovial companions readily offered the whole of their considerable interest; and, to the astonishment and dismay of the contending candidates, he accordingly presented himself as a member for the borough. His great liberality quickly gained him a number of votes; his greater promises produced him more; the tenants of his estate all immediately flocked to his standard; and he already had a good prospect of the victory, when his most formidable competitor suddenly dying, by his exertions and intemperance during the poll, it put the matter out of dispute, and Denterville, with his remaining opponent, was duly elected a member of parliament.

After the accustomed number of entertainments and acknowledgments for favours received on the one side, and as many compliments and congratulations on the other, he, with the impatience so characteristic of him, immediately departed for London, leaving the superintendance of the castle to his amiable wife, whom, notwithstanding her most urgent entreaties, he perempto-

rily forbade to accompany him. As in the course of a busy narrative, the fate of Caroline may perhaps be hereafter passed by unrelated, let it suffice now to say, that the depression of her spirits was considerably augmented after the departure of her husband. This last mark of his unkindness towards her served to complete the measure both of his disaffection and of her misery. From this time she spoke but little; she did not even sigh; a kind of lethargy stole insensibly upon her, and pervaded with its baneful effects, her delicate frame. Her eye became vacant, her countenance discoloured and pale, and, in a short time so far had she lost the use of her recollection, that she could with difficulty recognize the well-known features of her most intimate friends. She would frequently sit in the same place, in the same position, for the long space of a day and a night; and, rejecting the consolation, and even the medicines of the physicians who attended her, she would remain sullen and immovable, pathetically declaring, that life itself she only considered as an intolerable burden. At length the anguish of her mind affected her body; she was reduced to the wretched appearance of a skeleton; and Denterville had not been arrived in London above a quarter of a year, before he received, by a letter from his steward, the unexpected, and, too probably, the pleasing intelligence, of the departure of his wife to the region of spirits.

He wrote immediately to his steward, to desire him to conduct the funeral ceremonies in a manner suitable to the condition of the deceased; urgent and indispensable business would, he said, unavoidably detain him a reluctant prisoner in London; but, at the same time, that he might not appear wholly deficient in the respect that was due, he despatched a celebrated undertaker, with all the gloomy paraphernalia of his office, to attend the corpse of his wife from the castle to her grave.

Thus, as it is too frequently the case, the object of detestation whilst alive, was loaded with all the usual marks of pomp and affection when no more; the guilty offender seemed solicitous to expiate, by the magnificence of the burial, the unpardonable behaviour he had formerly used; and a costly monument, that was shortly after erected, by his own direction, over her bones, told to posterity, that there reposed the ashes of the young, the beautiful, Caroline Denterville, "the best of wives—to the best of husbands."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Letters from the South, written during an excursion in the summer of 1816,
by the author of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, &c. &c —New-York,
Eastburn & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1817.

A volume of travels, through this country or any section of it, worth reading, has long been wanted. We expected to be gratified in this desire, by these letters; but we have been disappointed. The writer professes to give only “a few occasional sketches of Virginia”—and for all other purposes his letters might as well have been dated from the north as the south. They appear to be the production of a man of considerable reading and some reflection, who employed a few weeks’ leisure in rambling among the “watering-places” and then came home to make a book. He is certainly a comical genius, and if he would keep his humour like a holiday suit, we should be better pleased with him. It is not a proper style for this species of writing. The strain of humour is kept up so incessantly that a feeling is excited in regard to the brains of the author, somewhat akin to those emotions with which we contemplate the attitudes of a rope-dancer. Take any single letter and the reader will find a species of drollery which is very amusing, but let him peruse the two volumes at a sitting, and he will close them with an opinion something like the line of Martial. The levity with which the author uses language that has been consecrated by the respect of a very large portion of the civilized world, cannot be too severely reprehended. Such irreverence will be no *saving grace* for him, and when the time comes for his *dry bones* to be gathered together, his jokes will not avail him. This species of wit has been placed upon its proper level, by an authority which, in this respect, has not been disputed: it has been said to be disdained by witty men because it is easy, and avoided by good men because it is profane. From the language of religion the next step brings the author to the clergy. “Theologians,” he says, “never forgive;” and then he relates an anecdote of a lad being dismissed from college, because, in reply to one who exclaimed *O tempora*, upon being summoned to prayers in a cold chapel, he concluded the quotation by drawingl out *O more ease*. At P—— college those boys were preferred “who prayed through their noses”—who “*took* to be exceedingly pious,” and who delivered orations, written for them

by the president, "on the necessity of converting the Hottentots, apes, and baboons." "The people of the United States have discarded, it is true, the nymphs, the fairies, and the witches, but many of them believe in those delectable little tracts to be found in taverns and steam-boats, in which children are converted at four years old, and special interpositions of Providence are quoted to supply Lorenzo Dow with a pair of breeches, or Dorothy Ripley with a clue to find her bundle!" i. 136. When such language as this is to be found in our own books, we may well be asked with what propriety any complaint is made of the slanders of foreigners? This writer does not scruple to brand one of the most valuable journals now published, as "the common libeller of the human race;" but we have no hesitation in saying the conductors of that review have quite as much foundation for every thing they have asserted, as there is for what is contained in the extracts which we have just made. We have heretofore spoken of the spirit which seems to actuate those gentlemen, in their remarks on every thing connected with this country, but we are sorry to confess that they may find in the representations of our conflicting parties far more loathsome pictures than our bitterest enemies have conceived. The writer's remarks on Princeton college carry a refutation with them, and as to the well meaning individuals who are introduced with so little ceremony, we can only say that we have never heard of any contributions being levied upon travellers for their benefit. We have tried all the modes of conveyance from Charleston, (S. C.) to Boston, and we not only never saw the slightest intimation that such supplies would be acceptable, but we believe that any thing beyond necessary food and raiment would be rejected by these pious missionaries. The "tracts" relate to subjects of vital importance; they are distributed gratuitously by "religious tract societies;" and we believe they have occupied many of those idle moments which would otherwise be spent in the manner so strikingly depicted by the writer, in another place, (i. 71.) Even those whose insensibility or ignorance has kept them aloof have treated these books and the readers of them with a degree of respect, which would not misbecome a member of more polished circles.

It must not be inferred from these remarks that our tourist is an infidel; on the contrary, if no unlucky association crosses his mind, he shows that he can write with no slight effect on the subject of religion, as our readers will find in the following passages:

After riding about a dozen miles before breakfast one Sunday morning, we came to a village, at the end of which there was a little neat stone church, almost buried in a wood of lofty oaks; under which there was a green lawn without any underwood. It reminded me of an old familiar scene of early days, and also of a great duty; and after breakfast we went with our good landlady to church. The pew was close by an open window, out of which you could see through the opening trees a little clear river. Farther on a broad expanse of green meadow—beyond that a far-fading mountain—and above it a blue sky. What a path for a man's thoughts to ascend to heaven! Nothing was heard but the chirping of birds, peeping sometimes into the window, or the cautious footsteps of the villagers, creeping up the aisle, until the service commenced.

The hymn was sung first, and began with, "There is a land of pure delight," &c. and was sung with that plaintive simplicity we sometimes notice in the ballad of a country lad, of a summer's evening. The appearance of the preacher was as simple as his discourse; and there was nothing to mark any peculiarity, except a Scottish accent that announced his parentage. There was no need of his proclaiming the beneficence, or power of the Divinity, for the balmy air, the glowing sunshine, the rich and plenteous fields, that lay spread around as far as the eye could reach, told of the one; while the lofty mountains, visible in every direction, proclaimed the other. He left the attributes of the Deity to be read in his glorious works, and with simple pathos, called on his hearers to show their gratitude for his dispensations, by the decency, usefulness, and peacefulness, of their lives. His precepts denounced no innocent recreation, and I was told his example encouraged no vice or irregularity—not even the besetting sin of his profession; pride and arrogance. He ended his discourse without any theatrical flourish of trumpets—without seeking to *elevate* the Saviour by placing him above Socrates or any other heathen philosopher; and I believe without creating in his hearers any other feeling than that of a gentle quiet sentiment of devotion, not so high toned, but more lasting and salutary than mere enthusiasm. Another hymn was sung and the audience came out of church, but waited on either side of the path outside the door, to shake hands and say how d'ye do, as is the good old country custom.

There was nothing certainly in all this, but what may be seen in almost any church, and yet it made an impression on me that is still pleasing and touching in the remembrance. I don't know how it is, but there is something in the repose of the country, and particularly in the silence and shade of deep groves, that is allied to religious emotions by some inscrutable tie. Perhaps it is because almost every object we see in the country is the work of Deity, and every object common to cities the work of man. Though we do not make the comparison consciously, yet the result is the same; or perhaps much more forcible, because the impression is that of feeling, rather than of reasoning.

If I doubted the divinity of the Christian faith, which I do not, seeing as I do the influence of its pure morality, its humane, and benignant and softening precepts, I would never whisper of doubt. Independently of the sad effects that would result from weakening the foundation of this system of morals, in the minds of those who have not capacity to perceive its im-

portance to the happiness of society, and therefore follow it from a conviction of its divine origin, the attempt would deservedly end in disgrace and discomfiture. None but a vain and foolish man would, therefore, undertake the task of weakening the force of any of those beneficial opinions, which, if not founded in truth, are at least necessary to the well-being of society. The ignorant will oppose him from the influence of an old established habit of thinking, and the wise from a conviction of the salutary effect of such impressions. Vol. II, p. 82.

The rage for making new towns and speculating in vacant lots in old cities, is treated with much good sense in Letter vii.

The disease at present prevailing more than all others, in our country, is that of *cutting teeth*; one of the earliest that seizes upon infants. It goes at present by the name of *speculation*, and, like other epidemics seems to be in regular progress from one part of the United States to another. The symptoms of this disease are easily discernible. At first, that is to say, in the preparatory stage, the people of a city or town will go plodding on in the old, sober, money-making way, *peu a peu*, for some years, buying and selling a thing for what it happens to be worth at the time. At length some rare genius springs up, and, like an inspired Pythia in breeches, foretells that this city *must* be one of the greatest of the day. Then the diminutive present, like little Tom Thumb, is swallowed up by the great red cow of the future; the inspiration spreads,—he who has nothing to lose sometimes gets rich, if he has discretion to sell out in time; and all get something, except the honest gentleman, who fares pretty much like the person in whose hand the fire goes out in the play of “Robin’s alive, as ‘live as a bee.’” The poor man gets a pretty pile of debts on his back, and becomes the jest of his fellow playmates, who got rid of the fire just before it went out.

I remember I happened to be in a certain great city, some ten or a dozen years ago, when the folks were just cutting their eye-teeth, and buying land as if every lot had a gold mine in it. Prices were then given, which have ever since impoverished the purchasers; which they have never been able to realize, and probably never will. There is a great difference in buying land on speculation, and purchasing it to derive a support from its produce. In the one case, the man depends altogether upon its prospective value, derives nothing from it in the intermediate space of time, and if he sells it for the first cost, still he is a loser to the amount of the interest of the purchase-money, and of the taxes. In the other case, admitting the man, at the end of twenty or fifty years, disposes of it for even less than he gave, still it has supported him in the mean while, it has been a good bargain. The good old way, therefore, of buying land for what it is, not what it possibly may be worth, is, I think, the best, after all, and of those who acted under a different idea, one possibly may have grown unreasonably rich, while fifty have become uncomfortably poor. This epidemic, I observe, in its progress, extends to every article of sale or purchase, and generally peoples several of those public infirmaries called county jails, before it is checked effectually. It is then generally passed over to the next city, where it operates precisely the same, without distinction of climate; for it would seem that in this case, contrary to the usual practice, a man will take up with nobody’s experience but his own, nor believe in the mischief until he becomes a victim: *cupidity* is ever excited by a solitary instance of successful speculation infinitely more strongly than discouraged by a hundred examples of victims sacrificed at the shrine of this golden calf.

The great northern cities having pretty well got through the cutting of their teeth, the disease seems now making a successful progress to the south. Washington, which seems to have been begotten in speculation, and brought up in it too, is just now cutting its wisdom teeth, and Richmond appears to me to be following its example. London, Cairo, Pekin, Ispahan, and even the great Babylon, with its "*hieroglyphic bricks*," and "*Nimrod straw*," are, and were, nothing to what these two auspicious cities are one day to become; and prices are given for land by persons properly inoculated with the mania, which will cause their heirs to make wry faces, or I am mistaken. I know a little of these matters myself; for I was once, for my sins, advised by a knowing man who saw deep into millstones, to buy a lot in the neighbourhood of the certain great city I mentioned before, and which, though generally more than half covered with water, and producing nothing but bullfrogs, he assured me would double the purchase-money whenever the city came that way, which it evidently had a great inclination to do. But the city, "a murrain take her!" not being a Dutch city, and having no predilection for marshes or frogs, obstinately took a different direction, notwithstanding my friend had demonstrated to the contrary. My speculation still remains on my hands; it is now worth almost half what it cost, and that half has been paid in taxes for opening the neighbouring streets. Nay, its principal staple commodity of frogs is extinct in consequence of the depredations of certain Frenchmen, who settled close by, on purpose—to hear the music.

That Richmond will increase rapidly in exact proportion to the increase of population and agriculture in the range of country, watered by James River and its branches, I have no doubt. But I do doubt whether either the one or other will increase, at least for a very long time, in a way to realize the anticipations entertained by many people here. The Atlantic States seem to have had their day; and few of them, except such as possess a back territory equal, or nearly equal, in fertility and in natural advantages, to the Western States, and those which will from time to time grow out of the Mississippi and Missouri territories, will hereafter increase in a ratio corresponding with their previous growth. The more active and enterprising—the people who partake of youth, enterprise, and hardihood, and who increase the actual productions of the earth by their labours, are looking more and more to the West, "over the hills and far away." It is in that direction the tide which knows no ebb, will continue to flow, till the great vacuum is filled up, when, possibly, a reaction will take place, and people re-emigrate to the back-woods of the Atlantic coast. The prospect of exchanging a little exhausted farm, for one ten times as large, where the labours and privations of a few years are repaid by the sweets of independence to themselves and their children, will allure many of the young ones of the East, to the Land of Promise in the West.

The people of the United States partake, in no small degree, of the habits of their predecessors, the Aborigines, who, when they have exhausted one hunting-ground, pull up stakes, and incontinently march off to another, four or five hundred miles off, where game is plenty. So with honest brother Jonathan. When he has eaten up every thing around him, and worked his land to skin and bone, and when his house is just on the point of tumbling about his ears; instead of taking the trouble of restoring the one, or rebuilding the other, he abandons both; and packing up his moveables, consisting of his wife and chubby boys, in a wagon, whistles himself to the banks of the Ohio, the Illinois, or the Missouri—all one to him. He builds him a log cabin,—and his axe is like

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

the whirlwind, which levels the tallest trees of the forest in a twinkling. By and by he puts an addition to his cabin; and last of all, builds him a stately house, and becomes a judge, a general, or a member of congress,—for our people are jacks of all trades, and the same man can turn his hand or his head to any thing.

It is easy to perceive the effects that will result, and which in part have already resulted from this habit of emigration, for which our people are distinguished. The most hardy, active, industrious children of the elder States, who have little or no birthright at home,—who have sagacity to perceive the advantages, and courage to encounter the difficulties of so long a journey, go where the land is cheap, and labour repaid with abundance. Those who remain behind, will consist of a sober, regular race, forming a very useful ingredient in our mixed population; possessing perhaps more of the elegances, but less of the solid independence of life; and who will make as good citizens, but not as good soldiers, as the hardy emigrants to the new countries. They will increase, perhaps, the manufactures of the country; but probably the produce of the land, which is the consequence of well-directed industry, will not increase in equal proportion, so long as there remains such a field for enterprise in the western world.

I think it results from this reasoning, that the sanguine calculations of the growth of our cities east of the Alleghanies, are ill founded in some degree, and that consequently speculations made in the spirit of this misguided second sight, will end at last in disappointment to somebody. I don't say that the present purchasers will not be gainers; for it is easy to blow a bubble to a certain size. One buys of another as his imagination becomes inflated with the vapour of mighty gains, and on they scuffle, treading each other's heels, all pocketing a little, except honest Jack-come-last, who, as usual, pays the piper, and like the rear of a retreating army, sustains all the loss. He who makes the growth of our cities, for the last twenty years, the basis of his calculation for the next twenty, if I am not mistaken, will be severely disappointed. Their increase has been that of a young child, which grows more the first twenty years than all the rest of its life afterward. Neither our past experience, nor the example of other countries, has any material application to our future destiny. The race of this country is like that of the swift *Heirie*, whose rider, as the Arabs say, if you inquire of him where he is going, is out of hearing before he can answer; and, as respects other nations, the period of their existence, which affords any ground of comparison with this young country, is too distant and obscure to offer either example or instruction sufficiently clear to form the ground work either of speculation or calculation. In countries whose limits are circumscribed on all sides, either by the ocean, or by neighbouring territories, equally populous, the increasing numbers of the people are enabled to supply their wants by improving their lands, and modes of cultivation;—by the erection of manufactures, and the fostering of new incitements to industry: consequently every foot of land in the space thus occupied, increases in its products, and consequently in its value, proportionably with the increase of population. But it is quite different in the States which are the best peopled among us. The increase of numbers, when it arrives at a certain point, is always followed by emigration, rather than by any exertions to support the increase by those improvements I stated; and of course, while there still remain fertile and pleasant territories in the indefinable limits of the west to be settled, it will generally happen, that the growth of the elder States will be retarded, while that of the new is accelerated by

emigrations. In Connecticut, and probably in nearly all the New-England States, I believe there has been little growth in numbers, since the western States became objects of attention, and offered safety as well as competence. If the land, either in town or country, has risen in its nominal price, it has but little, if any, increased in value. The difference is owing, I imagine almost entirely to speculation, and to the depreciation of money,—the consequence of enormous emissions of paper in all parts of the United States.

By and by, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, will be old States, increasing indeed in population, but by no means in comparison with their former ratio. They, in time, will become the parents of new States, far in the wilderness, and the current of emigration will continue to flow, till it reaches the shores of another Atlantic in the west. Old DANIEL Boon is still the file-leader. He was the first settler of Kentucky, which soon grew too populous for him; and by regular emigrations he has reached the Missouri, which he is following up to the Rocky Mountains. If he lives, he will, I have little doubt, get to the mouth of Columbia River, and there, perhaps, sit down like another Alexander of Macedon, and weep because there are no more worlds to—settle. Vol. I., p. 78.

The subject of slavery never occurs to our tourist without proper comments. His sentiments are alike honourable to his head and heart. He observes very justly in vindication of the holders of slaves, that the fault belongs not to them. This is an entailed estate which we cannot easily alienate. But we know, from much personal observation, that these unfortunate beings are in a far better condition than is generally believed. This meliority is particularly to be seen in Maryland, *out* of the city of Baltimore. That metropolis, besides other evils which we can indicate *when time serves*, nourishes a parcel of right worshipful gentlemen, called *trading magistrates*; that is, they are so termed because they are suspected of sharing spoils with their constables, and the constables are in league with a gang of wretches, who seem to have contracted for the supply of Georgia and New Orleans. The jailer of course comes in for a participation in the plunder. Here we shall fortify ourselves by quoting a letter from a Quaker, to a member of the House of Delegates, of Maryland, which has recently appeared in the public prints:

'It is in order to communicate some of the information which has come within my knowledge upon this gloomy subject, that I make the present communication to thee, under the hope that it may have a tendency to excite thy attention to it, and be the means, in some measure, of removing so great an iniquity from our country. There are at this time in the city of Baltimore, exclusive of the public jail, several private dungeons, appropriated as depots or receptacles for negroes which are stolen or bought up for the southern trade. These places are in confined, retired situations, with small, close grated windows, and in them the miserable victims who fall into the power of these traders, are chained together in the

most obscene and indecent manner, without regard to sex or condition, until a sufficient number are collected to form a caravan, when they are from time to time taken off, connected together by iron chains, and driven through the country, or carried away by water. The persons engaged in this trade, are, it is believed, united by an extensive connexion, which reaches from hence to the southern states. When a stolen negro is found upon them, they commonly exhibit a bill of sale from some one of their accomplices, who in the mean time has made his escape, so that, although many stolen negroes have been recovered from them in this city, yet such is their dexterity in eluding the laws, that scarcely an instance has occurred, in which any of these miscreants have been brought to punishment. The African slave trade, has, on account of the cruelties and sufferings which it inflicted, received the universal disapprobation of every enlightened government in Europe, and the general execration of the benevolent, in every country upon the earth, who have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its character; yet it is a fact, which cannot be controverted or denied, that the internal slave trade now carried on in this free and enlightened country, a country blessed with a larger portion of civil and religious liberty, than any other on the globe; is characterized by the same horrible features, consequence and tendencies, as the African slave trade; the same painful separations of husbands, wives, children, parents, and friends; the same oppressions, outrages, barbarities and sufferings! With what mournful presages, then, must every pious reflecting mind look forward, to the future consequences of such accumulated wrongs being permitted, nay, legally sanctioned in our country.'

We shall complete this outline and conclude the subject, by a description of one of these caravans, which we find in the "Letters," under consideration.

Jogging along from the house where we left the caitiff, who will one day, I fear, bring down some great calamity on the country of his birth, it was our fate to meet with another example of the tricks men will play before high Heaven, when not only custom, but the laws, sanction oppression. The sun was shining out very hot,—and in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group: First, a little cart, drawn by one horse, in which five or six half naked black children were tumbled, like pigs, together. The cart had no covering—and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings: next came three men, bare-headed, half naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of all came a white man,—a white man! Frank,—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by bloodhounds. At a house where we stopped a little further on, we learned, that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some one of the more southern States. Shame on the State of Maryland! I say,—and shame on the State of Virginia!—and every state through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to pass! Do they expect that such exhibitions will not dishonour them in the eyes of strangers, however they may be reconciled to them by education and habit?—[Vol. I. p. 128.]

Those who have travelled will instantly recognize the fidelity of the following passage. As a delineation of wilderness scenery

the language is as natural as the objects described, yet we do not recollect any passage in which the reality has been brought home to our feelings with such exactness.

In traversing this mountain region, one of the first things that struck me was the solemn, severe silence which prevailed every where, and only broken, at distant intervals, by the note of the cock of the woods; the chirping of a ground squirrel; the crash of a falling tree; or the long echoes of the fowler's gun, which render the silence thus broken in upon for a moment, still more striking. But if it should happen that a gust of wind comes on, the scene of repose is instantly changed into one of sublime and appalling noise and motion. The forest roars, the trees totter, and the limbs crack, in a way that is calculated to alarm the stoutest city tourist. You can hear it coming at a distance, roaring like far-off thunder, and warning the traveller to get in some clear spot, out of the reach of the falling trees. I did not see a tree actually fall; but in many places we were obliged to turn out of the road to avoid the trunks of immense oaks and pines that had been blown down just before. Our good mothers think only of the perils of the sea; and give up a son for lost who becomes a sailor. But the perils of the land are far greater than those of the water; for there, whether in crowded cities or lonely mountains, it is the fate of man ever to be exposed to dangers, which often he cannot see, and often he cannot avoid.—[Vol. I. p. 151.]

We think the *twenty-first letter* might have been omitted, without injury to the book. Of that hapless race of men who are doomed to drudge for a task master, who is not less unfeeling than a Virginian overseer, there is little vestige in this country. Time was when they were *led out o' mornings* for exercise, just as horses under training. Pastimes were devised for them and prizes awarded to those who excelled. Mr. Pope has described some of these delectable contentions, in his *Dunciad*:

‘This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As mornaing pray'r and flagellation end,) To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames, The king of dykes! thou whom no sluice of mud With deeper sable, blots the silver flood,
‘Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin, And who the most in love of dirt excel, Or dark dexterity of groping well. Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around The stream, be his the *Weekly Journal's* bound: A pig of lead to him who dives the best; A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.’

From this treatment we may conjecture the characters of these fellows. Let us compare with them an “American critic,” as he is dished up, by our author, *a la mode* Mrs. Glasse:

‘Take a young man without a single atom of original genius: inflate him with as much pride, arrogance, impertinence, and self-conceit as he can

hold. N. B. The more empty he is at first, the better; for the more of these commodities he will then be able to carry. It is not absolutely necessary that he should be able to read and write, as he can procure an amanuensis; and there is no occasion to read a book in order to judge of its merits. A critic of the true scent, can tell the merits of a book by the party to which the writer belongs. I would recommend, however, that he be taught to read and write; although there is no necessity that he should be either a man of science or of taste—for the books he reviews will furnish him with science enough for the purpose of talking scientifically, and the reader will give him credit for his taste. When he reviews an author whose ideas are not worth borrowing, he may abuse him if he pleases; but if his ideas are really valuable, he does not understand his trade if he don't run him down till nobody will read his book. He can then steal his ideas without being detected in the plagiarism, and get credit for them himself by putting them in his own words.

'To form his style, he ought to read a few pages of the Edinburgh Review every day—provided he can read—in order to acquire a sort of flippant, smirking, supercilious air of superiority over original authors, so that in speaking of Shakspeare, or any other poet of good reputation, he may begin something in this way, without blushing at his own impertinence—"We know not, in truth, why we should deal rigidly with the tribe of poets. They are a harmless race, who devote themselves to the amusement of mankind; and though by no means to be put on a par with us critics, really deserve to be tolerated." In addition to this, he should study the Quarterly Review, in order that he may become familiar with unblushing effrontery, and be able to repeat over and over again falsehoods that have been over and over again refuted.'

Low as our fraternity is placed in this estimate, we are not inclined to dispute the fact. We dissent from no writer unless we can stand upon tenable grounds. Here is "a gross aspersion on our parts of speech;"—and it would certainly be found "flat burglary, as ever was committed," if the author were tried in our court. But for the sake of peace we are willing to admit that the writer in this, as in other places, has endeavoured to give a fair account of what has fallen under his own observations. As this complaisance may be thought extraordinary, we shall briefly state the reasons which have produced it. Few of our readers have forgotten the famous administration in Great Britain, styled, in allusion to its lofty pretensions, "All the Talents," and composed of a set of men, who, as it was shrewdly observed, "got into place by making a promise, and got out of place by performing it." Last year the public patronage was solicited in behalf of a Journal in which it was stated that a compensation of three dollars a page was offered for every original article, &c. That "several of the most literary gentlemen in America had engaged to bear a part in the composition of the work,"—that "the whole should

be arranged by one or more competent editors," &c. We shall never forget the sensations which this order excited. Quills, paper and ink-powder rose considerably in market and in the surrounding country scarcely a goose was to be found with feathers enough to warm her nest. Behold

Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times!
was the universal cry.

Chestnut-street swarmed with a race of strange looking men, who made the people stare and wonder if we were to have "*the Lectures*" twice a year. The very *devils* broke loose from the printing-offices, and elbowed the sweeps, roaring a song in imitation of one which had recently been written on another set of gentlemen whose wages had also been raised; *not* for writing but for talking:

Three dollars a page
Is all the rage

And all the dandy oh!

Machines were constructed to teach grammar; languages were to be taught in forty-eight lessons; one Mr. Ewington, who had been "honoured in attending the different peers of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France," promised that "the hand-writing" should be "improved" in one lesson, "a beautiful running hand" taught in six lessons—short hand, six lessons, young ladies and gentlemen qualified for teachers, &c. thirty lessons, &c. &c.—all this, and about twenty more branches of useful knowledge, or accomplishments as they are called by the advertiser, should be "acquired by letter equal to being present." Such was the rage for improvement at this period, that Oliver Evans was suspected of a design to monopolize the whole of this profitable manufacture, by subjecting the brains of some half a dozen freshmen to his high pressure engine. How far honest Oliver was concerned in the application of a certain machine called *editorial scissors*, which is mentioned in the journal referred to we know not, but it certainly has contributed vastly to "the important object of rendering the work permanently useful and interesting."

Now we humbly contend that it must have been from this *clave* of "the most eminent literary gentlemen," as they are dubbed by their publisher, who would have it believed that his journal

exhibits the best literary talents in the country, that our author has drawn his picture. These are our reasons:

1. Look at the singular coincidence between the custom which Pope describes in the passage already quoted, and compare it with the language which is used by one of these *eminentissimi*, in the conclusion of a review. "We dove to the bottom of our pool," says this poor fellow, who is thinking, not of his subject, but of something more valuable than these pigs of lead, or the peck of coals.

2. Next compare the "something in this way" recommended by the tourist in his recipe, with the following sentence, and we shall find that the two brains must have been under the same steam-pressure: "this is a sort of a book which has been compiled by Dr. Jesse Torry; a very well-intentioned personage, who, most assuredly, has the good of all mankind at heart;—but who, we must be permitted to think, has no more right to publish books, than we have to administer medicine." N. B. The critic here forgot the rule, *nemo tenetur, &c.*

3. The third reason is a conclusive argument, because we shall find the man himself actually enlisted, or as the publisher has it, "engaged" among these most eminent gentlemen. The first letter in this collection appeared in the Journal in question, last March, and the public was led to believe that "a series of the same kind would probably be given in the course of the ensuing summer." In the following May, we had four more of these letters; since which time, we have heard nothing of them, excepting some green-room chat about copy-money,—until our worthy friends Messrs. *Eastburn & Co.* produced the two merry little volumes, now on our table. Thus our author has not only taught us by precept how to write a book, but in his example he has shown how it may be sold to the best advantage. We think, by this time, the candid readers will be satisfied that this recipe for making "an American critic," is not a mere chimera of the author's brain, but that he has actually seen the dish served up for company.

Our observations have extended to a considerable length, and we must hasten to a conclusion. In doing this, we regret to find that the best part of these volumes has been untouched. We allude to the dialogue on Geology between the writer and his fellow travel-

ler. The satire is very just and it is executed in the best manner. The remarks on banks are also entitled to notice. Where such owls cry, we should be willing to crouch once a month. May she indeed, be "an ominous and fearful bird of death," to the whole system of legalized gambling.

We cannot close these volumes without expressing a wish that this writer would apply his talents to something of permanent interest, as regards his own reputation and the literary character of our country. Capable as we believe him to be of soaring in "a pride of place," of a loftier character, it is to be regretted that such powers should be thrown away upon "the groundlings." His humorous expressions, his odd similitudes, his sly inuendoes, his mimical gestures, his affected simplicity, his quirks and quibbles, may amuse for the moment: but, diverting as they are, and profitable as he may find them, they do not possess salt enough to preserve his volumes. Though he did write "block —" on our door, we have not cautioned him against whittling and cutting his name about the house. We feel not the least resentment towards, him in consequence of his "recipe;" but in return for the share which he has contributed to the merriment of the season, we cordially wish him not only one, but many a happy new-year.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BLAISE PASCAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOSSUT.

(Continued from p. 18.)

In the history of this inquiry, we behold a striking example of the slow and gradual progress of human knowledge. Galileo ascertains that the atmosphere has weight: Torricelli suggests that its weight may be the cause of the phenomena of the pump and tube: Pascal converts the suggestion into proof.

There is always something to abate the triumph of success. The experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme, for which every philosopher should have been ready to acknowledge his obligations to Pascal, was received by the world with a burst of applause which excited in some minds feelings of envy and hostility against him.

The Jesuits of Clermont-Ferrand made it the subject of public theses, in which they accused Pascal of having appropriated the labours and discoveries of the Italians; a most absurd calumny which he sufficiently refuted by treating it with merited contempt. There is reason to believe that these repeated attacks of the Jesuits were the provocations to that merciless warfare which he afterwards waged against them, and which proved, in its consequences, so fatal to the society.

It is painful to record any thing which may furnish food to that envy and malignity which delights in beholding the efforts of eminent men to destroy each other's fame; but it is due to the truth of history to mention, that Descartes was one of those who attempted to rob Pascal of the glory of his discovery. In a letter, written on the 11th of June 1649, to M. de Carcavi, Descartes says: "I hope you will excuse the trouble I give you when I ask you to inform me of the result of an experiment, which, I am told, M. Pascal has made, or directed to be made, on the mountains of Auvergne, with the view of ascertaining whether the quicksilver in the tube has a greater elevation at the foot of the mountain than at the top, and how much. I might have expected this information from him rather than from you, because it was myself who suggested that experiment to him two years ago, and I told him, at the same time, that though I had never performed it myself, I had no doubt of the result." Carcavi was the intimate friend of Pascal, and did not fail to communicate to him this claim of Descartes; but Pascal considered it unworthy of notice; he at least gave it no answer; and in a short history of the facts relating to this controversy, written in 1651, and addressed to M. de Ribeyre, he claims for himself the whole merit of the experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme, without ever naming Descartes. He there says: "I confidently assert that the idea of this experiment originated entirely with myself, and I may therefore justly claim the credit of the discovery in knowledge which it has opened to us." There is, throughout the narrative, a character of candour and impartiality, which, we think, no one can fail to observe. He acknowledges, in the most pointed and liberal manner, all that he owes to Torricelli. Why then should it be supposed that he would not have done equal justice to his countryman, if he had really been under any obligations to him? Baillet, in his life of

Descartes, accuses Pascal, not only of the theft, but of ingratitude to his hero, in a tone of levity and confidence, which, when we consider the ignorance of the subject betrayed in his book, and his numerous anachronisms and other faults, cannot but excite some degree of indignation. This reflection is forced from me solely by respect for truth; for I am ready to pay the homage which is otherwise due to the great genius of Descartes, and to acknowledge that he possessed in a very high degree the gift of invention. Among his letters, there is one dated in 1631, which, if really written at that time, proves that he then held opinions on the subject of atmospheric pressure very nearly the same with those which Torricelli afterwards gave to the world. Unfortunately for the fame of the French philosopher, his opinions in physics were seldom any thing more than mere hypotheses, hazarded without proof, and often in direct contradiction to nature. Hence it happens, that the conjectures, more or less lucky, which he may have thrown out as to the cause of the rise of fluids in a vacuum, are scarcely known at the present day; while the experiments, which Torricelli was the first to institute on this subject, have acquired for that philosopher a substantial renown, of which he can never be deprived. Truth is the portion, not of him, who, in groping in the dark, may chance to touch her, but of him who grasps her firmly and brings her forth to the view of the world. As to the particular point of the experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme, no one, at all acquainted with the manner in which the mind commonly advances in the discovery of truth, can hesitate to allow to Pascal all the merit of the original invention. His earliest experiments had convinced him that there was no foundation for the common doctrine of the horror of nature for a void. He had satisfied himself, moreover, not only that a vacuum was possible, but that there was no greater repugnance in nature to a large than to a small one. He was thus led to regard as equally visionary both the horror itself and the energy which that horror was supposed to possess. On the other hand, he found that the theory of atmospheric pressure explained the phenomena of the pump and the tube, without leaving any difficulty in his mind. An experiment which he had performed sometime before that of the Puy-de-Dôme, tended farther to strengthen the opinion which he now

formed. Having brought together the opposite ends of two Torricellian tubes, connected by a bend or arm filled with mercury, he found, that when the air was admitted into the bend, the mercury in the shorter tube, which had at first been suspended, subsided into the dish, while that contained in the bend rose into the higher tube, which had no communication with the external air. This experiment went very far to convince him that the pressure of the atmosphere, and not the horror of nature for a void, was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury. In addition to these more practical proofs, he knew, from the tendency of all fluids to attain a level, that the atmosphere must surround the earth in the form of a spherical stratum, the depth of which would vary with the irregularities of the earth's surface; and finally, from the principle, discovered by Galileo that the weight of bodies is in proportion to their masses, it seemed to him plain that the pressure of a column of air, of which the base remained the same, would vary with the variation of the height of the column. When all these circumstances were brought together, would they not seem to lead, naturally and directly, to the conclusion, that the altitude of the mercury in the tube would be less at the top than at the bottom of a high mountain, or, at least, be sufficient to suggest to him such an experiment as the one in question? Descartes presents himself with no such train of facts and reasonings in his support. Notwithstanding what he has said to M. de Carcavi, nothing which he has written on the subject would ever lead to the supposition, that the experiments of Torricelli could be explained on the principle of atmospheric pressure. Father Noël, indeed, accounts for the results of the very same experiments, by adopting from Descartes the agency of a subtle fluid, which forcing itself through the pores of the glass, co-operates with the *horror*, and re-establishes the *plenum* in the upper part of the tube. These considerations render it highly probable, not only that Pascal received no new views on this subject from Descartes, but that the latter had it not in his power to furnish them.

Let me be indulged in a single reflection. If two men, of very unequal capacity, should each assert a claim to the merit of an important discovery, and it were required to settle their respective pretensions, probability, in the absence of strict proof, would

determine in favour of him who possessed the superior qualifications. But in a contest with such a man as Pascal, by whose direction, it is not questioned, the experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme was in fact made, it was not sufficient for Descartes, after the lapse of a year, to allege, with tranquil confidence, that *it was he, who suggested the experiment*. The allegation should have been supported by proof; and his own naked testimony in his own cause must therefore be entirely disregarded.

The manner in which Pascal conducted his inquiry as to the weight of the air, deserves the attention of philosophers. We see him proceeding, with the utmost circumspection, supporting himself at every step on the basis of experiment, and never abandoning former opinions till he is overcome by the force of the evidence against them, and he is able to supply their places by incontrovertible truths. "I do not think," he has remarked, "that we ought lightly to abandon old maxims, without being compelled to do so by unquestionable and overpowering evidence. But where such evidence exists, none but a mind extremely weak would hesitate a moment." He has been accused of timidity and want of enterprize, because he did not reject, at the outset, the doctrine of the horror of avoid. Let us, however, forget for a moment the ridicule which has been attached to this expression, and consider the doctrine itself in its real import. Where, then, is the great absurdity in the supposition that, when a body has changed its place, there exists in nature a power, an energy, which fills up the space which that body had occupied? Are we not, at this very day, compelled by the appearances around us to admit, between the different bodies of the universe, a mutual attraction not less incomprehensible? Yet who will presume to affirm that the cause of this attraction will forever remain a mystery, or that, at some future period, it may not be referred to a mechanical action of which as yet we have not the slightest knowledge? Now if there is any thing in this analogy to justify the inference that there exists in nature a tendency to *repulsion*, why should we refuse to consider this tendency as the immediate cause of the rise of water in the pump and of the mercury in the Torricellian tube, when the cylindrical space above the fluid has been deprived of atmospheric air? The caution of Pascal, therefore is wise and philic-

sophical; he wishes neither to err himself, nor to run the hazard of misleading others. By his first experiments he demonstrates that the horror of void has no existence in nature; but after the experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme he ventures to pronounce, affirmatively, that the cause of the phenomena in question is the pressure of the air. This is close and accurate deduction. It is precisely the method which, forty years afterwards, was employed by Newton, and by which the English philosopher was enabled to enrich every department of physics with numerous and important discoveries. Descartes pursued a very different course. We have already remarked his passion for hypothesis. Disregarding the excellent precepts which, in his *method*, he has himself delivered for the investigation of truth, he seems, instead of interrogating nature, to have thought only of guessing at her operations. It was his great ambition to be the founder of a sect; and in his eagerness to attain that envied distinction, he demolished received opinions, and proposed others, with very little previous examination, and with very little care whether his own were conformable to the phenomena of nature. He has, in consequence, fallen into errors, by which other philosophers have been misled; an offence for which no doubt, he is justly answerable, though at the same time it is impossible to deny that his very rashness has done much for the advancement of philosophy. He appeared at a time when the schools, in complete subjection to the authority of Aristotle, were every where overwhelmed in the darkness of peripateticism, and it was vain to expect them to be restored to light without the previous abolition of that slavish worship which, for more than two thousand years, superstition and ignorance had been paying to the Greek philosopher. Had Descartes been more moderate, occult qualities would have made a longer resistance; and it must at least be allowed that his idea of explaining the phenomena of the universe simply by matter and motion is extremely beautiful, and, in general, ^{perfectly} true. But at a time when observation and experiment are acknowledged to be the proper paths for the investigation of truth, the spirit of system should be carefully repressed; because it substitutes, too often, the hasty suggestions of a heated imagination,

for those sober dictates of nature which it should be the business of the philosopher to watch and record.

The inquiry of Pascal concerning the weight of the atmosphere gradually led him to an examination of the general laws which govern the equilibrium of fluids. Archimedes had determined the loss in weight which solid bodies would sustain by immersion in a fluid, as well as the position which the bodies would take according to mass and figure. Simon Stevin, a Flemish mathematician, had ascertained that the pressure of a fluid on its base is as that base multiplied by the height of the fluid. It was also generally known that a fluid presses equally, in all directions, the vessel in which it is contained; but the exact measure of this pressure remained still to be ascertained, in order to deduce from it the general conditions of equilibrium.

Pascal laid down, as the foundation of his theory, this proposition: in a vessel filled with water and perfectly tight, two openings are made and furnished with pistons; if to these pistons a pressure is applied proportionate to the size of the openings, the water will remain in equilibrium. He gives two demonstrations of this theorem, each as ingenious as it is conclusive. In the first he remarks, that as the pressure is communicated by the pistons to the whole mass of the fluid, one cannot be driven down without raising the other. Now, the volume of fluid being always the same, it is plain that in such case the spaces described by the two pistons would be reciprocally as their bases; that is, as the forces by which they are pressed; whence it follows, from the known laws of mechanics, that they exactly counteract each other. The second demonstration rests on this very obvious truth, that whenever a body moves by its own weight its centre of gravity descends. From this principle, and considering the two pistons as one weight, the author easily shows, that, were they to move, the centre of gravity of their system would nevertheless remain stationary; whence he infers that they have no motion, and consequently that the fluid is also at rest. The various cases of the equilibrium of fluids, with the phenomena attending them, are but corollaries from the theorem which has just been stated. On this subject Pascal enters into some curious details.

The permanent state of the atmosphere is accounted for in the same manner. Pascal also, in this part of his work, notices its compressibility and elasticity. These qualities of the air had long been known, and their existence received additional confirmation by an experiment performed on the Puy-de-Dôme. A baloon, imperfectly inflated, being carried from the foot to the summit of the mountain, became gradually distended in its ascent, that is, in proportion to the column of air which it sustained was diminished in weight. In descending, it gradually became contracted, that is, in proportion to the increasing weight of the incumbent column.

To the same, or nearly to the same period, are to be referred the first observations on the variations in the height of the mercurial column occasioned by the changes of the weather. It is in consequence of these observations that the Torricellian tube, and the other instruments used for similar purposes, have received the name of *barometers*. These variations were observed by M. Perrier, at Clermont, during the years 1649 and 1650, and in the early part of 1651. At the solicitation of this gentleman, experiments on the same subject were also instituted at Stockholm by M. Chanut, the French ambassador at the court of Sweden. In these experiments Descartes, who, at the close of the year 1649, happened to be in Stockholm, took a part; and it was on this occasion that he suggested the construction of a double barometer, containing both water and mercury, by means of which a more sensible measure of variation would be obtained. Pascal, misled by some imperfect observations, or by some vague and ill-considered theory, came to a hasty conclusion that the weight of the atmosphere increases directly with the quantity of vapour which it contains: a conclusion which could not be true, or he was himself mistaken in attributing to that weight the suspension of the mercurial column in the Torricellian tube; for in rainy weather the mercury commonly sinks. But whatever opinion may be formed of this matter, the first attempts to account for the barometrical changes are entitled to much indulgence; the more especially as, even at the present day, they are imperfectly understood, and are subject to irregularities which often very much disturb the conclusions of theory.

The two tracts of Pascal, on *the equilibrium of fluids* and *the weight of the atmosphere*, appear to have been completed in the year 1653; but they did not appear in print until the year 1663, one year after the death of the author.

These investigations were followed by some geometrical tracts. In one of them, entitled *Promotus apollonius Gallus*, he extended the theory of the conic sections, by the discovery of several properties of those curves entirely unknown to the ancients. In others, particularly the *Tactiones sphericæ*, the *Tactiones conicæ*, the *Loci plani ac solidi* and the *Perspectivæ methodus*, he was equally successful in opening new paths of discovery. There is reason to believe that all these works are now lost; at least I have not yet succeeded in procuring them. What has been said of them, is derived from the general allusion which the author himself makes to them, and from a letter of the 30th of August, 1676, from M. Leibnitz to one of the sons of M. Perier.

Pascal's representatives are certainly deserving of censure for neglecting to publish his geometrical investigations at the same time with the tracts, on the equilibrium of fluids and the weight of the air. They would, at that time, have contributed to the advancement of geometrical science, and have enabled us now to discover to what extent he had carried his researches. Besides, the productions of a man of genius, though they may present nothing new to the superior science of a succeeding age, will always be instructive by the exhibition which they afford of the train of his thoughts and reasonings. We must not, however, make an extravagant estimate of this loss; a loss which has already been repaired, or which, as to all that is essential in those works, the actual knowledge which might probably have been derived from them, is very easily reparable. We are to consider that, if they were this day restored to us, all that they could furnish would be some few particular truths, but nothing to aid the progress of science in general. Since the period in which they were written, the mathematics have been enriched by innumerable discoveries; the methods of investigation are become more simple, less laborious and more prolific in their results. The great geometers of the present day do not resort to Archimedes, or even to Newton, with the expectation of meeting with any new secrets

of science. There is a progress perpetually making in this department of human learning, in consequence of which the productions of one age come in time to be supplanted by others more perfect and profound. These are studied because they exhibit the actual state of science; but these, in their turn, are destined to the same neglect as that which their predecessors had experienced. It is otherwise with the works of the imagination. A tragedy, like that of Zaire, will be read at all times with equal delight, as long as the French language shall endure; because nothing can be added to the perfect representation of jealousy and tenderness in Orosmans and Zaire. The poet and the orator have another advantage: their names, being perpetually in the mouths of the multitude, attain a quick celebrity. Yet there is a stability, a permanence in the glory of the great inventors in science, which has in it something more imposing. The truths which they have brought to light are transmitted from age to age, for the general benefit of mankind, subject to none of the vicissitudes to which language is liable. Though their works may be no longer used for the immediate instruction of the ages which succeed them, yet they still subsist as lasting monuments, marking, as it were, the boundaries of the human mind at the several eras in which they appeared.

There remain several smaller pieces of Pascal, which not only denote a strong genius for the sciences, but place him in the very front rank of mathematicians. Among these may be mentioned his arithmetical triangle, his investigations of the properties of numbers, and his treatise on the cycloid. In giving an account of these works, I shall follow the order in which they were written. The famous arithmetical triangle will of course be first.

Let two lines be supposed to proceed from the same point, in directions perpendicular to each other. Let each line be divided into the same number of equal parts, and from all the points of division, on each line, let perpendiculars be raised. It is evident that there will be formed, in this manner, two sets of divisions, or narrow spaces, the one horizontal, the other vertical; that each division will be made up of a certain number of squares or cells, and that each square will belong in common to a vertical and a horizontal division. This being done, Pascal places in the first

square, at the right angle, a number which he calls the *generator* on which all the rest of the triangle depends. This generating number is arbitrary; but when it is once fixed, all the other numbers, which are to occupy the remaining squares, are *necessary*; and in general the number contained in any given square is equal to the sum of the two numbers in the next preceding horizontal and vertical squares. Thence the author proceeds to obtain some interesting results. He ascertains the relation between the numbers in any two given squares. He sums the series of numbers in any given division. He determines all the combinations of which certain quantities are susceptible. A multitude of theorems relating to numbers, which, by any other method of demonstration, would be extremely difficult, are here presented in a manner so simple and obvious as to require no effort to comprehend them.

The arithmetical triangle is truly an original invention, and the honour of it belongs exclusively to Pascal. At the same time that he was occupied in the investigation of it, Fermat, a counsellor in the parliament of Toulouse, and one of the most celebrated mathematicians of the seventeenth century, discovered a beautiful property of numbers, which, however, is nothing more than a corollary to the arithmetical triangle. Pascal did not fail to notice his discovery in terms of the highest commendation. From all that remains of the correspondence of these eminent men, it is manifest that they felt a real delight in doing justice to each other's merit.

Among the properties of the arithmetical triangle there is one which is very remarkable; that of furnishing the co-efficients of the several terms of a binomial quantity raised to a positive integral power. Newton afterwards generalized the idea of Pascal, and by substituting, for the radical expressions, the notation of exponents, invented by Wallis, he produced a formula for raising a binomial quantity to any power whatever, integral or fractional, positive or negative.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SELECT WORKS OF SIR LEOLINE JENKINS; containing all his arguments
on questions of maritime and prize law.

FROM the large folio volumes of this learned lawyer, a variety of papers on the subject of maritime and prize law has been selected for the Law Journal. But as that work, for want of a more extensive patronage, appears only after long intervals and in detached parts, many gentlemen of the bar have expressed a wish that the abridgment of *Jenkins* should be published in a separate form.

If a sufficient number of such persons will transmit their *subscriptions* within a reasonable time, the work shall be put to press immediately. It is supposed that it will form an 8vo. vol. of about six hundred pages, the price of which will be £5,00. Applications to be made to "the editor of the Law Journal, 133 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia."

In publishing the following letter from *one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States*, the editor hopes his motives will not be misunderstood. He has prepared for the press some of the books mentioned in this letter, and he is desirous of obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers to the Law Journal, to enable him to publish *all* of them. He should indeed be very unfit for the office he has undertaken, if he were insensible of the approbation which his labours have received from the profession: but, on the present occasion, his chief object is to show that these projects have not been adopted without proper consultation, and that he has an authoritative sanction for submitting them to the public. While we have theological, philosophical, scientific and literary journals without number, it has often been remarked that the bar has viewed with frigid indifference every attempt to establish *law journals*. Under the twenty sovereignties, into which our country is divided, the venerable code of COMMON LAW is treated with very little ceremony, and the various statutes of our legislatures are diverging in all directions from this centre. How greatly therefore is a work to be desired, that shall collect these scattered rays. Counsellors might give advice to clients with some confidence, on points depending upon the laws of different states, and it is not too much to say, that comparisons might be made

by our legislators which would result in some degree of uniformity in our municipal regulations. How many valuable discussions of constitutional and national questions might be preserved beyond the ephemeral life of a pamphlet or a newspaper!

The price of the *Law Journal* is £5,00 a volume. Applications to be made to the editor in Philadelphia. Six volumes have been published and the seventh is ready for the press. The editor being desirous of ascertaining the number of subscribers to this work, requests every gentleman of this description to transmit his address, with orders for future volumes, if they are wanted.

Those who wish to have the 7th, 8th, and 9th volumes will receive them for £12, if that sum is paid in advance.

January, 1818.

— Sept. 6, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your obliging letter of the 30th ultimo. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see an edition of the select works of Sir Leoline Jenkins, published under your inspection. I am persuaded also, that it would be an acceptable present to the profession at large. Not a term has elapsed since I have been on the bench, that I have not had occasion to regret my inability to consult his writings on maritime and prize law. Indeed, to an American lawyer, his treatise on the admiralty jurisdiction must be peculiarly useful, since the constitution delegates "all causes of admiralty, and maritime jurisdiction," to the courts of the U. S., and it will, I presume, be held, that this clause embraces all causes within the *original jurisdiction* of the admiralty in England, independent of the statutes of Richard II.

If you should conclude (as I earnestly hope you will) to publish, I will personally solicit subscriptions for you in this quarter, if you will send me a prospectus of the work. I should be greatly surprised if an edition of five hundred copies would not readily sell in the United States. Will you allow me to add, that as I should wish to have all Sir L. J.'s works on maritime law, in his own words, I should prefer as a title, "Select works of Sir L. J. containing all his arguments, opinions, and decisions on questions of prize and maritime law."

As to the *Consolato del Mare*, I should personally prefer an edition with an abstract of the commentary of Casaregis enlarged and illustrated in your own observations—but such a work would probably at the present moment be deemed too expensive, and the text of Boucher would satisfy unlearned readers. I persuade myself that the Consolato would meet a very ready sale; and it would enhance the obligations which the public are already under for your zeal and ability in professional as well as literary pursuits.

Hubner also to prize lawyers and to statesmen would be very valuable. Indeed a translation of all the best works upon maritime, prize and national law is a desideratum and would be an everlasting honour to our country. Why have we not Emerigon and Pothier on Insurance? Pothier on Maritime Contracts? Huberus de Conflictu Legum? Le Guidon, Bynkershoek on Bottomry, D'Abreu on Prizes, De Hevia on Maritime Law (in his Curia, Philippica) Loccenius de jure Maritimo, Valin des Prises? I name these in particular because there is scarcely a professed treatise on maritime law in our language which does not cite them and yet they are very rare in our country. May the time arrive when you shall have sufficient encouragement to honour our country with an edition of these, the classics of the law!

I can assure you that my personal exertions are at all times at your service in aid of any literary projects.

With the highest respect, I have the honour to be,
Your very obedient and humble servant.

J. E. HALI, Esq.

Some months since (May 1816) we announced Mr. Binns' proposal to publish a splendid edition of the *Declaration of Independence*, with medallion portraits of the individuals who signed that memorable instrument and fac-similes of their signatures. As it was promised that in this undertaking every article should be of *domestic manufacture*, much delay was to have been expected; but as the editor is apprehensive of complaint, he has made an address to the public which should conciliate the captious and silence all who are impatient. Mr. Murray, the principal artist who is engaged on this occasion, states, that all his associates are "anxious to do the best in their power," each in his own depart-

ment; and he adds that it would be injurious to the engraving to press them with respect to time. The editor of this very expensive work must have calculated largely on the patriotism of the country, and we hope his drafts will be honoured, not merely with a banker's punctuality, but with the liberal spirit which ought to be roused on the display of the charter of our liberties. We do not call this a *national* undertaking, because the phrase has been too much blown upon; it has became as common as a barber's chair, and the sound produces upon our ear about as much effect as the bellman's invitation to one of our *Columbian* exhibitions in wax-work. As a specimen of the state of the arts this sheet will be valuable; and it must be contemplated by every American with enthusiasm, as the record of one of the most important events in the history of man; an event which exhibits the proudest triumph of political philosophy, which awakens theory from her dreams and bids her behold a reality surpassing the fairest visions of speculation.

Messrs. *Hugh and John McCallum*, of Montrose, Scotland, have brought over "An original collection of the poems of Ossian, Orrann, Ulin, and other bards, who flourished in the same age." They are comprised in 240 out of 360 pages, 8vo.; the remainder of the volume being devoted to a preface of 100, and a list of subscribers in 60 pages. Those who want more *Ossian* may be gratified in this volume; for our part we were satiated long ago. The manner in which Dr. *Johnson* is treated in the preface is very disingenuous, to use a mild term. "The editor or author," as Johnson asserts of Macpherson, "never could show the original. It would be easy to show it if he had it, but whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered. He has doubtless inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some wandering ballads, if any can be found; and the names and some of the images, being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole." There was nothing to contradict this statement when it was made: and it is very unfair to endeavour to destroy the veracity of the moralist by subsequent discoveries. We have no desire to stir the question of authenticity; but we recommend this volume to those who love Scotland and admire *Ossian*.

Harrison Hall will shortly publish "Conversations on the Bible; by a *Lady*." In our number for November, 1817, we published an extract from the manuscript which had been put into our hands. It is the object of the author to give a plain but comprehensive view of the Sacred Writings. The style is adapted to young minds, and the narrative will be illustrated by coincidences and explanations derived from modern books; so that it will be novel and interesting to all who have not studied the subject in the great original. A specimen has been submitted to two eminent Divines, and has received their cordial approbation. This specimen, comprising the history of the Pentateuch, will be published immediately; and the plan will be prosecuted further, if it receive sufficient encouragement. The author indulges a hope that by this popular manner of treating the subject, the gay and the indifferent may be persuaded to peruse these sacred volumes, of which it has been said with not less elegance than truth, that they contain "not only the true origin of the world, the rise of the several nations upon the earth, and the first institution of civil government; not only the earliest account of all useful callings and employments; such as gardening, husbandry, pasturage of cattle, &c. but all the politer arts and sciences likewise; such as poetry and music, history and geography, physic, anatomy, and philosophy of all kinds; the arts of war and ornaments of peace, are primarily to be found in this book: that it is, in short, not only a record of the most ancient learning, but a magazine of all learning, whatever, and that he who affects to appear in the capacity of a scholar, either as a critic, a chronologer, an historian, a poet, an orator, a disputant, a lawyer, a statesman, a pleader, or a preacher, must not be unacquainted with this **INEXHAUSTIBLE FUND.**"

Stackhouse, part I. ch. IV.

The first volume will be published in a neat pocket volume, embellished with eight engravings, illustrative of the Dialogues, price *one dollar*. Large deductions from this price, will be made where quantities are purchased by benevolent societies, for distribution: and still larger where the engravings are not wanted.

The first volume will form a complete work in itself. Whether the subject shall be prosecuted further, will depend upon this attempt.

H. H. is also preparing for press a *Memoir on the development of the intellectual and physical resources of the United States of America; in three parts:*

I. On the relations of science with the rise and decline of empires.

II. The defects of ancient governments with regard to the patronage of science.

III. The application of the experience which this investigation affords to the development of the intellectual and physical resources of the United States of America. Presented to the American Philosophical Society in the autumn of 1817.

It will be printed in one vol. 8vo. and the price will not exceed \$1.50. Subscriptions are received at the Port Folio office.

MR. E. EARLE, Philadelphia, has published "The Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, Prime Minister to Henry the Great; translated from the French by Charlotte Lenox. A new edition, revised and corrected; with additional notes, some letters of Henry the Great, and a brief historical introduction. In Five Volumes."

The reputation of this work is so fully established that little more would seem to be necessary from us than to inform our readers that this first American edition has just appeared. This work was translated from the original by Mrs. Lennox, and has been familiar to English readers for nearly half a century. It contains a history of France from the peace of 1750, to the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII, during a space of forty years. It comprises two lives, in fact; that of Henry the Great, and that of his illustrious Minister. The events which it describes are numerous and diversified; the discussions on matters of state are interesting and profound; the stratagems of policy, the struggles of ambition, the manœuvres of both the little and the great, which may be traced in these volumes, give them all the fascination of an Arabian tale, while they constitute an invaluable treasure of political wisdom. Sully is said to have been the only man that ever discovered the means of accomplishing two things, usually considered, in their own nature, as inconsistent; the increase of the king's revenue, and the relief of the people. He, therefore, who would have an idea, as the translator observes, of a good sub-

ject and an uncorruptible minister, must look for it in this picture, where we shall see economy in its full lustre, and policy in all its practice; the art of using and gaining power; the science of reigning as a man, and of reigning as a king. The finest instructions and most impressive examples of morality, are here exhibited, and the whole supported and adorned by a knowledge of every thing, from the highest arts to the mechanical occupations. The author was at once a skilful soldier and a sagacious statesman; a steady friend and the close confidant of his royal master. There is no book, in short, that contains in the same compass, a greater variety of useful knowledge to the public man, or the individual who wishes to comprehend the history of nations. We are the more urgent in our recommendation of this book, because we think a publisher has particular claims upon the prompt patronage of the public, who invests his capital, as we find in the present instance, in stock of permanent value. It requires some resolution to withstand the temptations which are offered in the popularity of licentious novels, absurd travels, and whip-sillybub speeches. Such volumes bring quick returns to their publishers; but they undermine morals, destroy taste, and degrade our literary character. He, therefore, who proposes to enrich our libraries with what is wholesome and brilliant and worthy of good report, is entitled to a substantial reward.

SAMUEL LIVERMORE, Esq. proposes to publish "A Treatise on the Law of Principal and Agent; and of Sales by Auction." This may be considered as a second edition of the work which was published a few years ago, and was so fortunate as to receive the approbation of the late Ch. J. Parsons and the present chancellor Kent. To such an imprimatur it would be great *surplusage* in an anonymous critic to add his recommendation. But general reputation is matter of fact, and we may therefore state that the book is considered as a faithful and well arranged collection of the cases on the subject of which it treats; that in the second edition, the more recent decisions will be incorporated, and that more comprehensive views will be opened to the student, by copious illustrations deduced from the commentators on the civil law.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dark-rolling Connecticut.

O! tell me no more of enjoyment assailing,
The high-beating soul in the halls of the
great,
Of pleasure's bright fountains, with gush never-
failing
That scatter delight through their canopied
state;
Far dearer to me are the rocks, and the moun-
tains,
And rude-rising cliffs to remembrance allied,
The murmur of winds, and the rushing of
fountains,
That are lost in Connecticut's dark-rolling
tide.

Dark-rolling Connecticut! oft I remember
The days and the years, that I spent on thy
shore
And the tribute of tear-drops unconsciously
render,
When thinking those days shall be present no
more.
Once sweet to my soul, as the fragrance of
morning,
Once joyous, as Philomel's music at even,
Once bright, as the dew-drop the tulip adorn-
ing,
They are gone, like a meteor sunk into Hea-
ven.

Though a dream of the past,—still 'tis fruitful
of pleasure
To remember when nature had gone to de-
cay,
And the hills, they were mantled in winter's
white treasure,
How pleasantly passed the long evenings
away;
Around the blithe hearth, that was cheerfully
gleaming,
Drew the circle, where beauty and wit held
their reign,
With soft sayings and smiles the day's hard-
ships redeeming,
Ahi never to sooth the sad spirit again.

The memory of joys, like the winds of the
west,
That visit the chords with a magical swelling,
Awakes a sad melody deep in the breast,
Though sweet, every vision of pleasure re-
pellings;
And I think, as I look on adversity's dart,
T'would be a relieving my bosom to pillow,
When Heaven in mercy commands me depart,
By the side of Connecticut's dark-rolling
pillow.

A. K.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Statue of the Gladiator.

With valor beaming in his lofty eye,
His muscles stretch'd in rigid agony,
On his stern front a look of fierce disdain,
He combats heedless of the pangs of pain.
Firm-fix'd he stands; no trembling fear is there,
No thrill of terror, anguish, or despair;
His haughty heart is man'd to deeds of fire,
And beats alone with vix'try's proud desire;
Reckless he feels the battle's rudest shock.
Stern as the grave, and firm as ocean's rock.

Why was valor, so sublime and proud,
Pac'd for the sport of yon remorseless crowd?
Why were those giant limbs, and awful powers,
Made but the cruel wreck of guilty hours?

VOL. V.

No quarrel arms those combatants, no rage
Impels them thus their deadly strife to wage;
Yet with the force of more than mortal foes
They deal their dark and desolating blows;
Till one sad victim falls,—and murmurs hoarse
Howl their wild plaudits o'er his murder'd
corpse!

Ev'n this cold marble bids us mourn for those
Who thus contended, and lament their woes;
Ev'n these pale limbs in agony that swell
The cruel deed in tones of anguish tell;
These outstretch'd arms in murderous combat
rais'd
Bid nature shudder at the strife that blaz'd;—
That awful look of terrible disdain
Had brighter shone on war's tremendous plain,
Vict'r had own'd the hero as her child,
And in the glorious strife triumphant smil'd;—
But oh! when murdering and murder'd here,
What can restrain the sad and bursting tear?—

Immortal artist! to the lifeless stone
Thy hand has life and strength and beauty
thrown;
Yet had thy powers a nobler subject tried,
Some theme of fame, some boast of human
pride.

Posterity had ne'er the features trac'd
Stamp't on thy statue, that thy land disgrac'd,
Nor had the tear the breathing stone bedew'd,
As they thy glorious monument had view'd.

N. Y. Sep. 24, 1816. E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the death of a young girl; from the Greek Anthology.

No, Prote, no, thou hast not died,
But sought a better place of rest,
In sweet communion to abide
Amid the islands of the Blest.
Exultant on Elysian plains
Thou spendest now thy happy hours,
Remote from earthly care and pain,
And gladdening on the softest flowers.
No winter there shall ever roar,
No summer shed its furious heat,
Hunger, disease, and thirst no more
Thy lovely form shall darkly meet,
Thou wilt not wish to leave that scene,
And seek again the life of earth,
Thou wilt not leave those bowers of green
To trace the spot that saw thy birth,
For, ever blessing, ever blest,
Thou shalt pass on thy tranquil days,
By great Olympus' glorious crest
That glows with light's eternal rays.

New York, 1816.

E.

WOMAN.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following lines, which I believe have never
appeared in print, are from the pen of a gentle-
man once of no little eminence both in the litera-
ture and political world. Sometime since he
favoured me with a copy: and though I now pub-
lish them without his knowledge, I think they
possess too much classical elegance, and too
much poetical merit to remain in their pre-
sent obscurity.

Woman! dear woman, in whose name
Wife, sister, mother meet;
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And thine the latest beat.

In thee the angel virtues shine—
An angel's form to thee is giv'n;
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to Heaven!

From thee we draw our infant strength,
Thou art our childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length,
On thee his hopes depend:

For round the heart thy pow'r has spun
A thousand dear mysterious ties;
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And lead it to the skies!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To her who may understand it.

Maid of unboastful charms, whose wood-notes wild
With brighter eloquence than words, can speak
Of social scenes, and mild affection's charms;
And on whose modest cheek we fondly gaze
To view the quick emotions of thy heart:
When from thy village home thou'rt far away
Should crowds of swains admiring greet thy steps,
With vows of love and music's roundelay:—
With passion's tale that steals upon the ear,
Like summer's breeze o'er fields of rip'ning grain,
And dreams excite of love and joy, and truth,
Oh, say when they shall lip such themes as these
Wilt thou remember how I strove to please?

Sedley.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Fancy and Sense.

Fancy and Sense are man and wife
Ergo, they disagree;
In dreams of bliss she spends her life,
In real pleasures he.

And when they for a moment meet
They quarrel in a trice;
Sense will not kneel at Fancy's feet;
She scorns his sage advice. *Orlando.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Maria's Tomb.

Forever hallow'd be the cherish'd spot
By virtue honour'd, and by friendship sought,
The mournful weeping-willow ever wave,
In solemn grandeur o'er Maria's grave!

Too dear for earth, her fleeting soul has fled,
And claim'd its kindred with the god-like dead;
O'er realms of everlasting bliss to roam,
And find in Heaven, its long sought—blissful home.

Man, haughty man had claim'd thee for his own,
And grasp'd thy form, the living fire had flown:
Silent thy heart, forever hush'd thy breath,
An early victim to unerring death!

Thus transitory prospects pass away,
The vain, fantastic offspring of a day,
While resignation and religion's calm
Alone can prove the bleeding bosom's balm.

What brutal eye withholds the sacred tear,
Or beams in brightness o'er Maria's bier?

What knee bows not in sorrow o'er the tomb,
Which shades a flower, blighted in its bloom?

Sacred to friendship be the "brimful eye,"
Sacred to love, the tributary sigh.
Sacred to love and friendship be the pray'r,
Which mourning cherubs to the heavens bear!

But ah! what pray'r can reach the holy throne,
Which spotless purity can reach alone?
The sinner's lips may breathe the pious strain,
Worship, amend, pray, fall and sin again.

May he who guides yon beaming orb of day,
Forever guide the "tenor of my way;"
Tho' boyhood's course in headstrong mirth be run,
Enkindle lustre 'round my setting sun!

How can two bosoms for each other form'd,
With kindred thoughts and kindred feelings warm'd,
In distant throbs of parted anguish beat
On earth divided, never more to meet?

But should the messenger of death command,
And o'er my senses wave his pale-white wand,
Our spirits mingling in the realms above,
Shall sweetly flourish in eternal love.

Frederick.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SIGH.

To a young lady, on her introduction into fashionable life.

On pleasure's gladsome wings repair,
Where varied joys unite to meet thee;
Where beaux and belles, with flattering air,
And tender accents, press to greet thee.

Yet, if amidst the splendid scene,
One softer thought should intrude,
One sigh should from thy bosom flee,
Oh! may that sigh be breath'd for me.

Let fancy's magic power awhile
Transport thy lover to thy view,
Whose constant round of irksome toil
Each morning's light must still renew:

His days with sad suspense o'ercast,
His nights in restless slumbers past;
Caust thou, my love, this portrait see,
Nor sigh for him, who droops for thee!

Oh! deign those tortures to appease,
That prey upon my aching breast:
Each doubt, each fear will learn to cease,
If with thy love I still am blest;

Cheerful I'll meet the varied pains
That hard necessity ordains,
And not a sigh my breast shall flee,
Unless that sigh be break'd for thee.

My aspect late so pale and wan,
That wore no dress but that of sorrow,
Shall bid its cloud of grief begone,
And from thy smiles new pleasures borrow:

And when my love thou design'st to meet,
With transports light my heart shall beat,
And should it sigh, its sighs shall be
Of pleasure born, and love of thee.

Constitutional Law.—A case of some interest has been started under a law of Virginia, and the constitution of the United States. An act of Assembly forbids the free people of colour from other states settling in this state, and points out the method by which an intruder may be removed. Some persons of this description, who had settled in Matthews, were about to be removed under the provisions of this statute; when, on advice of an attorney at law, a petition was laid before a Circuit Court judge, praying for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, upon this ground—that the petitioner was a citizen of the state of Rhode Island, had been enrolled in her militia, &c. and that by the 2d. sec. 4th art. Constitution of the United States “The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens, in the several states:” which, it was contended, was a sufficient guarantee of the right of the citizen of one state to move into and settle in another; of course, that the statute of Virginia, was unconstitutional. The *Habeas Corpus* was awarded, returnable to the next Circuit Court of Matthews County; when, of course this question will be discussed. The provision in the Constitution of the United States ought to be interpreted; for several state laws have been impeached, (lately one from the state of Louisiana,) as contravening this very provision.

—
Greek Athenæum at Munich.—Professor Thiersch has published a *Programma in Modern Greek*, inviting the youths of the Greek nation to frequent the *Athenæum* founded in their favour at Munich, in 1815. Several young Greeks of Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia, have already arrived at Munich, where they receive the same instruction as the Germans.—This is delivered in the German language; and the *Athenæum* itself is exclusively destined to those Grecian youths who possess some acquaintance with that language. The students must be at least twelve

years of age, and be able to speak and write their own language correctly. The instruction is delivered in the *Athenæum*, but they will be at liberty to frequent the *Lyceum* also. The objects of instruction are—the languages, especially the ancient Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, and English:—Philology, or a critical knowledge of the ancient authors, the department of Criticism, Poetry, Mythology, and Archaiology;—Geography and History,—Mathematics, theoretical and practical;—Philosophy:—Oryctology, Botany, and Zoology, experimental Philosophy and Chymistry. The students are lodged and boarded in the *Athenæum*, on the payment of one hundred florins (Dutch money) in this the expense of instruction is included.

Narigation.—M. Locatelli, the celebrated mathematician of Milan, has invented a new peice of mechanism (says a Paris paper) by means of which vessels may ascend rivers without the assistance of a steam-engine. The first experiment, which was made on a small boat, completely succeeded. The inventor asserts, that his plan is applicable even to a man of war, and that it will secure her from the danger of ship-wreck. The strength of a single man or at most that of a horse, is sufficient to put this machine in motion.

—
Niagara Falls.—Augustus Porter, Esq. the proprietor of the American side of the falls of Niagara, some time since purchased Goat Island, lying in Niagara river, dividing the falls. This island, being situate in the rapids, has hitherto been deemed quite inaccessible or dangerous of access, there being only one point to approach it, and that by putting into the river, a mile or more above the falls, and then dropping down between the rapids on the head of the island; this way, however could not always be deemed secure, as the least mismanagement of the boat in departing the island would

be fatal. In order therefore to approach the island in safety, and to improve it to advantage, the enterprising proprietor has constructed a bridge 34 rods in length, founded on 14 piers, each pier when filled will contain 50 tons of stone; and, from the size of the piers and their foundation being solid rock, it is confidently believed that the bridge will be permanent. It is, we understand, the intention of Judge Porter to cultivate this enchanting island, and erect suitable buildings for the accommodation of strangers and others, who desire to have a new view of one of the grandest curiosities of nature. The Falls have heretofore been observed on either side of the Niagara river with rapture; but, what would a poet say, were he perched on this romantic spot? would he not tell you, of the wild roaring rapids above, on either side the vast sheets rolling over the dreadful precipices, and the seeming distant thunders in the terrific abyss beneath, the soaring cloud before him pierced by the sunbeam, and decked with the lustre of the rain bow!

The island contains about 80 acres of land, is about 100 rods wide, but at the lower end between the falls, it is only 90 rods.

The Diet of Germany, assembled at Frankfort on the Maine, have, it is reported, appointed Baron Von Gagern, an agent to ascertain what encouragement and reception have been given in this country to emigrants from Germany. This gentleman has arrived in this country and proceeded to Washington.

Bank of the United States.—The following resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee, by some one who dreads the introduction of the National Bank *et dona ferentes* into the state.

“Be it resolved &c.—That they do greatly regret the necessity which impels them to declare, that they will view with concern and disapprobation the establishment of any bank,

branch of any bank, or other monied institution, not chartered by the laws of this state, within the limits thereof; and they do feel themselves under all the ties of responsibility which bind the representative to the people, to use all lawful means in their power to prevent and prohibit the same.”

A very important question has arisen in the legislature of Georgia at their present session—the right of the several states to tax the Branch Banks of the U. S. established within their respective territories. The right of the national government, under the general provisions of the constitution, relative to commerce, by the levying of imposts and taxes, and providing for the general welfare, has by some person been denied to extend to the creation of a bank under its authority, and the right to form branches is denied by many more. This power, say the Georgians, is reserved to the individual states; and indeed the state of Georgia did exercise the power of taxation over the former branch bank—the tax was decided to be legally assessed by Judge Johnson of the Supreme Court of the United States. If the property of the citizens of an individual state is not to be taxed, because it is converted into the stock of the U. S. bank, it places such stock-holders in a more advantageous situation than those owning property in other banks, which is unjust. Such an exemption too would take away from taxation in a state a large mass of property, which otherwise would be liable to an assessment according to its value. The proposed tax infringes no constitutional principle, and will be laid upon a description of stock, which being very productive, can well afford to pay the sum which may be levied upon it.

Will.—The will of the countess of Leitrim, who lately deceased in England, was allowed although it had neither date, signature nor

witness; but it was sworn to have been found among her papers, and to be her writing.

A Grand Jury in Tennessee have presented a Mr. Forster as a suitable candidate for the office of governor of that state. *Quere.*—What crime has he committed?

Deception.—A curious circumstance took place at Shadwell office Sarah-Ann Brown, alias William Brown, was charged with an assault, and during the examination, (being dressed in sailor's clothes,) confessed she was a woman, and had served fourteen years in the royal navy, in the queen Charlotte, had a pension, and had but lately returned from a voyage to the West Indies. She is a native of New-York, and said nothing would have induced her to discover her sex but the unpleasant situation in which she was placed. After making satisfaction, she was discharged.

Werner.—The death of the great mineralogist, Werner, is announced. The letter says, "His name was known from the iron mines of Siberia, to the gold mines of Peru."

Hounds and Boxers.—From a communication in the New-York gazette we are informed, that a pack of hounds and boxers have arrived in this country, and that a match for a large sum has been agreed upon, to take place in New-Jersey. As for the hounds, we can have no objection to them where the sports of the field are subject to no legal restriction, and where abundance waits on skill and enterprise; but the boxers we do protest against, as introducing a brutal system, unworthy of the countenance and protection of a moral and enlightened community; they have, probably, been induced to emigrate to the United States, in consequence of seeing accounts of their battles and pugilistic essays faithfully copied in our newspapers. We indulge the hope

that the proper authorities in New-Jersey will commit these bruising emigrants to the county prison as vagrants if they attempt to make any public display of their skill. *National Advocate.*

Baltimore.—By a late survey, the city of Baltimore is said to be about four miles square. There is an old rule by which we are advised not to believe more than one half of what we hear.

Richmond.—The assessment of real property in Richmond, (Vir.) for the year 1817, is 15,997,851 dollars.—In the year 1813 it was only 8,534,147 dollars. The increase in four years is more than *eighty seven per cent.*

Paper money.—The origin of this species of circulating medium is of much higher antiquity, than is generally supposed. The Chinese who have anticipated so many of our most useful and curious inventions, appear also to have a claim to this. In a remarkable compilation, entitled. "*The Manners, Laws and Customs of all Nations,*" printed in 1611, it is said, that the Chinese have *paper money* four square, and stamped with the king's image, which, when it waxeth old, they change with the king for *coine* that is new stamped.

Cabbage Seed.—M. Francois de Salingre, a chymist of Halverstadt has discovered a mode of manufacturing an oil from cabbage seeds, superior to any vegetable oil now known.

1. It equals in point of yellow colour, and purity, the finest oil in Provence.

2. It is inodorous, and has a taste of almonds, which distinguishes it from the oil of rape seeds.

3. It may be substituted for olive oil in salads, and for other domestic uses.

4. When used as lamp oil, it gives a bright flame without smoke. It is also very economical—a given quantity will be consumed much more slowly than the quantity of rape oil within the same time.

Earthen-ware in Philadelphia—
 Mr. David G. Seixas has established an earthen-ware factory, near this city. If we had not obtained proof of its domestic origin, we should not have hesitated to believe it from its general appearance to be of transatlantic production. In this belief we should have been chiefly guided by the knowledge that many attempts have proved unsuccessful, to imitate the Liverpool white crockery. We should have been biassed by the popular opinions that the United States could not furnish suitable materials; or if the materials could be had, that we were ignorant of the art of compounding them. But the result of the research and exertions of Mr. Seixas the proprietor of the pottery alluded to, at once sets aside the erroneous prejudice of these opinions. We are informed from an authentic source, and it gives us satisfaction to promulgate, that every material which he makes use of is derived from our own soil, and exists in such abundance that they may be said to be inexhaustible—and furthermore that no foreigner, has ever had any concern, or superintendence or employ in his manufactory.

The principal parts of the materials are clay and flint. The former is of a grayish blue colour, and contains pyrites or sulphur and iron chymically combined, the presence of which impairs the colour of the ware. They are separated by an economical and expeditious process, an art not practised or known in the European potteries. The clay is copiously diffused in water and passed through fine lawn sieves to detach the larger particles of sand, &c.

The flint is of a'grayish black colour. It is exposed to a strong heat, and is suddenly plunged into cold water. By frequent repetition of calcination, and refrigeration, whiteness and friability ensue. It is then ground to powder finer than superfine flower, so perfectly impalpable that it will remain many hours suspended in water. It is then subjected to a purification to extract the

small portion of oxide of iron it usually contains.

It is then mixed by measure with the purified liquid clay—both of a fixed specific gravity, and the mixture poured into vats, the solids in time subside—the water is run off—the residuum further exposed to the solar heat, until the remaining water has evaporated to suit it for forming into the required vessels.—This is performed on wheels of horizontal and vertical movements—handles and spouts, &c. are subsequently affixed—the vessels are perfectly dried, and placed in cylindrical pots, these are placed in columns in an oven or kiln, and exposed to a heat of 80 degrees of Wedgwood's Pyrometer. When the kiln is cold the ware withdrawn, and each piece separately immersed in the intended glaze. This is prepared principally of oxide of lead and powdered flint—and all colours are imparted to it by the addition of metallic oxides—of zinc for straw yellow, of cobalt for blue, of iron for red, of chromate for green (this is prepared from the Baltimore chromate of iron) the component parts of the glaze are diffused in a sufficiency of water to render the whole of the consistency of cream—the ware in being dipped therein absorbs a portion, leaving the solid parts on its surface.

A second firing in another kiln under a heat of about 10 degrees Wedgwood, causes the glaze to pass into a state of perfect vitrification. The ornamental painting is performed with variously coloured glasses, ground to an impalpable powder and mixed with essential oils—these are melted on the ware in an enamel kiln, by a heat at which the glaze softens.

Thus is the hitherto opinion that we must remain dependant on Europeans for white crockery, because of the supposed deficiency of suitable materials and talent to imitate theirs, proved erroneous, by the present application of native materials wrought by the enterprize and industry of a native citizen.—*U. S. Gaz.*

It was the cardinal Polignac, who upon being asked by the Duchess of Maine how she differed from a watch, replied, thus happily—madam, a watch tells us how time passes, but with you we forget to count the hours.

Departed this life, the 13th June, 1817, at Edgeworth's town, in Ireland, aged 74, *Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, Esq. author of many interesting works: well known in every part of the civilized world, as a philanthropist and practical philosopher; and father of Miss Edgeworth, whose genius has augmented the literary reputation of the age. His gentleness, affection, and fear of giving trouble, continued till the last moment of his existence; and he was perfectly master of his mind till it quitted his body forever. He died as easily and as happily as possible; his understanding being clear and bright, and his affection strong to the last. The day before he died, he said, "I leave this world with the soft sentiment of gratitude to my friends, and of submission to the God who made me." He was formerly a member of the Irish Parliament, and distinguished himself by his warm attachment to the interests of Ireland, and by his opposition to the systematic corruptions and flagrant abuses of the administration of its government. His labours in perfecting several mechanical inventions, in reducing to a science the construction of roads and wheel-carriages, and in spreading improvement, agricultural and social, through his neighbourhood, were incessant and crowned with success. He was also the author of many valuable papers in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and other Dublin societies; and of many interesting papers spread through the series of the Monthly Magazine, from its earliest even to its last number; and he published at different times the following works:

—*Rational Primer, Harry and Lucy, part I: Explanations of Poetry; Essays on Practical Education; Essays*

on Bulls, (by Mr. and Miss Edge-worth:) Letter to Lord Charlemont on the Telegraph; Speeches in Parliament; and an Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages. He was four times married, once to Miss Ellers, the mother of Miss Edgeworth: secondly to Honoria Sneyd;* thirdly, to her sister, Elizabeth Sneyd; and fourthly, to Miss Beaufort, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beaufort, who survives him. He has left children by each of these ladies; and, as no man could be more devoted to his family, or more beloved by them, so the state of affliction in which his death has left them, can only be conceived by those who were intimately acquainted with this domestic happiness which resulted from his amiable character.—*M.Mag.*

Trial of a deaf and dumb woman.—A singular event has occurred before a Judicial court in Scotland; in the indictment of one Jean Bruce, a deaf and dumb woman, for the murder of her child, by throwing it over the bridge of Glasgow. Her counsel objected to her being put on trial, as she could not plead; and as he was totally unable to get any information from her to conduct her defence; and as, having received no education, she was as incapable, as a child of six months old, of distinguishing between right and wrong. Many witnesses were examined; by whom it was testified on one side that she was a woman of strong powers of mind; that she possessed the power of consciousness to a certain degree; appeared to have a strong natural affection for her (three) children; persisted by signs, that the child accidentally fell from the parapet of the bridge, while she was attending to another child, and manifested the most indignant feelings when charged with having willfully killed it, and seemed sensible that punishments would follow the commission of a crime.

* This was the lady to whom the unfortunate major Andre was attached.

On the other hand, it was the opinion of witnesses, (including teachers in the deaf and dumb institution,) that she was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong; that she was not conscious of having done any thing wrong in regard to the child, and altogether unable to plead guilty or not guilty. The court were unanimously of opinion that this novel and important question, of which no precedent appeared in the records of the country, deserved grave consideration, and every information the counsel on each side could procure and furnish.

Building stone in Florida.—The Geological base of the whole peninsula of Florida, and of the contiguous islands, is, what is commonly called, *free stone*, though it is rather an indurated *marble*, such as is found at Portland and Bath, England, and in the quarry of which the capitol at Washington is built, from the quarries on the Potomac.

At from eight to ten feet below the surface this stone is to be found in the peninsula of Florida; the surface, or upper *stratum*, is a vegetable mould, occasionally mixed with a delicate granite sand, and this is rarely more than two feet deep; at that depth, there is a stratum of fine granite sand, white and red, intermixed with a ferruginous earth, or clay, but in small quantity; this sand rarely exceeds three feet thick, and very much resembles the same kind of sand found about six or eight feet under Philadelphia. Below this second stratum of sand, is a fine stratum of whitish clay or marle, which is usually found of from two to three feet thick, and is an admirable article to mix wherever sand protrudes above the vegetable mould stratum.

Immediately below the marle, is a deep stratum of *whitish stone*, which appears to be a composition of petrified or decomposed marine shells; this has been found as far as penetrated, which has been about 18 to 20 feet deep.

This stone may be cut out of the quarry with a carpenter's hand saw, as soon as the upper layer is removed, as it is very soft, like cheese, in the quarry: but when some time exposed in the air, becomes so hard as to turn the edge of a tempered chissel. It can be carried from the quarry to the vessels with very little difficulty, being close upon the shore. It would be well worth while to procure that stone for all our light-houses.

Law Case.—An action for breach of promise of marriage, wherein Rachel Patton was plaintiff, and John L. Martin, a man of wealth, defendant, was lately tried at Winchester (Ken.) in which were disclosed circumstances that excited an uncommon interest in the public mind, in behalf of the plaintiff. The promise was proved, and that after reducing her to shame and desolation he not only abandoned her, but to complete the infamy of his conduct, attempted to blast her character. A Mr. Bledsoe was her counsel and concluded her case by quoting the appropriate lines from the *Vicar of Wakefield*:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye;
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die."

The jury left their box but a few minutes before they returned with a verdict for the plaintiff of *three thousand dollars damages*.

Dr. Morley, one of lord Clarendon's early friends, was, as the noble historian informs us, 'of the highest facetiousness: for being' says he, 'once asked by a grave country gentleman (who was desirous to be instructed what their tenets and opinions were) what the Armenians held:' he pleasantly answered that, 'they held all the best bishopricks and Deaneries in England.'



Digitized by Google

On the other hand, it was the opinion of witnesses, (including teachers in the deaf and dumb institution,) that she was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong; that she was not conscious of having done any thing wrong in regard to the child, and altogether unable to plead guilty or not guilty. The court were unanimously of opinion that this novel and important question, of which no precedent appeared in the records of the country, deserved grave consideration, and every information the counsel on each side could procure and furnish.

Building stone in Florida.—The Geological base of the whole peninsula of Florida, and of the contiguous islands, is, what is commonly called, *free stone*, though it is rather an indurated *marle*, such as is found at Portland and Bath, England, and in the quarry of which the capitol at Washington is built, from the quarries on the Potomac.

At from eight to ten feet below the surface this stone is to be found in the peninsula of Florida; the surface, or upper *stratum*, is a vegetable mould, occasionally mixed with a delicate granite sand, and this is rarely more than two feet deep; at that depth, there is a stratum of fine granite sand, white and red, intermixed with a feruginous earth, or clay, but in small quantity; this sand rarely exceeds three feet thick, and very much resembles the same kind of sand found about six or eight feet under Philadelphia. Below this second stratum of sand, is a fine stratum of whitish clay or marle, which is usually found of from two to three feet thick, and is an admirable article to mix wherever sand protrudes above the vegetable mould stratum.

Immediately below the marle, is a deep stratum of *whitish stone*, which appears to be a composition of petrified or decomposed marine shells; this has been found as far as penetrated, which has been about 18 to 20 feet deep.

This stone may be cut out of the quarry with a carpenter's hand saw, as soon as the upper layer is removed, as it is very soft, like cheese, in the quarry: but when some time exposed in the air, becomes so hard as to turn the edge of a tempered chissel. It can be carried from the quarry to the vessels with very little difficulty, being close upon the shore. It would be well worth while to procure that stone for all our light-houses.

Law Case.—An action for breach of promise of marriage, wherein Rachel Patton was plaintiff, and John L. Martin, a man of wealth, defendant, was lately tried at Winchester (Ken.) in which were disclosed circumstances that excited an uncommon interest in the public mind, in behalf of the plaintiff. The promise was proved, and that after reducing her to shame and desolation he not only abandoned her, but to complete the infamy of his conduct, attempted to blast her character. A Mr. Bledsoe was her counsel and concluded her case by quoting the appropriate lines from the *Vicar of Wakefield*:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye;
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die."

The jury left their box but a few minutes before they returned with a verdict for the plaintiff of *three thousand dollars damages*.

Dr. Morley, one of lord Clarendon's early friends, was, as the noble historian informs us, 'of the highest facetiousness: for being' says he, 'once asked by a grave country gentleman (who was desirous to be instructed what their tenets and opinions were) what the Armenians held:' he pleasantly answered that, 'they held all the best bishopricks and Deaneries in England.'

TY
EL

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

MARCH, 1818.

Embellished with a Plan of the Battle of Bunker's Hill; engraved by Fairman.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence	
Account of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, by Maj. General Dearborn,	169
On the Three Unities, by Professor Schlegel,	184
New Readings of Shakspeare, Agrarius Denterville; or the Victim of Discontent,	190
Letter from the Earl of Buchan to Arthur Lee, Esq.	192
John Wilkes to the same,	202
SAMUEL SAUNTER; Queries from a Young Lady,	203
Site of the Tomb of Samuel Dexter, Esq.	204
Memoirs of M. Neckar, by Madame de Staël,	205
REVIEW of Birkbeck's Journey in America,	208
The ADVERSARIA; the downfall of May-day—Love described—Utility of the press—The <i>natale solum</i> —Tarring and feathering—Antimony, why so called,	215, 219
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE— <i>Boudinot's</i> Star in the West— <i>Vœux's</i> Life of Benezet—Dictionary of Quotations—Schmucker on the Prophecies—Baltimore Editor of Goldsmith's Rome—Lord Byron's Lament of Tasso, and Childe Harold— <i>Bristed's</i> Resources of the United States—	
States— <i>Rees's Cyclopedia</i> — <i>Bowditch's Laplace</i> —Dearborn's Commerce of the Black Sea—The Art of Preserving Places—Greek Literature— <i>Beaufort</i> on the Coast of Asia Minor—Payne's new Play	220, 227
On the Native Tribes of North America, by J. Dunne, Esq.	ib.
Anecdotes,	238
POETRY—Hymn to peace—the Blue Devils—To C———To Ellen—On the Death of Lieut. Col. Wood—Sonnet by a Lover—Acrostic,	241
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS—Triumph of the Pully—Harbour on Lake Erie—Moveable Land—Crowninshield's Cleopatra—Indian Verdict—Northern Boundaries—Steam Boats in England—Effects of Lightning—Chintz, how washed—Cobbett's Paper—Gunpowder—Salt, extracted from sea water—Walter Scott and Rob Roy—Paper Manufactory improved—American Marble—Trade of Salem—Soil of the United States—Morticing—Copper—Major Butler's Sugar Plantations in Georgia—Jesuits,	243, 248
PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS—See Appendix.	

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,
AND IN LONDON,
BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

Digitized by Google

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber could scarcely have expected that his letter would be inserted in a journal which aspires to be read in polite circles. When will men learn the difference between decent remonstrance and vulgar abuse! In so serious a business as that of scrutinizing the merits of any book, we act under a full sense of the responsibility which we owe to a higher tribunal than those of human authority. For the author alluded to by the "Subscriber," we entertain sentiments of personal regard; his intellectual qualities have been extolled more than once in these pages; and, in the present instance, we have always contemplated his hero as one of the brightest stars that paint the galaxy of American glory. We have heard from other sources, which are entitled to our respectful consideration, that our strictures were not received with great complacency in a particular quarter. We were aware of the influence of local feelings, but we knew that we addressed men of manly minds; and the voice of duty prevailed against the suggestions of policy and the whispers of affection. Those readers who pay us the compliment of being angry because we do not entertain the same opinions that they hold, are respectfully reminded, that the loudness of acclamation is not an infallible criterion of soundness in the decision; and a small class of indignant subscribers, who talk of "withdrawing their patronage," may, perhaps, be better satisfied with themselves, hereafter, if they should adopt the language of the person who is most concerned in this matter. It is understood that this gentleman did us the justice of declaring in conversation, that he had not seen our remarks, but whatever they might be, he was certain that the Editor had honestly discharged his duty. It must be obvious that every attempt to subjugate the minds of those who conduct the press, in questions of taste, must have a pernicious effect upon our literature. Instead of weighing the merits of a performance in the closet, where he is surrounded by the illustrious of all ages, who seem to scrutinize his examination of those who are candidates for an admission to their society, it will become the policy of an Editor to reflect the opinions of his readers. Instead of fashioning the public taste, he must follow it; and it will not be disputed that he who pretends to please every body can seldom have sincerity for his guide. Such concessions from the conductor of a public journal, would soon be found, by its readers, who have an interest in the dignity of the work which they patronize, to be dearly purchased. "Let us say with plainness,"—to adapt to the present purpose, the language of a politician, who had profoundly studied human nature,—"that if by a fair, by an indulgent, by a gentlemanly behaviour to our *Editors*, we do not give confidence to their minds, and a liberal scope to their understandings; if we do not permit them to act upon a very enlarged view of things, we shall at length infallibly degrade our national *literature* into a confused and scuffling bustle for subscribers." In the school of this sagacious master we have imbibed our notions and rules of conduct; we have learned from him that ignorance is impotence; that narrowness of mind is impotence; that timidity itself is impotence, and makes all other qualities that go along with it, impotent and useless. The Port Folio was not intended, by its lamented founder, to be so contemptible a cypher; and we shall strive to preserve its reputation as an independent literary journal. Every man is bound to pay some degree of deference to the feelings and even the prejudices of others; but this disposition must not be carried so far as to quench the fervency of spirit which labours to secure the predominance of sound principles.

We are obliged to *Nathaniel Frye, Esq.*, for a Journal of the Siege of Fort William Henry, and the surrender of it to the French arms under the marquis de Montcalm, in 1757. As a fragment of history it deserves to be preserved, and we shall therefore insert it.

Vindex is very severe upon one of the Professors in the University. We must decline his paper, for reasons not necessary to be mentioned in this place. We have allowed them, however, to produce this determination with the more willingness, because there are two journals in this city, in which the review could appear with more propriety, than in a miscellany devoted chiefly to the belles-lettres.

THE PORTFOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1818.

No. III.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE PORTFOLIO, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EDITOR.

By H. DEARBORN, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Illustrated by a Map drawn by Henry de Bernier, tenth Royal British Infantry, and corrected by Gen. Dearborn.

[To this action, so memorable in the annals of our country, the attention of the editor was attracted by the following article, which appeared not long since in a village journal:—*

"I stepped into the house of a friend the other evening, and he told me that in rummaging over some old drawers, he found a curiosity. It was indeed very interesting and curious, to me at least; I dare say it would be so to you, reader. The thing referred to was a view or plan of the battle of Bunker's Hill, taken by a British officer at the time, who was in the engagement. The execution was in a style of uncommon neatness: and as far as it was possible for me to judge, extremely and minutely accurate. The references were numerous and particular. The place of landing of the British was laid down—each regiment numbered—the artillery and light infantry particularly designated—the precise line of march pointed out—the situation of the American posts of defence: even to a barn, and particular force that attacked the barn laid down, the place of the greatest carnage

* "The Gleaner," published at Wilkesbarre, by Charles Miner, Esq.

or loss of the British—the vessels that were moored to annoy our people—the battery that played upon our fortifications—the line of retreat, and the situation of the craft stationed to cut off our troops; the situation of the commanding officer of the British; and indeed every thing that could tend to give a full and clear idea of the situation and movements of the parties. On looking over this map, deep and strong emotions were excited—pride, at the glorious defence made by our undisciplined American yeomanry against the best regular forces of the old world—patriotism, by considering the spirit and devotion of our militia in defence of freedom and their country—pity for the suffering of the number who fell, and admiration of the dauntless spirit of the assailants and the assailed. At the same time it was impossible to repress the smile—half in anger and half in mirth—at the repetition of the word “REBELS,” which occurred so often in the delineation. It brought to our minds “the battle of kegs,” where the frequent use of the odious and contemptible expression is so handsomely ridiculed.

“ This probably is the only accurate plan of that memorable battle in existence. It ought certainly to be engraved, and the copies multiplied, together with a correct account of the engagement, and to be in the possession of every friend to the liberties of the country.”

The very interesting document, which is here so well described as to leave nothing to be added by us, was found, upon inquiry, in the possession of Jacob Cist, Esq. of Wilkesbarre, who readily put it into our hands, for the purpose suggested in the preceding extract. An engraving was accordingly prepared by Mr. Fairman; and as it was desirable that it should receive every advantage of which it is susceptible, a proof-sheet was submitted to general Dearborn. This gentleman has indicated a few errors, which, with his approbation, we have corrected (*in red*) without removing what appeared to him amiss; as it was deemed unnecessary to disturb the original. We are also indebted to him for the account of the battle which we are about to present to our readers. This memoir contains the most minute and particular view of these transactions that has yet appeared. Taken in conjunction with the Notes of general D. and the Map, which is copied from the original, in our possession, we are authorised by this officer to state, that it presents “ a clear and satisfactory” view of the subject. It is entitled to great respect, as the evidence of one who bore a part in that gallant struggle, and who has resided, from his earliest days, in the vicinity of the ground, where

The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight—

The servid pen of one of our most popular writers has recently described
The backward mutters of dissevering power

which HENRY, in these portentous times, was pouring from the South: in the battle of Bunker Hill we shall find the torch of civil liberty scattering its lights through the regions of the North.]

On the sixteenth of June, 1775, it was determined that a fortified post should be established at or near Bunker's Hill.

A detachment of the army was ordered to advance early in the evening of that day, and commence the erection of a strong work on the heights in the rear of Charlestown, at that time called Breed's Hill, but from its proximity to Bunker Hill, the battle has taken its name from the latter eminence, which overlooks it.

The work was commenced and carried on under the direction of such engineers as we were able to procure, at that time. It was a square redoubt, the curtains of which were about sixty or seventy feet in extent, with an entrenchment, or breast work, extending fifty or sixty feet from the northern angle, towards Mystic river.

In the course of the night the ramparts had been raised to the height of six or seven feet, with a small ditch at their base, but it was yet in a rude and very imperfect state. Being in full view from the northern heights of Boston, it was discovered by the enemy, as soon as day-light appeared, and a determination was immediately formed by general *Gage*, for dislodging our troops from this new and alarming position. Arrangements were promptly made for effecting this important object. The movements of the British troops, indicating an attack, were soon discovered; in consequence of which, orders were immediately issued for the march of a considerable part of our army to reinforce the detachment at the redoubts on Breed's Hill; but such was the imperfect state of discipline, the want of knowledge in military science, and the deficiency of the materials of war, that the movement of the troops was extremely irregular and devoid of every thing like concert—each regiment advancing according to the opinions, feelings, or caprice, of its commander.

Colonel *Stark*'s* regiment was quartered in Medford, distant about four miles from the point of anticipated attack. It then con-

* This distinguished veteran is still alive, in the ninety-first year of his age, and resides in the state of New Hampshire.

He is one of the *only three* surviving general officers of the revolution-

sisted of thirteen companies, and was probably the largest regiment in the army. About ten o'clock in the morning he received orders to march. The regiment being destitute of ammunition, it was formed in front of a house occupied as an arsenal, where each man received a *gill-cup* full of powder, fifteen balls, and one flint.

The several captains were then ordered to march their companies to their respective quarters, and make up their powder and ball into cartridges, with the greatest possible despatch. As there were scarcely two muskets in a company of equal caliber, it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them; and as but a small proportion of the men had cartridge boxes, the remainder made use of powder horns and ball pouches.

After completing the necessary preparations for action, the regiment formed, and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown Neck, we found two regiments halted, in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round, bar, and chain shot, from the Lively frigate, and floating batteries anchored in Charles river, and a floating battery laying in the river Mystic. Major *McClary* went forward, and observed to the commanders, if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass: the latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of col. Stark, who, moving with a very deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me, and observed with great composure, "*Dearborn—one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones,*" and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner. When we reached the top of Bunker's Hill, where general *Putnam* had taken his station, the regiment halted for a few moments for the rear to come up.

Soon after, the enemy were discovered to have landed on the shore of Morton's point, in front of Breed's Hill, under cover of a tremendous fire of shot and shells from a battery on Copp's Hill, in Boston, which had opened on the redoubt at day-break.

ary war. The other two are major general *St. Clair*, who lives in the interior of Pennsylvania, and brigadier general *Huntington*, of Connecticut.

Major general *Howe*, and brigadier general *Pigot*, were the commanders of the British forces which first landed, consisting of four battalions of infantry, ten companies of grenadiers, and ten of light infantry, with a train of field artillery. They formed as they disembarked, but remained in that position, until they were reinforced by another detachment.

At this moment the veteran and gallant colonel *Stark* harangued his regiment in a short but animated address; then directed them to give three cheers, and make a rapid movement to the rail fence which ran from the left, and about forty yards in the rear of the redoubt towards Mystic river. Part of the grass having been recently cut, lay in winnows and cocks on the field. Another fence was taken up—the rails run through the one in front, and the hay, mown in the vicinity, suspended upon them, from the bottom to the top, which had the appearance of a breast work, but was, in fact, no real cover to the men; it however served as a deception on the enemy. This was done by the direction of the “*committee of safety*,” of which Wm. *Wightrop*, esq., who then, and now lives in Cambridge, was one, as he has within a few years informed me.

At the moment our regiment was formed in the rear of the rail fence, with one other small regiment from New Hampshire, under the command of colonel *Reid*, the fire commenced between the left wing of the British army, commanded by general *Howe*, and the troops in the redoubt under colonel *Prescott*, while a column of the enemy was advancing on our left, on the shore of Mystic river, with an evident intention of turning our left wing, and that veteran and most excellent regiment of Welsh fusileers, so distinguished for its gallant conduct in the battle of Minden, advanced in column directly on the rail fence; when within eighty or an hundred yards, displayed into line, with the precision and firmness of troops on parade, and opened a brisk but regular fire by platoons, which was returned by a well directed, rapid, and fatal discharge from our whole line.

The action soon became general, and very heavy from right to left. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy gave way at all points, and retreated in great disorder; leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The firing ceased for a short time, until the enemy again formed, advanced and recommenced a spirited fire from his whole line. Several attempts were again made to turn our left, but the troops having thrown up a slight stone wall on the bank of the river and laying down behind it, gave such a deadly fire, as cut down almost every man of the party opposed to them; while the fire from the redoubt and the *rail fence* was so well directed and so fatal, especially to the British officers, that the whole army was compelled a second time to retreat with precipitation and great confusion. At this time the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only a few small detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant ineffectual scattering fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston which advanced on the southern declivity of the hill, in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived opposite that angle of the redoubt which faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right and advanced directly upon the redoubt without firing a gun. By this time our ammunition was exhausted. A few men only had a charge left.

The advancing column made an attempt to carry the redoubt by assault, but at the first onset every man that mounted the parapet was cut down, by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side, not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge.

The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again; when a forward movement was made with such spirit and intrepidity as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing, and they fled through an open space, in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gateway. At this moment the rear of the British column advanced round the angle of the redoubt and threw in a galling flank fire upon our troops, as they rushed from it, which killed and wounded a greater number than had fallen before during the action. The whole of our line immediately after gave away and retreated with rapidity and disorder towards Bunker Hill; carrying off as many of the wounded as possible, so that only thirty six or seven fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom were *Lt. Col. Parker* and two or three other officers who fell in or near the redoubt.

When the troops arrived at the summit of Bunker Hill, we found *Gen. Putnam* with nearly as many men as had been engaged

in the battle; notwithstanding which no measures had been taken, for reinforcing us, nor was there a shot fired to cover our retreat, or any movement made to check the advance of the enemy to this height, but on the contrary, Gen. Putnam rode off, with a number of *spades and pick-axes in his hands* and the troops that had remained with him *inactive*, during the whole of the action, although within a few hundred yards of the battle ground and no obstacle to impede their movement but *musket balls*.

The whole of the troops now descended the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill and recrossed the neck. Those of the New Hampshire line retired towards Winter Hill, and the others on to Prospect Hill.

Some slight works were thrown up in the course of the evening,—strong advance pickets were posted on the roads leading to Charlestown, and the troops anticipating an attack, rested on their arms.

It is a most extraordinary fact that the British did not make a single charge during the battle, which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In my company there was not one.

Soon after the commencement of the action a detachment from the British force in Boston was landed in Charlestown, and within a few moments the whole town appeared in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose to a great height, and there being a gentle breeze from the south west, it hung like a thunder cloud over the contending armies.—A very few houses escaped the dreadful conflagration of this devoted town.

From similar mistakes, the fixed ammunition furnished for the field-pieces was calculated for guns of a larger caliber, which prevented the use of field artillery on both sides. There was no cavalry in either army. From the ships of war and the large battery on Copp's Hill a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt, from the commencement to the close of the action, and during the retreat; but with very little effect; except that of killing the brave Major Andrew McClary of Col. Stark's regiment soon after we retired from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army. Possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery,—enterprising, ardent and zealous, both as a patriot and

soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty.

After leaving the field of battle I met him and drank some spirit and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for Independence, from the glorious display of valor, which had distinguished his countrymen on that ever memorable day.

He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill appeared in motion and said he would go and reconnoitre them, to see whether they were coming out over the neck, at the same time directing me to march my company down the road towards Charlestown. We were then at Tuft's house near *Ploughed Hill*. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted while he proceeded to the old pound, which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern-house not far from the entrance to the neck. After he had satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave their strong posts on the heights, he was returning towards me, and when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood, with my company, a random cannon-shot, from one of the frigates laying near where the centre of Craige's bridge now is, passed directly through his body and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man.

He leaped two or three feet from the ground, pitched forward, and fell dead upon his face.—I had him carried to Medford, where he was interred, with all the respect and honours we could exhibit to the manes of a great and good man. He was my bosom friend; we had grown up together on terms of the greatest intimacy and I loved him as a brother.

My position in the battle, more the result of accident, than any regularity of formation, was on the right of the line, at the rail fence, which afforded me a fair view of the whole scene of action.

Our men were intent on cutting down every officer whom they could distinguish in the British line. When any of them discovered one he would instantly exclaim "there," "see that officer," "let us have a shot at him," when two or three would fire at the same moment; and as our soldiers were excellent marksmen and

rested their muskets over the fence, they were sure of their object. An officer was discovered to mount near the position of Gen. Howe, on the left of the British line and ride towards our left; which a column was endeavouring to turn. This was the only officer on horse-back during the day, and as he approached the rail fence, I heard a number of our men observe, "there," "there,"—"see that officer on horseback,"—"let us fire," "no, not yet,"—"wait until he gets to that little knoll,"—"now"—when they fired and he instantly fell dead, from his horse. It proved to be Major Pitcairn,—a distinguished officer.—The fire of the enemy was so badly directed, I should presume that forty-nine balls out of fifty passed from one to six feet over our heads, for I noticed an apple tree, some paces in the rear, which had scarcely a ball in it, from the ground as high as a man's head, while the trunk and branches above were literally cut to pieces.

I commanded a full company in action and had only one man killed and five wounded, which was a full average of the loss we sustained, excepting those who fell while sallying from the redoubt, when it was stormed by the British column.

Our total loss in killed was eighty-eight, and as well as I can recollect upwards of two hundred wounded. Our platoon officers carried fuses.

In the course of the action, after firing away what ammunition I had, I walked on to the higher ground to the right, in rear of the redoubt with an expectation of procuring from some of the dead or wounded men who lay there, a supply. While in that situation I saw at some distance a dead man lying near a small locust tree. As he appeared to be much better dressed than our men generally were, I asked a man who was passing me, if he knew who it was. He replied "*it is Doctor Warren.*"

I did not personally know Doctor Warren, but was well acquainted with his public character. He had been recently appointed a General in our service, but had not taken any command. He was President of the Provincial Congress then sitting in Watertown, and having heard that there would probably be an action, had come to share in whatever might happen, in the character of a volunteer and was unfortunately killed early in the action. His death was a severe misfortune to his friends and country. Posterity

will appreciate his worth and do honour to his memory. He is immortalized as a patriot, who gloriously fell in the defence of freedom.

The number of our troops in action as near as I was able to ascertain did not exceed fifteen hundred. The force of the British, at the commencement of the action, was estimated at about the same number, but they were frequently reinforced.

Had our ammunition held out, or had we been supplied with only fifteen or twenty rounds, I have no doubt but that we should have killed and wounded the greatest part of their army, and compelled the remainder to have laid down their arms; for it was with the greatest difficulty that they were brought up the last time. Our fire was so deadly, particularly to the officers, that it would have been impossible to have resisted it, but for a short time longer.

I did not see a man quit his post during the action, and do not believe a single soldier, who was brought into field fled, until the whole army was obliged to retreat, for want of powder and ball.

The total loss of the British was about twelve hundred; upwards of five hundred killed and between six and seven hundred wounded. The Welch fusileers suffered most severely; they came into action five hundred strong, and all were killed or wounded but eighty-three.

I will mention an extraordinary circumstance to show how far the temporary reputation of a man may affect the minds of all classes of society.

General Putnam had entered our army at the commencement of the revolutionary war, with such an universal popularity as can scarcely now be conceived, even by those who then felt the whole force of it, and no one can at this time offer any satisfactory reasons why he was held in such high estimation.

In the battle of Bunker Hill he took post on the declivity towards Charlestown Neck, where I saw him on horseback as we passed on to Breed's Hill, with Col. Gerrish by his side. I heard the gallant Col. Prescott (who commanded in the redoubt) observe, after the war, at the table of his Excellency James Bowdoin, then Governor of this Commonwealth, "that he sent three messengers during the battle to Gen. Putnam, requesting him to come forward and

take the command, there being no general officer present, and the relative rank of the Colonel not having been settled; but that he received no answer, and his whole conduct was such, both during the action and the retreat, that he ought to have been shot." He remained at or near the top of Bunker Hill until the retreat, with colonel *Gerrish* by his side: I saw them together when we retreated. He not only continued at that distance himself during the whole of the action, but had a force with him nearly as large as that engaged. No reinforcement of men or ammunition was sent to our assistance; and, instead of attempting to cover the retreat of those who had expended their last shot in the face of the enemy, he retreated in company with colonel *Gerrish*, and his whole force, without discharging a single musket; but what is still more astonishing, colonel *Gerrish* was arrested for cowardice, tried, cashiered, and universally execrated; while not a word was said against the conduct of general *Putnam*, whose extraordinary popularity alone saved him, not only from trial, but even from censure. Colonel *Gerrish* commanded a regiment, and should have been at its head. His regiment was not in action, although ordered; but as he was in the suite of the general, and appeared to be in the situation of adjutant general, why was he not directed by *Putnam* to join it, or the regiment sent into action under the senior officer present with it?

When general *Putnam's* ephemeral and unaccountable popularity subsided or faded away, and the minds of the people were released from the shackles of a delusive trance, the circumstances relating to Bunker Hill were viewed and talked of in a *very different light*; and the selection of the unfortunate colonel *Gerrish* as a *scape-goat*, considered as a *mysterious and inexplicable event*.

I have no private feelings to gratify by making this statement in relation to general *Putnam*, as I never had any intercourse with him, and was only in the army where he was present, for a few months; but, at this late period, I conceive it a duty to give a fair and impartial account of one of the most important battles during the war of independence, and all the circumstances connected with it, so far as I had the means of being correctly informed.

It is a duty I owe to posterity, and the character of those brave officers who bore a share in the hardships of the revolution.

Nothing like discipline had entered our army at that time. General *Ward*, then commander in chief, remained at his quarters in Cambridge, and apparently took no interest or part in the transactions of the day.

No general officer, except *Putnam*, appeared in sight, nor did any officer assume the command, undertake to form the troops, or give any orders, in the course of the action, that I heard, except colonel *Stark*, who directed his regiment to reserve their fire on the retreat of the enemy, until they advanced again.

Every platoon officer was engaged in discharging his own musket, and left his men to fire as they pleased, but never without a sure aim at some particular object, which was more destructive than any mode which could have been adopted with troops who were not inured to discipline, and never had been in battle, but who still were familiar with the use of arms, from boyhood, and each having his peculiar manner of loading and firing, which had been practised upon for years, with the same gun, any attempt to control them by uniformity and system, would have rendered their fires infinitely less fatal to the enemy. Not an officer or soldier of the continental troops *engaged* was in uniform, but were in the plain and ordinary dress of citizens; nor was there an officer on horseback.

(Signed)

H. DEARBORN.

Remarks on M. de Bernier's Plan of the battle.

The road should run as marked with red.

The redoubt should front Copp's Hill, as marked with red. The breast-work which run from the redoubt, was not as long as laid down, in that direction, but as marked with red.

Note 1.* The first position, before any attack, after moving from Morton's Point, and the reinforcements joined, was as marked red, F. P.

Note 2. The second position was as marked with red, the right having been thrown forward, and the left back. General Howe was near where the words "General Pigot" are marked, during the whole action, and never was in front of the "rail fence." The line marked red on the left of the "Grenad." was the regiment of *Welsh Fusiliers*, which was reduced from 500 to 80, during the action, and nearly all the light infantry which

* See the margin of the Map.

attempted to turn the left of the line at the rail fence, were killed or wounded.

Note 3. The troops which had been engaged in front of the "redoubt," "rail fence," and on the beach of Mystic river, had been repulsed a number of times, and were so broken and cut up, that they did not assist in the assault on the "redoubt," which was stormed by a column that came out of Charlestown, or from that direction, and entered on the side as marked red, when the Americans retreated out through a gateway in the rear, towards Bunker Hill, as marked with red, and received the fire of the rear of the column, which wheeled up as marked with red, and threw in a heavy flank fire. Here most of the Americans were killed or wounded that fell during the action.

The troops under generals Howe and Pigot did not get formed, and again advance, until the redoubt was stormed, when the troops at the rail fence gave way; not in consequence of the force opposed to them, as none appeared but a few detached parties, but because their ammunition was expended.

Note 4. The *cannon* on Morton's Point are represented as firing. Not a shot was fired from those pieces. The fixed ammunition sent with them was for larger cannon, and therefore could not be used.

Note 5. The "breast work" was simply a "rail fence," with "hay" hung on it. There were no "pickets," or "stones," except on the beach, at the extreme left, where a slight stone wall was thrown up during the action. There were no "cannon" at the "rail fence," or in action any where.

Note 6. The ship K, instead of being in that position, was where a red ship is placed, which, with the floating battery, kept up a fire across the Neck, when the Americans went over it, and on their retreat.

Note 7. There was but one gondola, or floating battery, where two are placed—the other was in Mystic river, as marked with red.

Note 8. There were no "rebels" in action except those at the "rail fence" and in the "redoubt." There were no trees on the whole peninsula, except some half a dozen locusts, as many soversns, and a few apple trees. It appears by the plan that there were rows of trees on each side of the road, all over Bunker and Breed's Hills, and most of the peninsula;—they should be left out.

Note 9. There were no American troops at P, and the grenadiers were opposite the left of the "rail fence."

The red W is where general Warren was killed, early in the action, near a small locust tree, where I saw him laying just before the redoubt was stormed.

Breed's Hill, in the plan, is called "Bunker Hill." I have marked them both with red ink. The redoubt is on *Breed's Hill*.

THE UNITIES.

The red lines G P, over the breast work marked T, thrown up by the British after the retreat, are where the troops under general Putnam took post, and which did not go into action, but remained there during the whole time, and retreated with those who had been engaged.

+ This mark is where Pitcairn was killed as he was going from the left of the British line, as marked with red, with orders from general Howe for the light infantry, on the shore of Mystic river.

— — — R S. These red lines, in rear of the rail fence, mark the position of Stark's and Reid's regiments.

The troops in the redoubt were commanded by colonel Prescott.

Boston, 27th December, 1817.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE UNITIES.

ON THE THREE UNITIES—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLEGEL.

The far famed three unities which have given rise to a whole Eliad of critical wars are, the *unities of action, time and place*.

The validity of the first is universally allowed, but the difficulty is to agree about its signification; and here I may venture to observe that it is no easy matter to come to an understanding on the subject.

The unities of place and time are considered by some as merely a secondary concern, while others give the utmost importance to them and affirm that without them there can be no salvation for the dramatic poet. In France this zeal is not confined to the learned world, but seems to be a common concern of the nation. Every Frenchman who has sucked in Boileau with his mother's milk, considers himself as much a natural born champion of the dramatic unities as the kings of England since the time of Henry VIII. are hereditary *Defenders of the faith*.

It is amusing enough to see the name of Aristotle borrowed to sanction these three unities, while the only one of which he speaks with any degree of fulness is the first, the unity of action. With respect to the unity of time he merely throws out an indefinite hint, and as to the unity of place he does not even say a single syllable on the subject.

I am not therefore in a polemical relation with Aristotle, for I do not in any wise dispute the unity of action when properly under-

stood. I only consider a greater latitude with respect to place, and time as defensible in many species of the drama; nay as even essential to them. But I must first say a few words respecting the poetics of Aristotle, which, though consisting but of a few pages, have given rise to many voluminous commentaries, that we may place ourselves in the proper point of view.

It is well known that this treatise is a mere fragment, and that many important subjects are in no degree touched upon in it. Several learned men have even been of opinion that it is not a fragment of the true original, but of an extract which some person made for his own improvement. All philological critics are however unanimous in the opinion, that the text is very much falsified and corrupted, and they have endeavoured to restore it by their conjectural emendations. Its great obscurity is either expressly lamented by the commentators or confirmed by the fact, that they all reject the interpretations of their predecessors, while they cannot make their own palatable to those who follow them.

It is very different with the rhetoric of Aristotle. This last work is undoubtedly genuine, perfect, and easily understood. How does he consider the oratorical art in it? As the sister of logic which must produce persuasion by a method somewhat similar to that employed in operating conviction by logical deductions. This is nearly the same thing as if we were to consider architecture merely as the art of building with solidity and convenience. These are certainly the first requisites, but a great deal more is still necessary before we can consider it as one of the fine arts. We expect that architecture should unite these essential objects of an edifice, with beauty of plan and harmony of proportion, and that the whole should produce a corresponding impression. When we see that Aristotle included only in oratory what is addressed to the understanding and what is subservient to an external aim, without making any allowance for imagination or feeling, are we to be astonished that he was still less thoroughly acquainted with the secret of poetry; that art which is absolved from every aim but the unconditional one of creating the beautiful by means of free invention, and clothing it in suitable language?—I have already had the hardihood to maintain this heresy, and hitherto I have seen no reason for retracting my opinion. Lessing thought otherwise.

But what of Lessing, with his acute and dissecting criticism, split exactly on the same rock? This species of criticism is completely victorious, when it exposes what cannot be admitted by the understanding in works which the understanding has alone produced; but it will hardly be sufficient to rise to the idea of a creation of art conceived in the true spirit of genius.

The philosophical theory of all the fine arts was in general but little cultivated among the ancients as a separate science; of technical works on each separate art in which the means of execution were alone considered, they had an ample sufficiency. Were I to select a guide from among the ancient philosophers, it should undoubtedly be Plato, who acquired the idea of the beautiful, not by dissection, which never can give it, but by contemplative inspiration, and in whose works the germs of a genuine philosophy of art are every where scattered.

Let us now hear what Aristotle says respecting the unity of action.

"We assume that tragedy is the imitation of a perfect and entire action which has a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole without any magnitude whatever. A whole is what has a beginning, middle, and end. The beginning is what is not necessarily after another thing, but that which from its nature has something after it, or arising out of it. The end, on the other hand, is what in its nature is after something else either necessarily or usually, but after which there is nothing. The middle, what is itself after another thing, and after which there is something. Hence poems which are properly composed ought neither to begin nor to end accidentally, but according to the principles above laid down." Strictly speaking, it is a contradiction to say that a whole which must have parts, can be without magnitude. But Aristotle immediately states in explanation, that he means by magnitude what is essential to beauty, a certain measure which is neither so small as not to allow us to distinguish its parts, nor so extensive as to prevent us from taking the whole in at one view. This is therefore merely an external definition of the beautiful, derived from experience, and founded on the quality of our organs of sense and our powers of comprehension. However, his application of it to the drama is singular enough.

"It must have an extension, but such as may easily be taken in by the memory. The determination of the length according to the wants of the representation, does not belong to the art. With respect to the essence of the thing, the composition will be the more beautiful the more it is extended without prejudice to its comprehensibility." This opinion would be highly favourable for the compositions of Shakspeare, and other romantic poets who have included a much more extensive circle of life, character, and events, in one picture, than is to be found in the simple Greek tragedy, if we could only show that they have given it the necessary unity, and such a magnitude as can be clearly taken in at the view, and this we can have no hesitation in affirming to have been actually done by them.

In another place, Aristotle requires the same unity of action from the epic poet, as from the dramatic; he repeats the above definitions, and says that the poet must not resemble the historian, who relates contemporary events, although they have had no influence on one another. Here we have still a more definite demand of connexion between the events represented as causes and effects, than that which was before stated in his explanation of the parts of a whole. He owns, however, that the epic poet may take in a much greater number of events, connected with one main action, as the narrative form enables him to describe several actions going on at the same time; on the other hand, the dramatic poet cannot represent many things at the same time, but merely what is going on upon the stage, and the part which the persons who appear there take in one action. But what if the dramatic poet should find means, from a different constitution of the scene, and a more perfect theatrical perspective, to develop, in a due manner, and without confusion, although in a more limited space, a fable not inferior in extent to the epic poem? Where would be the objection, if the only obstacle was the supposed impossibility?

This is nearly all which is contained in the Poetics of Aristotle on the subject of unity of action. A short investigation will serve to show how very much these anatomical ideas, which have been stamped as rules, are below the essential requisites of poetry.

Unity of action is expected. What is action? This is generally got rid of, as if it was altogether self-evident. In the higher proper signification, action is an activity dependent on the will.

man. Its unity will consist in the direction towards one sole aim; and to its completion belongs all that lies between the first determination, and the execution of the deed.

This idea of action is applicable to many of the tragedies of the ancients; for instance, the Murder of his Mother, by Orestes; the determination of Œdipus to discover and punish the murderer of Laius; it is not, however, applicable to all of them: still less is it applicable to the greater part of modern tragedies, at least if we seek the action in the principal characters. What happens through them, and proceeds from them, has frequently no more connexion with a voluntary determination, than the shipwreck of a vessel on a rock in a storm. But even in the sense of the ancients, we must include in the action the determination to bear the consequences of the deed with heroic resolution; and the execution of this determination will belong to its completion. The pious determination of Antigone to perform the last duties to her unburied brother, is soon executed without much difficulty; but its claims to become the object of a tragedy, rest in her suffering death for it, without repentance, and without showing any symptoms of weakness. And to take an example from another sphere—is not Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, with respect to action, constructed on the same principle? Brutus is the hero of the piece: the completion of his great determination does not consist in the mere assassination of Cæsar, (an action ambiguous in itself, and of which the motives might have been ambition and jealousy), but in this, that he proves himself the genuine champion of Roman liberty, by the ready indifference with which he sacrifices his amiable life for that object.

Farther, there could be no knot in the piece without opposition; and this generally arises out of the contradictory motives and views of the different persons. When we limit, therefore, the idea of an action to the determination and the deed, we shall then have, for the most part, two or three actions in one tragedy. Which of them is the principal action? Every person thinks his own the most important; for every man is his own central point. The determination of Creon to maintain his royal dignity, by punishing with death the person who interts Polynices, is equally fixed with the determination of Antigone; equally important, as we see at the

end, and not less dangerous, as it draws along with it the destruction of the whole house of Creon. It may be perhaps said, that the negative determination is merely to be considered as the completion of the affirmative. But what if each determines on something not exactly opposite, but altogether different? In the Andromache of Racine, Orestes wishes to prevail on Hermione to return his love; Hermione is resolved either to compel Pyrrhus to marry her, or to be revenged on him; Pyrrhus wishes to get rid of Hermione, and to be united to Andromache; Andromache is desirous of saving her son, and at the same time remaining true to the memory of her husband. Yet nobody ever refused to allow the unity of this piece, as the whole has a common connexion, and ends with one common catastrophe. But which of the actions of the four persons is the main action? In strength of passion, their endeavours are pretty nearly equal to one another; in all of them, the whole happiness of life is at stake. The action of Andromache has, however, the advantage of moral dignity; and Racine, therefore, was perfectly right in naming the piece after her.

We see here a new definition in the conception of action; namely, the reference to the idea of moral liberty, by which alone man is considered as the first author of his determination. For, considered within the province of experience, the determination, as beginning of the action, is not merely cause, but is again the effect of preceding motives. We have in this reference to a higher idea, sought the *unity* and *integrity* of tragedy in the sense of the ancients; namely, its absolute beginning is the proof of liberty, and its absolute end the acknowledgment of necessity. We consider ourselves justified in affirming, that Aristotle was altogether a stranger to this view: he never speaks of the idea of fate as essential to tragedy. We must not, in general, expect from him a strict idea of action, as determination and deed. He says somewhere: "The extent of a tragedy is always sufficiently great, if, by a series of probable or necessary consequences, a change from infelicity to felicity, or from felicity to infelicity, can be brought about." Hence it is evident that he understands by *action*, like the whole of the moderns, merely something that takes place.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW READINGS IN SHAKSPEARE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I SEND you a few new readings of Shakspeare, which I hope will find favour with all critical admirers of the illustrious bard. As more present themselves to my future researches, they shall be carefully treasured up for your Port Folio; my aim and ambition being to wipe away the dust from this great mirror of nature; to bring to light some of his hidden gems, buried under the rubbish of critics, commentators, and annotators; to disencumber him of the shreds and patches which have disguised him: in a word, to snuff this great luminary, and restore his brilliant lustre.

In act 3, scene 2, Hamlet says, "give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core," &c. He is here evidently consoling his friend Horatio for an unfortunate scarcity of cash; a disease of which the most galling symptom always exhibits itself in a shabby coat. For he says, just before, "Nay, do not think I flatter, for what advancement may I hope from thee, that no *revenue* hast but thy *good spirits* to clothe and feed thee." It would, therefore, accord much better with the kind intentions of Hamlet, to read it, "give me the man that is not *fashion's* slave," &c.

In Coriolanus, act 3, scene 1, this boasting line appears: "On fair ground, I could beat forty of them." Forty to one is fearful odds, and what no man in his senses would engage to succeed against. But as courage to attempt, often far exceeds power or even hope to perform, I would rectify what no doubt is an error of the press, and thus obtain this sensible and modest line: "On fair ground, I could *be at* forty of them."

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," from 2d Henry VI, act 3, scene 2, is a line much admired, and often quoted. The true reading is therefore important, and, in my opinion, it is thus: "Thrice is he *harmed* that hath his quarrel just." The opinion is quite exploded that a man is stronger against his enemy by merely being in the right, which is known to add neither to his strength nor stature; but that he is *harmed* in proportion as his quarrel is just, is plain to every capacity.

Othello, complaining of his wife's supposed infidelity, is made to say: "But, alas! to make me a fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slowly moving finger at." This is plainly an error of print. Corrected as we wish, it gives increased aggravation to the case which Othello's morbid imagination had conjured up to torture him. It should be: "But a *lass*, to make me a fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slowly moving finger at!"

Even the fair Juliet has not escaped mischief from printers and their devils. They deserve, however, some commendation for their attempt to give to her language a more poetical and courtly turn. In act 2, scene 2, Juliet says: "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet;" which I would amend by putting it: "That which we call a *nose*, by any other name would smell as sweet." My reasoning, though short, will, I think, be considered conclusive; viz. that a *rose* has none of that smelling faculty for which the *nose* is so distinguished.

My next emendation is in Troilus and Cressida, act 3, scene 3, where Achilles, trammelled in the meshes of love, wastes his time and vigour in inglorious supineness. His friends, Ulysses and Patroclus, endeavour to awaken his dormant valour, to put fire in his heart and brimstone in his liver, as sir Toby Belch says. During the friendly expostulation, Patroclus says:

"Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck, unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air."

This last line I look on as spurious; the addition of some conceited critic, vain enough to attempt improving Shakspeare! Dew-drop has been made by uniting the two words to give effect to the supererogation. With my corrections it would read as follows:

"Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck, unloose his amorous fold,
And like a *dew, drop* from the lion's mane."

Here the figure is complete, and the mind's eye may plainly see the mighty lion, with a rouse, preparing for a royal shake, while sly young Cupid, with innate antipathy to turbulence, slips quietly from his position, and drops from his subject "like a dew."

In King John, act 3, scene 3, the king, among other bounteous and munificent intentions, declared in a moment of exultation, says: "The fat ribs of peace, must by the hungry now be fed on." To call this butchery would be injustice to the term. A butcher would have set the displaced words to rights, and would have read it as I do: "The fat piece of ribs, must by the hungry now be fed on."

I shall here conclude, Mr. Oldschool, recommending my labours to your patronage, with the hope that they may tend to the edification and delight of all true Shaksparians.

Thine, Noll, as thou shalt deal with him,

DOGBERRY, JUNIOR.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE; OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 130.)

Laudet diversa sequentes. HORACE.

DENTERVILLE had scarcely been elected a member of parliament before he became resolutely determined to assume a very opposite character from that which had hitherto distinguished him. He was perfectly sensible that, without eloquence and abilities to introduce and support him, he should be considered but as a cypher in the house; and both his pride and ambition, two qualities which he inherited without diminution from his father, would never permit him to appear in a subordinate situation.

No sooner, therefore, was he settled in the capital, than he commenced his studies, with more assiduity than he had formerly exerted, and he was rewarded with greater success. He read with attention those numerous volumes which illustrate the history, the polity, and constitution of his country; nor did he forbear to explore, with a sagacious and penetrating eye, the different institutions and political machines of the governments of the other European states. It was now he laboured and with success, to subdue the habitual indolence of his disposition; the sparks of genius that were latent in his mind he sedulously drew from their

obscure situation; he roused and invigorated, with persevering resolution, the torpid faculties of his soul; and the intenseness of his application soon obtained the honours it deserved.

It has been already remarked, that Denterville was gifted, by the kindness of nature, with a good understanding, and some great cause, sufficient to impel it to action, was every thing that was now requisite. When he had formerly, in a momentary fit of disquietude, determined to study, it was only the design of altering, in some measure, the disagreeable monotony of his life; of consuming his leisure and wearisome hours; but now, when he had a fixed object continually in his view, when the incitements that animated him were so much increased, and when he constantly imagined he should derive a glory proportionable to the extent of his industry, it can be no matter of wonder if all his endeavours should become more strenuous. In a short time he obtained a superficial knowledge in politics; and when this knowledge, shallow as indeed it was, was united to a flowing oratory and graceful person, with both of which qualities he was endowed in a very eminent degree, it made him appear with no inconsiderable lustre in all the debates of the house of commons. Denterville was possessed of the fortunate method of being always able to display his abilities to the greatest advantage.

By the judicious and economical use that he made of his slender store of knowledge, people were hastily induced to imagine that still greater talents remained concealed, and an importance was consequently attached to him which in reality he did not deserve. The minister and the opposition were equally desirous to gain him to their party, but carefully weighing the difference between receiving a pension from an unpopular administration, odious to the people, on account of a war, which, with whatever justice it might be commenced, was become in the event extremely disastrous; and being accounted the idol of the people, with the prospect of still greater preferment whenever the present ministry should be discarded, the balance preponderated in favour of the latter, and he determined, most patriotically, to become a vigorous supporter of his "country and the opposition."

Hitherto we have only beheld Denterville in the retired walk of private life. There we have remarked his invariable restlessness

his peculiarity of disposition, his numerous wishes, and his constant disappointments. Now we shall view him emerged from obscurity, and taking an active part in the concerns of the world. But, alas! to a mind naturally discontented, every situation is alike; he bears within him a craving something that can never be appeased. The virulence of his disorder is even increased by the very anxiety he employs for its cure. It is a wound that no unctuous can heal—a flame that can never be extinguished.

It has been the constant observation of all persons, in all ages, that the tranquillity of retirement is by far more congenial for the production of happiness, than the anxiety so inseparably attendant on business, or the continual bustle of a crowded city. If this remark is in reality founded on the immutable basis of truth and experience, we may naturally conclude, that the man whose countenance was always shaded with a frown while in the delightful enjoyment of privacy and ease, would not appear wholly serene when perplexed with the important concerns of a public station; or to drop the figure, that the mind of Denterville would enjoy a greater portion of happiness when a member of parliament, engaged in the tumult of London, than as a private gentleman, while in the retirement of Cawdor castle. Indeed he did not. He was not more satisfied now than he had formerly been; nay, the sources of his discontent were infinitely increased.

Whilst he had remained at his estate in the country, his acquaintance had been chiefly confined to the most respectable of his tenants, and a few of the neighbouring gentry. Amongst these there were none whose capacity were superior to his own, who could boast of more enlightened understandings, or whose minds had received a greater degree of cultivation. His tenants always submitted to the superiority of his judgment with a respectful obedience; and, even if they were inclined to dispute the equity of his decisions, the recollection of their dependence, and the danger of offending, were sufficient to restrain them from openly declaring their sentiments. The gentlemen with whom he had latterly associated, were literally—enthusiastic sportsmen; and, as it invariably happens, when an innocent amusement is converted into a daily labour, they neither understood, nor desired to understand, any science that was not connected with their horse, their dog, or

their gun. If therefore Denterville was not greatly above them in the article of knowledge, he might with modesty boast of a perfect equality. He had consequently been hitherto free from that envy which is universally felt when a sensible mind is compelled to acknowledge a superior in abilities.

Now he was amongst men who were running with himself the same career; whose endeavours were directed to the attainment of the same object; whose emulation was augmented by competition; and who were neither to be influenced by his opinion, or intimidated by his frown; who excelled him in all the insinuating arts of persuasive eloquence; and to whose argument the house, both on account of their superiority in birth, fortune and abilities, paid a much greater deference than to his own. It may naturally be imagined that he should envy them, for those qualifications, by which the lustre of his own talents was considerably obscured; and where is the man we can denominate happy, whilst the poison of envy rankles in his bosom?

Besides, although he was a graceful orator, was rapidly rising in the estimation of the people, and was distinguished by the anti-ministerialists as a person whose support would be a valuable acquisition to their cause, yet his character was reflected upon by the partisans of the opposite party, in a manner he was but ill able to endure. His father's bankruptcy—his own original poverty—his unexpected elevation—and, above all, the inhuman treatment of his amiable wife, were immediately made public; and, as it is the custom in similar cases, the most disagreeable circumstances were both altered and aggravated by the careful ingenuity of the retailers. Prejudice insidiously lurked to pervert, and malice was always in waiting to misrepresent, the most trivial occurrence, or the most unguarded expression. His reputation was exposed to the merciless cruelty of every hungry and malevolent scribbler; the city swarmed with pamphlets and pasquinades, loading him with innumerable epithets, as opprobrious as undeserved, and Denterville quickly acknowledged, with a sigh, the fatal mistake he had made in his calculations. “Where,” he at length exclaimed, almost in the agony of despair, “Oh, where is happiness? Is it really in existence? or is it only a delusive phantom, generated from the brain of some dreaming philosopher?”

Since Denterville's arrival in town he had possessed frequent opportunities of observing the number of persons that regularly attended the levees of the minister; he had remarked, with envy, the number of lucrative places with which that person was always enabled to reward the fidelity and services of his numerous adherents; and the extensive weight that such a power, when judiciously employed, must necessarily bestow on all his measures. He had seen him familiarly converse with the most exalted characters of the realm, nay, even with the sovereign himself: and the unbounded partiality the latter entertained towards him was visible to the perception of every one. "This, after all," said Denterville, one day as he silently revolved all these circumstances in his mind, "this is certainly the happy man. Possessed of such an exalted station, he must envy no one; the numerous offices he can perform for his friends must render him beloved; the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign, and the crowds that are dependent on his bounty, must secure him universal respect, and encircled with blessings like these, he must be unavoidably happy."

Denterville, indeed, well knew that the generality of the people were extremely disgusted with the expensive prodigality of the present administration, and with the oppressive taxes, still accumulating, that were continually imposed upon them; but, at the same time, however shallow in other respects his political knowledge might be, he was perfectly sensible, that as long as the minister was able to maintain his interest with the majority in parliament, he might securely smile at the harmless execrations of the rabble, or the impotent endeavours of the disaffected party. More than once he felt himself openly inclined to abandon the opinions and connexions of his friends the anti-ministerialists, and to offer himself, boldly, to his former adversaries, as a volunteer, able, as well as willing, to employ his powerful weapons in the defence of their cause; but his unconquerable pride, that quality which too generally supplies the place of innate virtue, was always sufficient to restrain him from executing these unprincipled designs. Secretly pining, however, for having embarked in what he now esteemed such an unprofitable and desperate scheme, and detesting the man whose situation he considered as greatly preferable to his own, he began immediately to exclaim still louder against him; and, as he

imagined he should never be able to ascend in the scale of happiness to an height equal with his antagonist, he very naturally endeavoured, by an inverse proportion, to reduce him on a level with himself.

In a short time he rendered himself conspicuous in the house, rather for the virulence than the eloquence of his language. Every measure, however necessary, every scheme, however judicious, that had the misfortune to be first suggested by the minister in parliament, was reprobated by him in the most vehement manner; and, from being but an inferior, he soon, by these extraordinary methods, became the most formidable enemy of the administration. In all his harangues, in every oration, he demonstrated to the people, by what he was pleased to call incontrovertible arguments, that their glorious constitution was secretly subverted, and the prosperity of the kingdom irretrievably overthrown. He assured them that they were on the brink of destruction; at the very edge of a precipice; that nothing could preserve them but a change of their ministers: and he conjured them by every moral and political consideration, by their public welfare and domestic happiness, nay, by their very existence as a nation, immediately to commence such a salutary measure.

The moderate, and more respectable part of the nation, heard his complaints against the servants of government with outward indifference and inward suspicion; they were surprised that he, influenced, as he affirmed, by no other motives than the general welfare, should on a sudden, become such a strenuous and disinterested patriot; but the mob, who, resembling in some degree himself, were always discontented with their present situation, listened to him with rapture, and implicitly believed his most extravagant assertions. In a short time he had the appellation given him of "Man of the People;" the voice of wisdom was effectually drowned in the tumultuous exclamations of a licentious multitude; and by a strange infatuation, the whole kingdom appeared unanimously to resound with eulogies on Denterville.

Some fresh taxes the minister was, about that time, obliged to impose, for the further prosecution of a disastrous war, greatly augmented the public discontent. Cabals were formed, societies were instituted, confederacies were made for the determined op-

position of what was now deemed his unconstitutional measures; the throne of majesty was overwhelmed with petitions for his immediate removal; the party that withstood him in Parliament was lately considerably increased; and at length unable to resist the torrent of an angry opposition, he resigned, with reluctance, a station he was no longer in a condition to maintain.

Now it was that the ingenuity of Denterville appeared in a manner conspicuous. He foiled, with wonderful dexterity, a crowd of competitors; he alternately employed, as most convenient to the prosecution of his designs, flattery and entreaty, threatening and promises, persuasions and presents; he encouraged the discontented, excited the populace, raised their expectations, and as is the custom of demagogues, promised them their most extravagant demands. The favourite of the people was constituted their prime minister; and the party which he had joined, as well as those he had formerly opposed, beheld with equal astonishment and disgust, an obscure individual, entirely unknown in the sphere of politics till within a couple of years, elevated to that honourable rank which each had the vanity to suppose was peculiarly due to himself. Every nobleman in the realm was incensed; and the ambitious Denterville was presented, by his sovereign, with the vacant office, not on account of any partiality the latter entertained towards him, but merely to appease the presumptuous murmurs of a discontented multitude.

No one can suppose that Denterville could derive the smallest degree of satisfaction from a station obtained in such an extraordinary manner. There was not a leading man throughout the kingdom, whom he could, with confidence, rely upon as his faithful friend; there was scarcely a single courtier but who, at the same time when, in the usual complimentary language of a court, he expressed the most unbounded affection for his person, waited with an inward impatience for the moment of his degradation; and his only reliance was placed in the continuance of the affection of that populace, whose opinions are proverbial for their versatility, whose aversions and partialities are always formed with equal inconsideracy, and who are liable to be inflamed and misled by every orator who will flatter and harangue them. If he should be once deprived of their support and affection, he knew, too well, his fall

was inevitable. Like the courtier of Dionysius, he constantly beheld the suspended sword, supported only by a single thread, hovering over him; at the sumptuous banquet, or the gilded couch, he shuddered with horror as he silently viewed the fate that was impending, and a continual solicitude for the fearful production of a tremendous futurity, prevented him from participating even in the scanty enjoyments of his newly acquired situation.

"It is more easy," says the father of our dramatic writers, "to teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own instructions;" and it certainly does not require the wisdom of a sage to be enabled to observe, that in the political, as in the moral world, to censure the imperfections of an act already performed, demands by far less ingenuity and understanding than, in our turn to execute one equally judicious and equally salutary. The merciless marauder may easily destroy, within the fleeting space of a single hour, that magnificent structure which has employed the labour and dexterity of the artist during the entire revolution of a century.

The abilities of Denterville, it must be acknowledged were solely of this destructive nature. By his specious objections, an inflammatory language, the sword and buckler of a popular orator, he had been empowered, at his pleasure, to oppose and overturn the most prudent measure of his preliminary antagonist; but scarcely was he seated in the place of the person whose conduct he had reprobated, before, corrected by experience, he became perfectly sensible of his own incapacity, and was unable, during the course of a short administration, to project any expedient comparable with those which he had formerly censured with so much severity.

Nature, in truth, had never designed him for a minister of state; and it was only by "o'erstepping the modesty" of that goddess, that he had, at length, arrived to this present pre-eminence. His head became quickly distracted by a multiplicity of affairs, and his thoughts were confused by the rapidity with which he was obliged to hurry from one transaction to another. His attention was confused by the number of different and important objects that continually crowded before his view, equally demanding an investigation; and whilst he stood irresolute to which he should first turn, the moments would frequently elapse without his turn-

ing to either. His mind was harrassed, and his ingenuity ransacked, in the constant formation of new schemes, which, when executed, answered no other purpose by their badness, than that of adding fresh vigour to the flame of a violent opposition. The vigilant eyes of a thousand observers were always on the watch, as his own had formerly been, to observe the most trifling inaccuracy; a thousand ears were attentively employed to catch the most unpre-meditated expression; and a thousand mouths were perpetually open to recite and aggravate, with acrimonious malice, what had been heard and seen, to the credulous multitude. So far from enjoying that voluptuous and delightful indolence, those luxurious delicacies, and that endearing converse of friendship, for which he had, from his tenderest years, incessantly panted, but which the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition rendered him wholly unable to enjoy, he had not now leisure to indulge in those innocent amusements that are in common to every one. His hours were occupied in the concerns of the state, and in parliamentary debates, in attending his own levee, and being present at that of his sovereign; and, in a short time, his pallid countenance and debilitated constitution fatally convinced him of that truth with which every one but himself was already perfectly acquainted, namely, that the elevated situation of a prime minister ought to be the object of our sincerest compassion, rather than our envy. But the measure of that misfortune to which his ambition and discontent had contributed to reduce him was not yet complete. The black clouds of fate still continued to accumulate around him, and, by the darkness of their appearance, prognosticated the speedy bursting of a terrible storm.

When Denterville solicited, after so suppliant a manner, the vacant office of minister of state, he promised to the people, with the most solemn asseverations, that their political machine should be, from the fortunate moment of his elevation, conducted after such a manner, that it might be rendered, at the same time, honourable to them all, considered as a nation, and easy to each considered as individuals. He had promised them, with the same inconsiderate facility, an almost entire annihilation of taxes, an immediate conclusion of the war, an instantaneous discharge of an enormous naval and military force; and the credulous popu-

lace, who are generally too precipitate to reflect, and too ignorant to judge for themselves, listened to his extravagant assurances with delight, and were all very easily induced to believe what each so earnestly desired to be true.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LORD CARDROSS (NOW EARL OF BUCHAN) TO ARTHUR LEE, ESQ.

Walcot, near Bath, 31st October, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR—I should be very happy indeed to be intrusted with the welfare of Virginia, and, I am sure, should pass my time most agreeably among you; but I am afraid I love you all too well to have that charge committed to me at present, after what has passed: not that I think any plan is likely to (be) adopted of a disagreeable tendency, but that my avowed sentiments, with respect to my countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic, might be thought too strongly favourable to certain demands which may be made. There remains another obstacle, and that is, as my father is, I am sorry to say, in a very precarious state of health, it would seem odd for an earl, according to the ideas of this country, to be deputy to sir Jeffery Amherst.

I told you that I had my eye on Turin; but I had much rather be with you, I assure you; and if any opening should happen by the death or resignation of Feuquier, I don't know but I may make an essay to your satisfaction. In the meantime, I think myself very happy in having one there so partial to me as you are, and who will never mention my name without saying that I am a friend to liberty and the friendless.

I ever am, my dear sir, with great esteem, your most obliged and obedient servant,

CARDROSS.

Governor Dinwiddie asks after you with regard; he is not well at present. Pray remember the museum at Edinburgh, which I espouse at present, and send us some of your country productions.

VOL. V.

* C

[The adventure, to which the writer of this letter alludes, with very proper contempt, was this: During our revolution Mr. Lee was sent on a mission to the Prussian court. Soon after his arrival at Berlin, his trunk was broken open, and all his papers were taken out. Upon complaint being made to the government, they were returned on the ensuing day. Mr. Liston, then the English minister at that court, was said to have been *an accessory before the fact* to this theft. The Prussian monarch, Frederic the Great, addressed some complimentary verses on the occasion to our distinguished countryman, which are still in existence among his descendants.]

JOHN WILKES, ESQ. TO ARTHUR LEE, ESQ.

Prince's Court, 9th November, 1777.

I was made extremely happy, my dear sir, by the most friendly letter which you honoured me with by *Monsieur Montandoine*; and I am farther to thank you for giving me the opportunity of knowing so sensible and ingenious a gentleman. I eagerly embraced every occasion of being with him and his amiable lady, but the ill state of her health obliged her to pass a considerable part of her stay in this island at Bath, which Miss Wilkes and I greatly regretted.

The late adventure at Berlin was a low piece of Scottish knavery, exactly calculated for the meanness of fraud in those pedlars of politics, who, all the while boasting of economy, have lost a continent.

This poor country is fallen into a fatal lethargy, from which all efforts to rouse her seem ineffectual. The single loss of Minorca drove the people of England almost to madness; now thirteen provinces dismembered from the British empire, scarcely excite a murmur, except among a very few, who dare to love their country even at this disgraceful period. The parliamentary campaign will now soon open, but nothing is to be expected. Corruption has spread like a low-born mist, a Scottish mist, and pervades every thing. Poor opposition, too, wants a head, and is feeble and sickly in almost all its members.

I am very sensible of your kindness to young Smith at Berlin, and was made very happy by your favourable account of him. I hope that I am not to blush for him in future life, but trust he will justify your obliging partiality to him.

In all the chances and changes of this political warfare, remember, my dear sir, you have here a warm friend, who would rejoice in every opportunity of convincing you of his attachment, and be highly gratified by your correspondence. Vale, et me amq.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQUIRE.

FEMALE TACTICS.

THE following letter relates to matters of such high moment; it commences so courteously, and concludes so kindly, that I lose not a moment in submitting it to the consideration of my readers. In doing this, I hope I shall not incur the ridicule which some of our wise men have excited recently, by the countenance which they have given to certain preposterous schemes of "codification."

" Chestnut street.

" Dear Mr. Saunter—A number of young ladies, who entertain a high opinion of your politeness, as well as your good sense, have requested me to send the following questions to you. They have frequently been discussed, during our morning walks, after we have heard the sagacious discoveries of our beaux concerning the weather; but our opinions are still as far as ever from being settled.

Yours,

" ELIZA."

" P. S. I forgot to say that we shall expect your answers to these questions, with as little delay as possible."

1. When should a girl be out of leading-strings; or, in other words, when may she answer for herself, without referring backwards and forwards to mama?

2. When a young fellow says soft things to a daughter, and appears desirous of concealing his partiality from her mother, is he to be implicitly trusted?

3. If a girl has half a dozen admirers, and feels no attachment for either, is she to run the risk of losing them all by rejecting their suits, and telling them the truth; or is she to keep them all in hopes, till she finds how her heart will decide?

4. How is a woman to know whether her person, her mind, or her fortune, is the principal object of attraction, when a gentleman makes her a *tendre* of his love?
 5. Is a good-natured fool, or a sensible and agreeable rake, to be preferred for a husband?
 6. Is it prudent or safe to confess attachment, whatever we may feel, till we are certain that we have engaged it?
 7. Should we dissemble love, after we are sure that we are loved, and have no reason to be ashamed of it, and violate no duty by owning it?
 8. May a lady correspond with a gentleman to whom she is engaged?
 9. Is it prudent to form an engagement with a gentleman whose circumstances will not permit him to marry till some remote period?
 10. Is it advisable for a lady to marry a man much younger or older than herself?
 11. Is a woman, when married, to have no will of her own?
 12. If her husband is in the habit of contradicting her rudely, what course of conduct should she pursue?
 13. Is a woman justified in considering herself engaged to a man before he has made direct proposals of marriage?
 14. After she is engaged, with the approbation of all parties, can she retract her promise with honour? and if she can, for what causes?
-

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE TOMB OF DEXTER.

The following extract of a letter from a reverend gentleman at Athens, state of New York, has already appeared in one of our daily journals, and it is now republished at the request of one of our correspondents.

“ As a further apology, for not having sooner addressed you, I might mention, that my attention has been very much occupied for some time past, by the sickness and death of our mutual acquaintance, and my very dear friend, general *Slaight*; and by the building of a tomb to receive the ashes of that distinguished advocate, the late SAMUEL DEXTER.

"At his decease, which took place, you will recollect, in this village, he was temporarily interred, under the idea that his remains should be removed to Boston. Two of his children, however, having since settled in this state, and one of them in this vicinity, Mrs. Dexter, on her last visit here, concluded to have her husband's remains deposited in a tomb, to be settled in the burying-ground, directly in the rear of the new Episcopal church, which stands nearly central between the two wings of the village. I understand, however, that in the course of the ensuing year, a neat and suitable monument will be erected to his memory. This, as it will be in full view of the river, for several miles in length, must be a very interesting object to such of his acquaintance and friends as may pass thus far up the Hudson: and it will scarcely fail of calling forth the pensive, pious, and salutary reflections of all who had enjoyed his society, or are capable of appreciating the loss which his country, and particularly your commonwealth (Massachusetts) have sustained by the early death of this *great man*.

"I have been several times deeply interested by the inquiries of distinguished persons from different parts of the union, who, having some knowledge of him, and travelling this way, stopped, for the purpose of giving his dust a locality in their minds: and while they spoke of him in language of admiration and profound respect, their eyes fastened, with a kind of veneration, upon the turf that inclosed him; and the involuntary tear has, in some instances, started forth, as if urged by feelings of the deepest regret, that the voice of Dexter could be heard no more!

"I know not how you may be affected by subjects of this nature, but as to myself, the mere idea of providing a resting place for the ashes of so distinguished a fellow-being—ashes which were once animated by a mind so penetrating, so excursive, and so powerful, plunge me into the most painful and mortifying thoughts on the frailty of man, and, for a season, render tasteless to my soul every thing but sadness and solitude!"

Mad. De Stael sold the Memoirs of her Father, M. Neckar, to a company of English, French, and German editors, for the sum of four thousand pounds. They are to be published in the three languages at the same time. Some account of this lady will be found in our 2d vol. p. 139.

Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois. With proposals for the establishment of a Colony of English. By *Morris Birkbeck*, author of Notes on a Tour in France. Philadelphia. Caleb Richardson. pp. 189. 1817.

MR. BIRKBECK commences his journal in April, 1817, "five hundred miles east of Cape Henry." He informs us that he has quitted England for the purpose of becoming a citizen of the United States. Of his situation as an English farmer, he draws a picture which appears to him very gloomy. He had no voice in the appointment of the legislature—he had no concern in public affairs—he could not appear at county meetings, &c. It is impossible to reconcile the reports concerning the state of Great Britain, which are made by travellers and emigrants. Within a few days past, we were assured, by an intelligent gentleman, who had recently visited Europe, most certainly with no favourable prepossessions in favour of England, that he had not seen so much contentment and cheerfulness in any other country. We hope Mr. Birkbeck has too much good sense to rate his share of felicity by the considerations which he mentions. If he does, his new settlements will make but slow progress. We understand the trade of politics here quite as well as they do in foreign parts; and it is just as difficult for modest merit to rise from obscurity, when opposed by the intrigues of a caucus, or the glare of wealth. We have no rotten boroughs to sell; but when a voter is to be seduced or supplanted, we have powerful engines in the shape of an enviable appointment abroad, or a profitable contract at home. Man is the same in all countries. These inestimable privileges, for which our author sighed in vain, may easily be purchased in any of our states, unless we except Massachusetts, where a vote may sell high, because an office there makes a man *honourable* during life.

Mr. Birkbeck landed at Norfolk, with which town he is not much pleased. A Virginian tavern he describes as resembling "a French one with its table d'hôte, though not in the excellence of the cookery; but," he adds, that it "somewhat exceeds it in filth, as it does an English one in charges." The gentlemen, he thinks, are republican in politics, but irascible, and often lax in morals. On his approach to Richmond, he found himself at once in the society of persons "who appeared to be as polite, well dressed, and well in-

structed, as if they had been repairing to the capital of Great Britain"—whereat, no doubt, he marvelled mightily. In the city he finds a population of 18,000 inhabitants, of which nearly one half is stated to be, we hope erroneously, *negroes*. Provisions are scarce, dear, and bad, in that city. The author was *horrified*, he says, and well he might be, at the sale of negroes, in open market. This is a foul blot in an escutcheon which is blazoned with high honour, with intelligence, beauty, and taste. The good folks of Richmond, he says, are making "a grand stir about a monument to the memory of Gen. Washington;" and he takes occasion to point out "the mutilated bust of La Fayette in their capitol, which now stands an object of horror, of derision,"—as worthy of attention. The project of a monument was settled long ago, as may be seen by reference to the debates in our congress (particularly in the senate) soon after the accession of Mr. Jefferson. Our traveller bears testimony to the "urbanity and real politeness" of the citizens of Richmond; and is pleased to declare, that he saw "as good husbandry as would be expected in some well managed districts of Great Britain." We were about to make some remarks upon our author's practice of making comparisons, but an intimation at the end of the volume, which just presents itself, renders all observation unnecessary. We find that the volume is intended to contain "just the particulars" which the author wished to communicate to his friends, and therefore it may not be improper to take England as the standard of excellence, in order to disabuse honest John Bull of the impositions which have been palmed upon his voracious credulity. When we find such gross ignorance respecting this country, as was displayed in debate by one of the hereditary counsellors of the crown (lord Stanhope—vid. Port Folio, 1816, page 341)—it seems to be absolutely necessary to permit writers to say at once, that what they wish to describe is "exactly like what we have here in Lunnon." It may then be believed that we are white, can speak the English tongue, and do not carry our heads under our shoulders: and when lord Stanhope, or any other expounder of the laws, undertakes to state, that an action against a clergyman, on a bond, cannot be entertained in Connecticut, he must be informed, that in matters of this sort, the courts of Connecticut and Westminster Hall are governed by the same

principles. If the earl has inferred the fact from the rule *de non apparentibus*, it is very probable that a New England docket would bear him out; at least we should be certain of finding, for one of our clergymen in this predicament, at least a hundred in England scampering at a fox chase.

But to return to Mr. Birkbeck. In travelling and travelling along, he came to some paths, "which, for the most part, were only distinguishable from the rugged waste by a slight trace, like that of a new formed road, or, in some instances, by rows of Lombardy poplars." Here he looked up, and he saw a splendid palace; but he "could liken it to nothing in America, except the painted face and gaudy head-dress of a half naked Indian." The reader will be mortified to learn, that these paths are the "*intended streets radiating from the capitol*" and the palace, the very capitol of the far-famed City of Washington. Year after year, the most excellent schemes for improving our moral and political situation, are submitted to congress, and the veterans of the revolution are borne on "trembling limbs" to the seat of government, to implore for a settlement of their accounts; but neither our ancestors, nor those who are to follow us, can be heard, until this morass shall be drained, and the "rugged waste" be filled with houses. If Great Britain is cursed with a national debt, we have our national city, from which, it is to be feared, that nothing short of Aladdin's Lamp will ever relieve us. "What is the matter?" said a gentleman at the head of his table, addressing a guest who arose almost immediately after the removal of the last dish, at an entertainment given in this splendid city—"I beg you to excuse me—I have promised to take tea with your neighbour —." "Well, well,—there's time enough for that—pray sit down. It is only six o'clock." "True, my good sir," said the guest—"but you forget that I have seven miles to ride, and your roads are very deep!" If the money which has been exchanged for the costly columns that have recently arrived from Italy, had been expended in the construction of "good roads, substantial bridges," and a few lamps, our traveller would have found less reason for ridicule and complaint.

From Washington, Mr. B. proceeded to Fredericktown (Md.) where he exchanged "the wretched dog-horses" of Virginia, for the noble animals of "the good old English breed," with which

this state and Maryland abound. Instead of poor, rugged, and badly cultivated ground, he entered upon the fine limestone which begins here and extends to the Blue Ridge. At M'Connelstown, in consequence of a fraud practised upon him by the stage master at Georgetown, whose name, we regret, is not mentioned, Mr. B. was reduced to the alternative of waiting for another vehicle, or pursuing his journey on foot. He and his family, (nine in number), preferred the latter mode, and we soon find that he is not one of those pedestrians who whistle, as they go, for want of thought:

"*May 28.* The condition of the people of America is so different from aught that we, in Europe, have an opportunity of observing, that it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of their character. They are great travellers; and in general, better acquainted with the vast expanse of country spreading over their eighteen states, of which Virginia alone nearly equals Great Britain in extent, than the English with their little island.

"They are also a migrating people; and even when in prosperous circumstances can contemplate a change of situations, which, under our old establishments and fixed habits, none but the most enterprizing would venture upon when urged by adversity.

"To give an idea of the internal movements of this vast hive, about 12,000 wagons passed between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and this place in the last year, with from four to six horses, carrying from 35 to 40 cwt. The cost of carriage is about seven dollars per cwt. from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and the money paid for the conveyance of goods on this road exceeds 300,000*l.* sterling. Add to these the numerous stages loaded to the utmost, and the innumerable travellers on horseback, on foot, and in light wagons, and you have before you a scene of bustle and business, extending over a space of three hundred miles, which is truly wonderful.

"When, on our voyage, we approached within twenty leagues of the American coast, we were cheered by the sight of ships in every direction. Up James river, vessels of all sorts and sizes, from five hundred tons downwards, continually passing, and steam boats crowded with passengers. The same on the Potomac; and in the winter, when the navigation is interrupted by frost, stages, twelve or fourteen in file, are seen posting along to supply the want of that luxurious accommodation.

"But what is most at variance with English notions of the American people, is the urbanity and civilization that prevails in situations remote from large cities. In our journey from Norfolk, on the coast of Virginia, to

this place, in the heart of the Alleghany mountains, we have not for a moment lost sight of the manners of polished life. Refinement is unquestionably far more rare than in our mature and highly cultivated state of society, but so is extreme vulgarity. In every department of common life, we here see employed persons superior in habits and education to the same class in England."—p. 38.

Our Pennsylvania-Birmingham is thus noticed:

"Pittsburgh contains about 7000 inhabitants, and is a place of great trade, as an entrepot for the merchandize and manufactures supplied by the eastern states to the western. The inhabitants of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, are their customers, and continually increasing in their demands upon the merchants and artisans of Pittsburgh.

"Journeymen in various branches, shoemakers, tailors, &c. earn two dollars a day. Many of them are improvident, and thus they remain journeymen for life. It is not, however, in absolute intemperance and profligacy that they in general waste their surplus earnings; it is in excursions or entertainments. Ten dollars spent at a ball is no rare result of the gallantry of a Pittsburgh journeyman. Those who are steady and prudent, advance rapidly. A shoemaker of my acquaintance, that is to say, whom I employed, left Ireland as poor as any Irish emigrant four years ago; staid one year in Philadelphia, then removed hither, and was employed by a master practitioner of the same calling, at twelve dollars per week. He saved his money, married, paid his master, who retired on his fortune, three hundred dollars for his business, and is now in a fair way of retiring too, as he has a shop well-stocked, and a thriving trade, wholesale and retail, with vast profits.

"The low Irish, as they are called even here, too often continue in their old habit of whiskey drinking; and, as in London, fill the lowest departments of labour in the manufactories, or serve the bricklayers, &c. They are rude and abandoned, with ample means of comfort and independence: such is the effect of habitual degradation of character! The low Irish and the freed negro stand at nearly the same degree on the moral scale, being depressed equally by early associations.

"June 2d. This evening I heard delightful music from a piano made in this town, where, a few years ago, stood a fort, from which a white man durst not pass without a military guard, on account of the Indians, who were then the hostile lords of this region. A few of that people still reside at no great distance, and have in great measure settled into the habits and manners of their new neighbours."—p. 45.

"Pittsburgh is a cheap market for horses; generally rather more so than we found it. Travellers from the east often quit their horses here, and take the

river for New Orleans, &c.; and, on the contrary, those from the west proceed eastward from this place in stages. Thus there are constantly a number of useful hackneys on sale. The mode of selling is by auction. The auctioneer rides the animal through the streets, proclaiming with a loud voice, the biddings that are made as he passes along, and when they reach the desired point, or when nobody bids more, he closes the bargain. A complete equipment is, in the first place, a pacing horse;—a blanket under the saddle, another upon it, and a pair of saddle-bags,—with great coat and umbrella strapped behind.

"Women of advanced age, often take long journeys in this manner, without inconvenience. Yesterday I heard a lady mentioned familiarly, (with no marks of admiration), who is coming from Tennessee, twelve hundred miles, to Pittsburgh, with an infant: preferring horse-back to boating up the river."—p. 51.

The following advice and information may be useful to other emigrants:

"From what I have seen and learned of America, east of the Alleghany mountains, I judge that artisans and mechanics in general will succeed in any part of it, and that labourers of every description will greatly improve their condition, insomuch that they will, if saving and industrious, soon lay by enough to tempt them to migrate still further in quest of land, on which they may establish themselves as proprietors: that mercantile adventurers would be as likely to succeed as well, but not better than in England: that clerks, lawyers, and doctors, would gain nothing by the exchange of countries: the same of master manufacturers in general.

"The glimpse I have of these western regions gives me similar notions, but more decided, whether favourable or unfavourable, regarding the emigration of the above descriptions of persons. As to the condition of farmers in the eastern states, I am not very particularly informed, (the southern, or slave states, I consider as without the range of the present inquiry.) But from what I have learnt, I entertain great doubts of the exchange, on the whole, proving satisfactory to the British farmer; and I am clear that it would not be advisable for persons of any other description than farmers, to remove from Great Britain to the eastern states in order to practise agriculture.

"The land, when intended for sale, is laid out in the government surveys, in quarter sections of one hundred and sixty acres, being one-fourth of a square mile. The whole is then offered to the public by auction, and that which remains unsold, which is generally a very large proportion, may be purchased at the land office of the district at two dollars per acre; one-fourth to be paid down, and the remaining three-fourths at several instal-

ments to be completed in five years. The poor emigrant, having collected the eighty dollars, repairs to the land office, and enters his quarter section; then works his way without another "cent" in his pocket, to the solitary spot which is to be his future abode, in a two-horse wagon, containing his family and his little all, consisting of a few blankets, a skillet, his rifle, and his axe. Suppose him arrived in the spring, after putting up a little log cabin, which is to be their next year's support; but for the present, (being without means of obtaining a supply of flour), he depends on his gun for subsistence. In pursuit of the game, he is compelled, after his day's work, to wade through the evening dews up to the waist in long grass or bushes, and returning, finds nothing to lie on but a bear's skin on the cold ground, exposed to every blast through the open sides, and every shower through the open roof of his wretched dwelling, which he does not even attempt to close till the approach of winter, and often not then. Under these distresses of extreme toil and exposure, debarred from all comfort, many valuable lives have sunk, which have been charged to the climate."—p. 62.

In proceeding towards Zanesville, he remarks an improvement of the soil, which in some places is over limestone, and exhibits marks of great and durable fertility. Of the style of architecture in these woods and wilds, he gives a favourable picture; and, as to the manners of the people, he found some swains whom Sidney would not have excluded from his own Arcady.

"Many of the dwellings on the road side have an air of neatness, and the roads themselves are better attended to than in Virginia and the western part of Pennsylvania, or even in the neighbourhood of the Federal City, where they are so busily employed in ornamental architecture.

"This morning we had the pleasure of meeting a group of nymphs with their attendant swains, ten in number, on horse-back, for no American walks who can obtain a horse, and there are few indeed who cannot. The young men were carrying umbrellas over the heads of their fair partners, (*fair by courtesy*), and as there was no show of *Sunday's best* about them we were the more pleased with their decent, respectable appearance.

"The inhabitants are friendly and homely, not to say coarse, but well-informed: surprisingly more so than the English peasantry. An agreeable, contented-looking, cheerful man who partook of our shelter, told us that he cultivated a little land to supply his family with eatables, but mostly employed himself in making shingles, (wooden tiles), at which he earned a dollar and a half per day. He had been here eleven years. We must not judge of these respectable citizens by the tribe of loungers that haunt the taverns on the road-side, to the annoyance of travellers."—p. 72.

"The most perfect cordiality prevails between the Americans of German, and those of English extraction, in every part of the United States, if the assertions of all with whom I have conversed on this interesting topic, are to be relied on. National antipathies are the result of *bad political institutions*; and not of human nature. Here, whatever their original—whether English, Scottish, Irish, German, French—all are Americans. And of all the unfavourable imputations on the American character, jealousy of strangers is surely the most absurd and groundless. The Americans are sufficiently alive to their own interest, but they wish well to strangers, and are not always satisfied with wishing, if they can promote their success by active services."—p. 74.

The manner in which land is sold is thus described:

"The tract of country which is to be disposed of, is surveyed and laid out in sections of a mile square, containing six hundred and forty acres, and these are subdivided into quarters, and, in particular situations, half-quarters.

"The country is also laid out in counties of about twenty miles square, and townships of six miles square, in some instances, and in others eight.

"The townships are numbered in ranges from north to south, and the ranges are numbered from east to west, and lastly, the sections in each township are marked numerically. All these lines are well defined by the axe in the woods, by marks on the trees. This done at a period, of which public notice is given, the lands in question are put up to auction, excepting the sixteenth section in every township, which is reserved for the support of schools and the maintenance of the poor. There are also sundry reserves of entire townships, as funds for the support of seminaries on a more extensive scale; and sometimes for other purposes of general interest. No government lands are sold under two dollars per acre, and I believe they are put up at this price, in quarter sections at the auction. and if there be no bidding, they pass over. The best lands, and most favourable situations, are sometimes run up to ten or twelve dollars, and in some late instances much higher. The lots which remain unsold are from that time open to the public, at the price of two dollars per acre, one-fourth to be paid down, and the remaining three-fourths to be paid by instalments in five years; at which time, if the payments are not completed, the lands revert to the state, and the prior advances are forfeited.

"When a purchaser has made his election of one, or any number of vacant quarters, he repairs to the land office, pays eighty dollars, or as many times that sum as he purchases quarters, and receives a certificate, which is the basis of the complete title, which will be given him when he pays all; this he may do immediately, and receive eight per cent. interest for prompt

payment. The sections thus sold are marked immediately on the general plan, which is always open at the land office to public inspection, with the letters A. P. "advance paid." There is a receiver and a register at each land office, who are checks on each other, and are remunerated by a percentage on the receipts."—p. 78.

We have given our reasons in favour of comparisons, however odious they may be in general; and we therefore avail ourselves of another opportunity of placing before the emigrant the "here is" and the "this was" of Hamlet.

"It has struck me as we have passed along from one poor hut to another, among the rude inhabitants of this infant state, that travellers in general who judge by comparison, are not qualified to form a fair estimate of these lonely settlers. Let a stranger make his way through England in a course remote from the great roads, and going to no inn, take such entertainment only as he might find in the cottages of labourers, he would have as much cause to complain of the rudeness of the people, and more of their drunkenness and profligacy, than in these backwoods: although in England the poor are part of a society whose institutions are matured by the experience of two thousand years. The bulk of the inhabitants of this vast wilderness may be fairly considered as of the class of the lowest English peasantry, or just emerging from it. But in their manners and morals, but especially in their knowledge and proud independence of mind, they exhibit a contrast so striking, that he must indeed be a *petit maître* traveller, or ill-informed of the character and circumstances of his poor countrymen; or deficient in good and manly sentiment, who would not rejoice to transplant into these boundless regions of freedom, the millions whom he has left behind him grovelling in ignorance and want."—p. 110.

After visiting various parts of the western country, Mr. B. became a landholder by paying £720, being a fourth part of the purchase money of 1440 acres. His fellow traveller, a Mr. Flower, became, in the same manner, the proprietor of a similar tract adjoining this.

"Our prairie, (meadow), says Mr. B., "rises at its northern extremity to a commanding height, being one of the most elevated portions of the country, surmounting and overlooking the woodlands to the south and east, to a great distance. There are many others to the northward on lands of the same eligible character, high and fertile, and surrounded by timbered lands. These are unsurveyed, and of course are not yet offered to the public.

“ Nothing but fencing and providing water for stock is wanting to reduce a prairie into the condition of useful grass land; and from that state, we know the transition to arable is through a simple process, easy to perform, and profitable as it goes on. Thus no addition, except the above, on the score of improvement, is to be made to the first cost, as regards the land. Buildings, proportioned to the owner’s inclination or purse, are of course requisite on every estate.

“ The dividing a section, six hundred and forty acres, into inclosures of twenty-five acres each, with proper avenues of communication, each inclosure being supplied with water in the most convenient manner, and live hedges planted or sown, will cost less than two dollars an acre. This, added to the purchase money, when the whole is paid, will amount to eighteen shillings sterling per acre, or five hundred and seventy-six pounds for six hundred and forty acres.

“ Calculations on the capital to be employed or expended on buildings, and stock alive and dead, would be futile, as it must be in proportion to the means. The larger the amount within the limits of utility, the greater the profit; but as the necessary outgoings are trifling, a small sum *will do*. Two thousand pounds sterling for these purposes would place the owner in a state of comfort, and even affluence.

“ I conclude from these data, that an English farmer, possessing three thousand pounds, besides the charges of removal, may establish himself well as the proprietor and occupier of such an estate. The folly or the wisdom of the undertaking, I leave among the propositions which are too plain to admit of illustration.

“ In their irregular outline of woodland and their undulating surface, these tracts of natural meadow, exhibit every beauty, fresh from the hand of Nature, which art often labours in vain to produce; but there are no organs of perception, no faculties as yet prepared in this country, for the enjoyment of these exquisite combinations.”—p. 149.

The style of this book is uniformly neat and perspicuous. We are convinced that the author is a man of practical knowledge, and that his statements may be received with perfect confidence.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE ADVERSARIA.

FROM THE LOGANIAN LIBRARY.

The downfall of May-games—This singular pamphlet, by the Rev. Thomas Hall, was published in the year 1660. In those days of fanaticism and confusion, innocent pastimes were decried as wicked, and poor old May-day came in for her share of censure.

In the following extract we shall have a part of her trial, with all the forms of the common law. Parodies not only of law but of gospel were then the popular style in controversial writings.

"*Flora, hold up thy hand,*—

Thou art here indited by the name of Flora, of the city of Rome in the county of Babylon, for that thou contrary to the peace of our sovereign Lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanaticks, viz. ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swash-bucklers, maid-warriors, morrice-dancers, maskers, mummers, may-pole-stealers, health-drinkers, together with a rascalion rout of fiddlers, fools, fighters, gamesters, contemners of magistracy, affronters of ministry, rebellion to masters, disobedient to parents, mispenders of time, abusers of the creature, &c.*

Judge. What sayest thou, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty, my lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be tried?

Pris. By the Pope's-Holiness, my lord.

Judge. He is thy patron and protector, and so unfit to be a judge in this case.

Pris. Then I appeal to the prelates, and lord-bishops, my lord.

Judge. This is but a tiffany put-off, &c.

Pris. Then I appeal to the rout and rabble of the world.

Judge. These are thy followers and thy favourites, and so unfit to be judges in their own case.

Pris. My lord, if there be no remedy, I am content to be tried by a jury.

Judge. Thou hast well said: thou shalt have a full, fair, and free hearing."

A jury is then impanelled, and the judge produces the witnesses, as if he were the advocate. They are, first, Holy Scriptures, who is kept out of court for some time by a number of rude, ignorant, profane superstitions; next, the Parliament Ordinance of 1644, the Soleman League and Covenant, Orders of the

* What is the meaning intended to be conveyed in this charge? Whiskey, is sometimes called *the creature* by the lower class of the Irish in this country.

Ed P. F.

Council of State, &c. Another inconsistency is, that the witnesses are also made jurors, so that poor Flora has no very impartial trial. Judgment is pronounced on verdict against her, in these terms.

"Since 'tis so I shall proceed to sentence. *FLORA, thou hast here been indited by the name of Flora, for bringing in abundance of misrule and disorder into church and state; thou hast been found guilty, and art condemned both by God and man—by Scriptures, Fathers, Councils—by learned and pious divines, both old and new; therefore I adjudge thee to perpetual banishment, and that thou no more disturb this church and state, lest justice do arrest thee."*"

I know not who is the author of this compendious history of the passion. It is the *veni, vidi, vici*, of love.

"Et comme une jeune cœur est bientot enflammé,
"Il me vit, il m'aima; je le vis, je l'aimai."

Soon is the youthful heart by passion mov'd,
He saw and lov'd me; him I saw and lov'd.

A free press.—I cannot agree with a distinguished poet in Great Britain that the press should be *kept down*. The conductors of this powerful engine, enjoy, it is true, a most unbounded license in that country; but there is a stock of good sense in the community which will always prevent the people from being "fooled," by the gratuitous *defenders of their liberties*, a parcel of abandoned profligates, who for the most part become *patriots* only when they have lost all credit in every other pursuit. Ever since the days of the illustrious Pitt, the principles which he laid down have been steadily pursued by his successors, whether they sat on the treasury bench or were taken from the opposition. Charles Fox himself, with all his love for Napoleon, did not deviate a single inch from the line that his great master had drawn. If a temporary mischief is effected by the unrestrained license of the press, society, in the main, is indemnified by the good which it produces. Liberty has its zealots as well as tyranny, and they are equally rabid and relentless. Literature is a powerful auxiliary in softening

ing the mind, and it is only through the medium of the press that wise counsel can be given to a throne. The necessity of such advice seems to have been fully impressed upon the mind of an ancient English poet; who illustrates his meaning by a comparison which is at once brilliant and just.

I have found that counsels
 Held to the line of justice, still produce
 The surest states and greatest, being sure;—
 Without which fit assurance in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontory
 More digg'd and under-eaten than may warrant
 A safe supportance to his shaggy brows,
 All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
 That lies within his shadow, and bear still
 A flying eye upon him.—So great men
 Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
 Too swelling fronts for their foundations,
 When most they should be propt, are most forsaken;
 And men will rather thrust into the stormes
 Of better grounded states, than take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight:
 Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
 That they remain securer in conceit.

CHAPMAN'S *Byron's Conspiracy*.

The natale solum—A literary friend, who was displeased by the flippant manner in which Metastasio is introduced in a recent work, showed me the following passage, and asked whether it is deficient in force? I quote Hoole's translation.

Them. And wouldest thou have Themistocles a rebel,
 To o'erturn his native walls?

Xer. Not Athens now, this palace is thy country:
 The first proscribes thee and pursues thy life;
 The last receives, defends, and gives thee being.

Them. Whoe'er defends me, I was born at Athens,
 And 'tis by nature's instinct that we cherish
 Our dear paternal seats.—In forest glooms
 The savage beasts still love their native caves.

Xer.

Then Athens still remains

The mistress of thy heart? But what in her
Can still Themistocles so highly prize?

Them. ALL, sovereign lord! the ashes of our fathers;
The sacred laws, the tutelary gods,
The language, manners, my repeated toils
For her endur'd; the honours heap'd upon me;
The air, the trees, the soil, the walls, the stones.*

Tarring and Feathering.—It has generally been considered that the punishment of tarring and feathering is one of those bright and happy inventions with which our native American genius hath enriched the science of penal legislation. But a European historian, envious no doubt of the renown of our country, endeavours to deprive us of this honour, “and pluck this laurel from our wisdom’s brow,” by asserting that the ingenious mode of chastisement in question is as old as the crusades.—Anquetil, in his *Histoire de France*, Tome 2. p. 129, Edit. de 1805, has the following passage. “They [the two crusading kings, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Philip Augustus] afterwards made in concert the laws of police which should be observed in both their armies. No women, except washerwomen, were to be permitted to accompany the troops. Whoever killed another was, according to the place where the crime should be committed, to be cast into the sea, or buried alive, bound to the corpse of the murdered person. Whoever wounded another, was to have his hand cut off;—whoever struck another should be plunged three times in the sea; and whoever committed theft, should have warm pitch poured over his head, which should then be powdered with feathers, and the offender should afterwards be left, abandoned, on the first shore.”

Antimony—In “Le Nouveau Cours de Chimie” we are informed that the discovery of the powers in antimony, was made

* Here I have deviated from Mr. Hoole, who renders this line,

The very air, the trees, the soil and walls,

Which is certainly not a faithful copy of the original,

L’aria, i tronchi, il terren, le mura, i sassi.

Il Themistocle, *alto secondo.*

by Basilius Valentinus, who, finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it on a convent of monks. Unluckily, instead of improving the condition of these holy men, it killed them by dozens, and obtained the name of *anti-moine*. J. E. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Boudinot's "*Star in the East*" has been noticed in the following manner, in the Anti-Jacobin Review; a work not much inclined to believe that *any good can come out of Nazareth*.

The excellent author of this very interesting work appears to have had two important objects in view, and both are worthy of his evidently pious and benevolent mind. The one immediately in view is to prove that the American Indians are descendants of the Jews of the ten tribes dispersed by the Assyrians. The other is to excite more favourable sentiments in the minds of his countrymen, the Anglo-Americans, in favour of the American Indians of the present times, in which we hope and trust the equity and the generous warmth of his expostulation will have every success. As to the northern Indians, Dr. B. advocates their cause with a warmth of zeal and piety, which does him great honour, from the aspersions thrown upon them by interested traders and depredators, who rob them of their lands, corrupt their morals by encouraging intoxication; and, wishing to exterminate, calumniate the people for excesses of which they have been themselves the cause and the promoters. Of the shameless cold-blooded cruelty with which the Indians are treated, the letter of a general——*, who says the enterprise, (to destroy the Tallashatches town, where the Creeks were assembled, and every man after the most determined resistance put to death,) was executed in *style*, may give some idea. It was in *style*, but the *style of a ruffian*; and Dr. B. and another American writer, have done well to prove to the world that there are hearts in America possessed of humane and gene-

* We have suppressed the name of the American officer, because we have a faint recollection that there were circumstances which rendered severity on this occasion, necessary.

Ed. P. F.

ross feeling. "Let those," says the author quoted by Dr. B, "who exclaim with abhorrence at Indian inroads—those who are so eloquent about the bitterness of Indian recrimination, let them turn to the horrible victory of general _____, and be silent." Now what were these poor Indians when the Europeans first visited their coasts and what has been their fate since? They were a simple, hospitable, friendly people, and possessed of the whole continent. They are now deprived of a great part of it, of which some they willingly conceded, but more has been taken by force and fraud; and they are still more injured by that spirit of enmity to them, which has been made the motive to despoil them, and the calumny which has been the plea in palliation of the iniquity.

We are pleased to learn that the *life of Anthony Benezet*, an unassuming tribute to the memory of a useful man, by Mr. Vaux of this city, has been republished in London. For some account of this volume, see our Journal, July 1817.

Mr. Finley has provided a very useful parlour-window-book, in a *Dictionary of select and popular quotations*, which are in daily use; taken from the Latin, French, Greek, Spanish and Italian languages, translated into English, with illustrations, historical and idiomatic, by D. E. Macdonel, 2d. Am. Ed. Many of the illustrations contain sound practical lessons, which might be read with advantage by those who are fond of books written in short sentences and be not unwelcome to others whose studies are more profound.

The Rev. Mr. Schmucker, has published an explanation of the prophetic history of the Christian Religion; or an exposition of the Revelation of St. John. The author of this work, as we learn from the dedication, studied divinity, under Dr. J. H. C. Helmuth, and as we were initiated in the rudiments of the German idiom, by the same preceptor, we were tempted, by a very natural association, to examine the labours of Mr. S.

While we have been dozing away whole years in forming horoscopes of political enterprises and literary adventures, our author has been endeavouring to removet he veil from from the Apoca-

lypse of St. John. By the discovery of a new manner of calculating the denominations of time in the sacred book, he has succeeded in arranging the whole number of predictions, with their fulfilments, to the present day. We do not pretend to form an opinion on the acuteness, the learning or the success of this inquiry, and we have no great confidence in such studies, because their highest praise can be no more than the reward of ingenious conjecture. The author seems to be fully aware of the magnitude of his subject, and though he *puts off his shoes*, he stands firmly, because he sees the perplexities and dangers by which he is surrounded, and he has before him the example of many who have been lost in these intricate paths. He writes like one who had thoroughly viewed the whole matter and convinced himself that his scheme is accurate. The style is uniformly clear and occasionally eloquent. Prefixed to the volume we find several letters to the author from several learned and reverend gentlemen in which it is extolled as a performance of great ingenuity and deep research, and as entitling the pious writer to the attention and gratitude of the student and the christian.

The Baltimore *American* informs the public that a gentleman of that city is preparing for the press a new edition of *Goldsmith's History of Rome*, in which "the language AND style are improved and beautified." We suspect the gentleman in question is the author of this notice. If we are correct in our conjecture, the reader has a specimen of the *beautifications* which "poor Goldy" is about to receive from the hands of this accomplished literatus. If the luckless historian could be permitted to stand at the elbow of this merciless Vandal, would he not thunder in his ears, the words of Terence, *Insanis? satin' sanus es?*

The Lament of Tasso. It was a great mistake in lord Byron to imagine that the easy graces of Tasso's muse could be disguised under the garb of that incorrigible Newgate nymph who inspires his lays. The Italian is tender, affectionate, kind, and benevolent; the Englishman seems to be not only an alien to his home but to man in general; he would exclude all kindness, all benevolence, all vulgar virtues; with his churlish creed compassion

would no longer sooth, friendship should impart no consolation and even love would lose its power to charm. Man should have a charter free as air; he should have no meteors to guide him but those dim lights which belong to modern philosophy, and teach the rights of sensualism and sentiment. Such men would tear up the roots of society and destroy the land-marks of civilization. Instead of the softness of Tasso we have the ferocity of a blood-hound in this poem. The spirit of Tasso was wounded by the indignities he had suffered and he might have murmured; but he never would have indulged himself in the dark and malignant passions of a grim visaged buccaneer. Lord Byron drew from his own stores in the *Lament*, and the best proof of our conjecture may be deduced from those passages in which he undertakes to represent the poet as *mad*.

If this nobleman should be made king, there will be no need of any gallows in England, for he no sooner finds a vagabond, who could play the character of "the benevolent cut-throat," in one of the dramas of the German school, than he converts him into a hero, makes him fall in love with some black-eyed girl, who has as little principle as himself,—leads him through a variety of strange adventures, and then blows him up with gun-powder, amidst

Guns, trumpets, blunder-busses, drums and thunder.

We observe that a fourth canto of *Childe Harold* is announced, and are glad to find that it is to be the last. Our readers may now look for a fresh assortment of *Byron's mixtures*; a heterogeneous compound of light morality and atheism, rapine, force, blasphemy and scorn; sweetened to the fancy of youthful minds by a fine tincture of classical taste, splendid imagery and noble sentiment. Such is the strange perversion of the human mind!

In the press, and will be speedily published by James Eastburn and Co., at the Literary Rooms, in New York, (in one vol. 8vo.) *The Resources of the United States of America*, by JOHN BRISTED, counsellor at law, author of *The Resources of the British Empire*. It will, perhaps, be recollected by some of our readers, that in the fall of 1809, when the general impression here, was, that Na-

polian had subjugated the European continent, and was on the eve of subduing Great Britain, Mr. Bristed published his "Hints on the National Bankruptcy of England," in which he undertook to prove, that so far from finally conquering Europe, France would herself be eventually conquered by her opponents, and mainly by the efforts of England. Subsequent events have fully verified that gentleman's predictions. In the advertisement to his "Hints," he declared his intention of publishing a work on the Resources of the United States, materials for which he had been collecting for upwards of three years. Eight additional years of observation, collection, and digesting, have lent their aid to form the work now announced. After a few introductory remarks on the importance of a right acquaintance with the resources and character of the United States, and the grievous misrepresentation of them by European writers, the author, in the *first* chapter, exhibits their territorial aspect, population, agriculture, and navigable capacities; in the *second*, their commerce, home and foreign; in the *third*, their manufactures; in the *fourth*, their finances; the *fifth*, their government, policy, and laws; *sixth*, their literature, arts and sciences; the *seventh*, their religion, morals, habits, manners and character. The work is concluded by a rapid glance at the present condition of Europe, particularly of Spain, France, England, and Russia, and the probable consequences of the present European coalition to these United States. More *anon.*

Messrs. Murray, Draper, Fairman and Co. have published the seventy-fourth number of Dr. Rees's *New Cyclopædia*; which is the last that has been received from London. They have addressed a circular letter to the subscribers to this work, from which we make the following extracts for general information:

"This work already contains upwards of eight hundred engravings; which, when completed, will probably amount to *one thousand*. These plates will comprehend, as they believe, upwards of *five thousand* different subjects, in all the various departments of the arts and sciences. The engravings of the portraits of distinguished American characters, promised to be given in the work, are nearly completed, and will be delivered, (with two volumes of extra plates), with the last number.

"Those subscribers, who have not yet taken up their volumes, are once more notified, that two hundred and fifty copies less of each of the last twenty-five numbers have been printed than of the preceding forty-nine.

and, that, owing to this arrangement, which was rendered necessary by the neglect of distant subscribers to take up their books, and other uncontrollable circumstances, there must, inevitably, be upwards of two hundred and fifty sets left incomplete at the close of the publication. Those who, through neglect or improper delay, may hereafter find their application for the completion of their sets too late, will have no reasonable cause of complaint, as all the subscribers were advised of the edition being reduced, more than two years ago."

Mr. Bowditch, of Salem, has been engaged in translating the work of the celebrated French mathematician Laplace, entitled *Mécanique Céleste*. The *North American Review*—a new, but very valuable journal—mentions the completion of this arduous undertaking; and we hear that the very extensive notes and illustrations by Mr. Bowditch himself, are almost as copious as the original work of the French astronomer. The value to science of every thing which the *Salem Mathematician* has hitherto given to the world, confers importance upon whatever he is willing to publish. As Laplace's *Méchanique Céleste* stands unrivalled as a work of science, but is voluminous, would be extremely expensive to publish, and is not easily comprehended except by the best informed astronomers, it becomes, we think, a matter of serious consideration to wealthy men, to the state governments, and to our universities, whether a general effort ought not to be made to enrich the literary reputation of North America by opening so valuable a vein of treasure to the English public.

We understand that brigadier general *H. A. S. Dearborn*, is preparing for the press, and will shortly publish, a Memoir on the Commerce of the Black Sea and Turkey, embellished with charts of the Black Sea, of Azoff and Marmora, the Archipelago and Mediterranean. The work will contain a history of the commerce of the Black Sea, from the earliest ages; a description of all the commercial ports, situated on its borders, and those of the Turkish Empire; the articles of export and import of each; tables of the weights, measures, and currencies, with a brief account of the most remarkable events and objects of curiosity, for which they are celebrated. It is intended for the use of the merchants and navigators of the United States, and will contain three or four hundred octavo

pages. As the subject of a minister to Constantinople has been agitated, and as there is a probability that the trade to the Black Sea will become of the utmost consequence to this country, the above work will be considered a very important acquisition.

A French writer who inherits no inconsiderable portion of the humour of the dean of St. Patrick, has recently published a work at Paris which would suit the meridian of some of our cities. It is entitled *The Art of Preserving Places*. Some of the chapters, bear these titles,—on reducing theory to practice—on the talent of being discontented—on the folly of rendering one's self useful—all things to all men—on treats and good dinners—on taking a hand at cards—Chrysologus or the clever fellow at all things—on intrigue—&c. &c.

We are gratified to learn that the civilization of Greece is making a regular progress. Lyceums or gymnasia have been established in several places by authority. The brothers Zodimades, in Russia, evince a generous zeal in behalf of literature not excelled in the better days of their country. Instead of hoarding up their treasures, like a wary merchant, they expend them in printing the ancient Greek authors. A Greek lady named Basiliki has disposed of her fortune (100,000 franks) in favour of Siatiste, her native city, to establish there a school for the sciences and polite literature, under the protection of Cyrilly, the patriarch of Constantinople, a prelate of great acquirements. The Greek merchants at Leghorn and those of Vienna have founded schools in those cities for the same purpose.

Karamania, or a brief description of the south coast of Asia Minor, by Francis Beaufort, is characterised as a very unassuming but valuable work. The tract of country which it describes comprises the ancient provinces of Lycia, Pamphylia, and the two Cilicias, together with parts of Caria and Phrygia; although, from a variety of circumstances this interesting portion of classical geography has remained almost unexplored, there are few parts which possess greater claims to attention. It was colonized by that redundant portion of population of ancient Greece which had gradually overspread the rest of Asia Minor, and which had every

where introduced the same splendid conceptions, the same superiority in arts, that had immortalized the parent country. It was at once the seat of learning and riches, and the theatre of some of the most celebrated events that history unfolds. It was signalized by the exploits of Cyrus and Alexander, and was dignified by the birth and the labours of the illustrious apostle of the Gentiles. Yet with all these claims to attention, excepting a few imperfect notices of some modern travellers, our knowledge of this interesting region was almost wholly derived from the accounts contained in the writings of the ancient geographers.

A new play from the pen of our countryman, Mr. Payne, is announced as shortly to appear in London.

NOTICES RELATIVE TO SOME OF THE NATIVE TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.—BY JOHN DUNNE, ESQ.

I ANXIOUSLY availed myself of a favourable opportunity to obtain some insight into the real state of the natives of North America. I knew from a thousand sources, that they hunted, and fought, and harangued; that they danced and sung, and amused themselves with various sports; but I was at a loss to know whether they were satisfied with those exertions of their powers, or amused themselves in their hours of leisure, between the busy acts of life, with exercises of memory, invention, and fancy; whether they laughed and wept at fictitious tales as we do, and conjured up the forms of imaginary beings to divert and instruct them. Not content with seeing the bark of a wigwam, and the outside ceremonial exhibited to strangers, I wished to know what passed in its recesses, and in the hearts of its inhabitants. My wishes were, in this respect, fully gratified by the friendship of a Miami chief, who, adopting me according to their custom, in the place of a deceased friend, by whose name I was distinguished, entered warmly into my views, and gave me his confidence. I have derived from him a great deal of information relative to his countrymen, which I at least think interesting. For the present, I shall confine myself to notices respecting this friendly chief, and some of the works of

Indian fancy, which he communicated, with the addition of a few general remarks upon Indian language. In the examples I have selected for the view of my friends, I have preserved the incidents with fidelity, as he related them, but unless I could represent them on paper with the united powers of an actor and an improvisatore, an actor too, that extends his imitations even to animals, it would be impossible to give an idea of the expressive effect of his relations. The chief I speak of, is the celebrated Tchikanakoa, who commanded the united Indians at the defeat of general St. Clair; an uncommon man, for with the talents and fame of an accomplished warrior, he is the uniform supporter of peace and order, among five or six tribes who put their trust in him; simple, wise, temperate, ardent in his pursuits; speaking different languages eloquently; attached to the hereditary chief of his tribe, whom he supports, though he might supplant; preserving his dignity among the vulgar of every rank, by a correct reserve; to his friends, as it were, unembodied, showing all the movements of his soul, gay, witty, pathetic, playful by turns, as his feelings are drawn forth by natural occasions; above all things sincere. Such is the outline of the character of that nobly endowed Indian, who gratified my curiosity by recitals of the tales and fables of his countrymen, of which the following are a specimen. While the weapons, dresses, and trinkets of these people find their way into our cabinets, these ornaments drawn from the Indian wardrobe of the mind, the dresses in which they exhibit the creations of their fancy, may by some be thought not incurious.* The North American Indians have no other, for far to the southward of the Missouri, as I have been informed, and from thence to the Northern ocean, they have no idea of poetry, as it derives its character from rhyme or measure. Their songs are short enthusiastic sentences, subjected to no laws of composition, accompanied by monotonous music, either rapid or slow, according to the subject, or the fancy of the singer. Their apologetics are numerous and ingenious, abounding with incidents, and are all calculated to convey some

* These are Miami tales and fables. There is a passage in Mr. Gibbon, where that writer expresses himself with enthusiasm, on the subject of an original Iroquois tale.

favourite lesson. Their tales too, generally inculcate some moral truth, or some maxim of prudence or policy. I recollect one where the misfortunes of a great chief are so linked with his vices, and wind up so fatally at last, that a man of worth whom he sought to oppress, is, by his own agency, made the instrument of his destruction, and established as his successor. The private virtues of this successor, particularly his respect for the other sex, the want of which was the great vice of his predecessor, is made the foundation of his fame, and of the prosperity which attended him through life. This is one of the tales of the women. Another is addressed to the youth, teaching them how to avoid or overcome those often fatal panics to which unforeseen accidents in the woods expose young hunters; this is done by enumerating the terrifying appearances most likely to occur, and accounting for them in a natural way. In another, the particular duties of women are enforced, by showing how certain women who deviated from ordinary rules, were persecuted by the Manitoo of the woods; in the progress of which, they are made to own their safety, in various trials, to some particular act of female discretion or delicacy, which they had before neglected.

The Indians have their Circe* as well as the Greeks; she is very seducing, and the fate of her votaries very terrible; the strokes of the pencil, by which she is drawn are masterly, but the tales respecting this lady are only calculated for the ears of the men. This people, worthy a better fate, are gradually degenerating and wasting away; I have seen an Indian nation already so degraded, that it cannot produce a single orator. Half a century will efface their best peculiarities, and so multiplied are the causes of their decline, perhaps extinguish them altogether. "The dark cloud from the east; (the strong painting of the Miami chief), dashing against our coast, bursting on our shores, and at length drifting its wreck in broken, but still spreading and advancing masses, over our land, has not only destroyed whole nations of Indians, but has cankered and withered and blasted whatever is left that bears the

* Vide post Fabulam sect. 5. luci datam. [This tale we have suppressed, although Mr. Dunne has taken the trouble to veil it in "the obscurity of a learned language." His libris *non* explicandum est. Ed. P. F.]

Indian name." If it be true that a taste for pleasures not merely sensual, refines those sensibilities that conduct to the extremes of happiness or misery, perhaps the slight view I have given in the following pages, of the innocent amusements of the Indian people, may furnish an additional motive to treat them with humanity. The only excuse for the harsh dominion assumed by man over the brutes, is, that the stroke which deprives them of existence, is neither painfully anticipated nor long the subject of surviving regret. It is far different with the Indian; his anticipations are terrible; he sees his approaching ruin, he sees it appalled; it haunts him in his solitude, it fills him with bitterness when he beholds his devoted children. The tales of his ancestors recall its first distant approaches. The sound of the axe in the neighbouring forest tells him it is at hand! Under circumstances so awful, I was anxious to snatch up a few slight memorials of this people, before their fate should be finally sealed. It is a part of the destiny of an unlettered people, to write their memorials with the pen of a stranger. They have no alternative, imperfect representation, or blank oblivion. But of whom are we speaking? who are these evanescent tribes? and in what class of created beings is posterity to place them? ask the *Abenaki*, he will tell you, describing himself by the name of his nation, that he is *the man of the land*; ask the *Illinois*, he will tell you boldly, he is *Inini*, (sometimes pronounced *Ilini*), *the man*; ask the *Iroquois*, he claims to be *onghi onwi, the real man*; ask the numerous nations who speak the *Algonquin* tongue, their pretensions advance, for they assert they are *Nishinapek*, (their common name), *doubly men*; ask their Spanish neighbours, they call them *Barbarian infidels*; ask the American frontier settler, (whom they style *Kichimucoman*, literally *long knife*), by him they are denominated *savages*,—the Canadian too affirms, *ce sont des sauvages*; ask the Paus, the Raynals, and those other wise men of Europe, who, without ever having seen the smokes of an Indian village, take the trouble, at three thousand miles distance, to dogmatize and write volumes upon their nature, powers, and capacities, physical, moral, and intellectual; these great men will tell you they are *an inferior race of men*. To what opinion shall we hold? what constitutes a man?

what energies entitle him to rank high in his species? If a well organized brain, a bosom stored with natural feelings and affections, if a body active and enduring, a passion for sports, a love for manly pleasures, if contempt of danger, the firm grasp of friendship, the fire of eloquence, the devotion to a country, if the combinations, more or less varied, of these active, heroic, and social virtues, are the characteristics of a man, I do from my soul believe the Indian testimony; *the man of the land is a man, a real man*, and not of that *inferior race of men*, conceived by the philosophers. Observe too at what time this estimate of Indian talent is made, while the Indian is yet in his infancy, and in the gristle; with a scanty agriculture, no pastoral riches, his resource the wilderness: less advanced in the paths of civilized life, than the half-lettered Greek tribes, when they first united under the banners of Agamemnon; those very tribes who a few centuries afterwards replaced the names of Achilles, Ulysses, and Nestor, with those of Epaminondas, Plato, and Homer. I have named Homer, but certainly without any profane allusion, the simple reductions here communicated, are the first dawnings of genius; such tales and fables as might have passed current at the scæn gate, or beguiled the hours at the ships, or under the tents at the Scamander. Though the age of Homer would have disclaimed them, may they not resemble the amusements of the age of Homer's heroes, the precursors of Homer?

THE SOLITARY HUNTER—A SERIOUS TALE OF THE INDIANS.

A certain man separated himself from the society of his fellows, and took up his abode in a desert place, in a remote part of the wilderness. His practice was to hunt by day, and to retire at night to his sequestered wigwam. He kept a brother, the only one of his race, with whom he had any connexion, confined in a gloomy cave, which he had hollowed out for his prison, close adjoining to his own habitation. Him he visited every night, merely to impart a portion of food, sufficient to continue his existence, and immediately after, without any consoling discourse, to mitigate the rigour of his confinement, shut up the entrance of the cave, covered it with leaves and bark, and retired. This unfortunate brother, from having his hair of a fiery red, infectious to the touch, was known

among the men of his nation by the name of the red man. After pursuing this savage life for many winters, its unbroken uniformity at length proved so irksome to the solitary hunter, that he resolved to procure himself a female companion; and having first provided his brother with a sufficient quantity of water and dried venison, to satisfy the calls of nature, during his absence; he set out to realize his project. After a journey of many moons, he discovered by the smokes that he was in the neighbourhood of a village. He approached it, but declining to present himself at the house of council, he stopped at a remote hut separated from the other habitations by intervening trees, where, finding a solitary woman, he entered, and was received in the house of a widow. She pressed him to seek the usual reception of strangers, by repairing to the village, but he told her it was his desire to remain concealed; and presenting her with some deer's flesh, which he had brought with him for his night's subsistence, he abode there. Ere the morning was yet gray, he arose and departed, and returned after the closing of night, with a deer which he had killed. A portion of the flesh he reserved for their domestic use, the remainder he informed the widow she might distribute among her friends, taking care to conceal the cause by which, instead of receiving contributions, she was enabled to bestow. The next morning, he having departed as before, the widow repaired to the village and presented her venison to the wife of the chief who was her relation, but without communicating the secret. In the evening her guest appeared, bringing with him two deer of extraordinary excellence. Having power to dispose of them, she the next day (the stranger having left her as before) carried her presents to the village. Attention was now awakened to the source of the widow's wealth, she declined to speak aloud, but gave it to be understood in whispers by the women, that a great hunter, whom she was bound to conceal, who appeared to come from some very distant country, was the provider of her bounty. The presents of the widow increased from day to day, till at length their magnitude excited the curiosity of the whole nation, whose joint efforts scarcely equalled the success of this single hunter, notwithstanding their superior knowledge of the best hunting grounds. In conversation the stranger had intimated to his friends that he was un-

married, and desirous to procure himself a wife; this too was communicated as a secret: and at length, as the chief of the village had a daughter to bestow in marriage, and the extraordinary virtues of the stranger offered an advantageous alliance, it was resolved to invade his solitude, at the widow's house, and draw him into society. The son of the chief sought and obtained his acquaintance; he suffered himself to be intreated, and at length yielded to the repeated intreaties of his friend, to become an inmate in the chief's family. He there saw the chief's daughter: he found her possessed of those qualities which engaged his affections; returning one day from a successful chase, he communicated his wishes of an alliance to her brother, who without hesitation gave him his sister.* The festivities attending the marriage were long continued. The feasts were provided by the exertions of the strange hunter, who never failed to return from the forest, richly provided with game. Thus the moons rolled away. At length the stranger thought of his return. His wife's family opposed it in vain; his wife followed him reluctantly. Arrived at the abode of her husband, she found it the seat of solitude, his days were passed at the chase, the shades of the night always preceded his return, and her melancholy and apprehension were increased, by observing that uniformly after their repast, her husband, as if by stealth, carried with him the tongues and marrow of the animals he had killed, and after a short absence, during which he disposed of them in some unknown place, returned. By his command she abstained for some time from gratifying her curiosity by following his steps, upon these occasions. At times when she seemed to be asleep, to try her, he would call out, "your bed is on fire." He had observed, and was satisfied by her obedience. At length stealing after him unnoticed, she saw with horror the barriers of the prison removed, and had just strength enough left to regain her place, when her husband returned; he perceived her agitation, he suspected the cause, and with a voice and look of rage, in dark speeches insinuated the fatal consequence of disobedience to his commands. She

* The Indian brother almost exclusively makes his sisters' marriages, as he is best acquainted with the character and accomplishments of the young men of his nation, with whom he passes his life, this task devolves on him with evident utility.

passed the night sleepless, the day relieved her from her constraint, by the accustomed absence of her husband. Horror, however, so far overpowered her, that she had not courage to stir abroad. He, feigning to go to the chase as usual, stopped at a short distance from the wigwam, where he continued motionless during the whole day, with his eyes rivetted on the entrance of the cave. Seeing night arrive without any steps approaching it, he considered his suspicions as unfounded; and returned home at the usual hour, for the first time announcing an unsuccessful chase. His composed looks bespoke confidence and inspired it, and the next day, after a night of repose, he took his accustomed course with his accustomed phlegm in pursuit of his prey. His wife's curiosity now overcame her terror, and she obeyed its suggestions, by approaching the spot where, by the glimmering light of the fire, she had seen her husband descend. As she removed some of the loose bark and leaves, the sound of her feet upon the hollow ground, roused the half torpid senses of the subterraneous inhabitant, and drew forth his groans. The voice seemed human; she approached nearer: the voice was human. She removed the bark which covered the mouth of the cave, and beheld a wretch whom she soon recognized for a brother. She learnt his story, she wept over his sufferings, she administered to his wants; her conversation, like a charm, gave him new existence; and imparting relief, she found consolation even in this cave of darkness. When evening approached, the bark and leaves were replaced, and the separated wretches now added to their former griefs apprehensions for each other. The tyrant returned, his suspicions were not awakened. From day to day, with fresh delight, the intercourse of the sufferers was renewed. Having gained strength, the emaciated prisoner was at length induced to clamber up the sides of his cavern, to enjoy the warmth of the sun. His ghastly looks and matted hair engaged the humanity of his sister. She separated the clotted knots with which his locks were entangled, and removed the clammy concretions that mantled on his forehead; he returned to his abode of darkness, relieved by her kind offices, and she awaited the approach of night with redoubled apprehensions. Her husband returned, he surveyed her by the light of the fire, he scrutinized her looks, he examined her trembling hands; he observed

her fingers stained with an unusual red; she sank down in an agony of despair. She was only roused from it to behold the severed head of her brother, the victim of her kindness, in the hands of his murderer, suspended by his long red hair, and yet palpitating with life. She instinctively rushed forward to the spot; the murderer vanished, terrified at the approach of a woman. The air resounded with his screams. The moon, as he fled, discovered his frantic and savage course through the clearings of the woods, till at length he was buried in the thickets. There still might be heard the resoundings of the trees, which he wounded as he passed along with the brandished head. He at length struck a hollow tree, the object of his search, when hurling the head with its fiery tresses, to a great height in the air, with a well-directed aim, it was lodged in its descent in the trunk of an ancient oak hallowed by lightning. He then with wolf-like yells, announced his approaching change, and adding to his nature what alone was wanting, the shape and figure of a wolf, took his range with the other beasts of the forest. The extreme of torture with which his wife had been harrowed, abated by degrees in its agonies, as she lay extended near the body of her brother; till exhausted by suffring, she gradually sunk into repose. She awoke composed; the objects around her renewed her tortures. The same instinct which led her to the spot at first, now forced her to abandon it; and she sought a shelter from the horror it presented, in the deepest recesses of the woods. The sense of pain from the wounds of obstructing brambles first roused her, the frownings of the ravines and precipices awed her, the weakness produced by fatigue and hunger succeeded in recalling her distracted thoughts to the contemplation of her sad condition. Thrown on a bank, exhausted and hopeless, a distant noise attracted her. As it seemed to break in articulate sounds, she turned round towards the quarter from which it proceeded; she listened; she arose; she advanced; she paused; she advanced with a precipitated step: and recognized the voice of her wretched brother. The surprise operating on her enfeebled mind, she forgot for the moment the dreadful catastrophe she had just witnessed, and believed him still alive, unmutilated. Her illusion was destroyed by hearing a narration of the melancholy truth. The voice from the hollow oak directed her where to find

berries. She eat, and was refreshed. She ascended to the hollow of the tree, where the head was inclosed, and letting down a cord of twisted bark, drew it forth with a mixture of horror and delight. She placed it in her bosom: it became her counsellor: it purveyed for her subsistence: it directed her course: it indicated her places of rest. When they halted, she placed it in some elevated place, on a bed of moss, where it seemed to taste repose; when they journeyed, its consolations charmed away fatigue: and it watched over her during the season of darkness. Its power among the forest-tribes was wonderfully manifested. By the directions it gave her, she placed it upon some stock or decayed branch, in the neighbourhood of those beaten paths by which the deer and caribou are accustomed to pass. Its imitations of their calls invited their approach. A powerful fascination drew them to the spot. And the victim marked out for a repast, fell instantly dead, penetrated by the glances of the head, each one of which had the power to kill.

The storm was now passed over, and a better world seemed to open through the separating clouds. The wants of hunger supplied, the fears of danger vanished, and a composure hitherto never experienced by this woman since her marriage, rendered her situation comparatively enviable. It, however, fell far short of the fancied charms of society, heightened by privation, and almost present to her senses. The cheerful buzz of the village, the labours of the field sweetened by the converse of her companions, love, friendship, the endearing domestic ties, the sports, the pastimes, the thousand delights of social life, all rushed upon her mind, now relieved from the pressure of urgent suffering; and rendered the uniformity of her mode of living at first irksome, and in the end insupportable. She could not conceal her distractions from her quick-sighted companion. He endeavoured to amuse her by varied conversation, by recitals of adventures real or imagined; he furnished her with the most palatable food; made her drink from the sweetest springs; and led her through the fairest tracts of the forest; but all was in vain. Did he show her the beauties of the wilderness, she was blind; did he warn her of the dangers of the frequented village, he spoke to the winds. Finding her thoughts distracted almost to the pitch of alienation, he resolved to indulge

her in her wishes. And bending their course towards a place of human resort, (which they did under his guidance), he found, by degrees, her usual composure return. He availed himself of the change to impress her mind with what he deemed three necessary truths: that his counsels were essential to extricate her from the perils which might await her; that she should avoid too strict a connexion with seeming but untried friends; and above all, that she should conceal his head from the view of all mortals; upon the observance of which last injunction more especially, the fate of both depended. She clasped the friendly head still closer to her bosom; and associating it with her heart, proceeded first by doubtful, and then beaten paths, through opening forests of sweet maples, ending in cultivated fields covered with corn, to the centre of a spacious village, where every thing she had dreamt of seemed to be realized. She was accosted with kindness by the inhabitants; she was offered refreshment, and accepted it; the kindness of her cementing manners engaged the affections of some of her own sex; who, after some moments repose, led her to a numerous assembly, before one of the war-chief's houses, where the women were engaged in play; she resolved merely to gratify her curiosity, by observing the players, who had already so far proceeded, that the interest was become lively; some of them having lost their girdles, broches, rings, and other ornaments. Observing that the game was familiar to her, she deviated from her resolution so far as to stake some trinkets which she still found hanging about her, on the success of the female friends who had so kindly conducted her to the place: till, entering with warmth into the passions of the players, she sat down in the circle, and became herself one of the most conspicuous.* She resolved, however, to indulge herself only for a moment; but finding her first attempt unsuccessful, and wishing to repair it, as she was preparing herself for a second display with redoubled ardour, she disengaged her mantle so far as to discover the fatal head. All was now murmur and astonishment. She arose in confusion; the head dropped from her bosom. She in vain attempted to regain it. Down the declivity of the hill

* The women have seven different games of chance or sleight, which they practice; among the sedentary games the most common is a game of chance with peach or plum-stones, party-coloured by art.

it descended, rolling on with an increased rapidity, till it was received into the river that flowed below. There again her frantic exertions to recover it, proved still unavailing. For by those who anxiously contemplated the spectacle, the head was observed, as she approached it, gradually to assume the form of a bird since seldom seen, save as the forerunner of calamity, whose dusky plumage is surmounted with a tufted crown of red feathers: while the unfortunate pursuer became herself transformed into that species of water-fowl since vulgarly denominated the black-duck; a species so despised, that it is never sought after but to be devoured as food,* and that only in seasons of extreme famine.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES.—THE PRETTY MILLINER.

THREE young noblemen of the court of Louis XV. invited Piron to dinner: just as they were sitting down to table, a pretty milliner gayly introduced to them her cards of lace, and they proposed to the celebrated poet to make her stay and dine with them.

This proposition was the more agreeable to Piron, as the fair merchant was sprightly, gay, and lively; nor did he cease, during the whole of the repast, to question her in his agreeable manner, with respect to her inclinations, her trade, and commerce.

The little visiter, who only half unveiled herself, in flattering him, showed more refined wit and manners, than he expected from one in her situation of life, and interested Piron so much, that, in order to be better acquainted with her, he inquired more particularly, among other questions, how she amused herself on Sundays.

* The beak, claws, and feathers of the eagle, the hawk, the raven, and other birds, furnish the Indians with distinctive badges, to which they attach their good fortune, their inseparable companions in battle, and which they call implements of war. The spoils of the black-duck are probably not resorted to for this purpose, as being a bird of ill omen. The bird they most despise is the turkey-buzzard, of the eagle's size, but utterly unwarlike.

" O Sir," said she, " after divine service, when the weather is unfavourable for a walk to me and my companions, we amuse ourselves in rehearsing a play. You will laugh, perhaps, but I really mean as I say—in acting comedies as well as we can, and sometimes tragedies."

" Very well, my pretty girl, that is very good; but may I inquire what pieces you must approve, and play with the greatest satisfaction?"—" Iphigenia, Zara, Andromache, the Married Philosopher, and a number of *schools* of different titles."—" O fy, Miss, these schools for the major part, are very foolish ones." " Perhaps, Sir, there are, however, more than one which pleases us, and which they say has been much applauded at the theatre."—" And this is the extent of your repository? and no other comedy has found grace with your little company?"—" Pardon me, Sir, there is one well enough spoken of, which we would willingly play, but which we are obliged to renounce!"—" And may I inquire the name of that comedy?"—" Oh! it has the most singular and odd title, perhaps, of any amongst the whole catalogue of well received comedies.—Stay, let me see—they call it ma—ma—manie—O! hang the puzzling name."—" It is possibly Metro—manie?" Just so, my dear Sir—O what a tiresome and flat piece! It is crammed with words and things which we cannot understand; 'tis true we have placed it there, but never to try it more."

It is not easy to imagine Piron's surprise at this unexpected sally; his embarrassment visibly showed itself: the three young sparks could not refrain from laughing outright, and enjoyed the vain efforts of the poet to preserve his good humour; and it would have been difficult to determine how the scene would end, if the pretended female lace merchant, concerned at having carried the jest too far, had not taken pity on the disconcerted rhymers, and instantly discovered herself to be the amiable marchioness of _____, at whose house poor Piron was ignorant he was dining: the disguise of the lady, and the extreme weakness of the poet's sight, prevented his discovering the marchioness.

" My dear Sir," said she, presenting him with the handsomest hand in the world, " pardon, I pray you, this little treachery of mine; and especially as nobody is a more sincere admirer of

the comedy in question, as well as of the author, than I am. This scene, I assure you, is no more than the consequence of a wager with my brother and two relations, which you see before you.—All three pretended, when speaking of your well known character, that, in whatever manner they should attack you, even on the side of self-love, you were always sure to parry it instantly and pleasantly, and not only to disconcert the aggressors, but to turn the laughter on your side; it is to you, then, I refer myself for the decision of my wager.”

“ You have won, fair lady, you have won,” exclaimed Piron, kissing her pretty hand.

Et dussé-je, à ce prix, m'avouer ridicule,

Je sais joyeusement avaler la pilule—

D'ailleurs qu'eût pu mieux faire, en pareil cas, Momus,

Pris au depourvu par Venus!

And ought I not, at this price, to acknowledge myself ridiculous? yes, I know gladly how to swallow the pill.—Nor could Momus, in a like circumstance, have acted better, taken unawares by a Venus!”

“ Very well, gentlemen, “ is it not plain that I have lost?” exclaimed, in a gay tone, the pretended lace dealer, “ Mr. Piron, never more will I wager against you.”

WHEN Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen.

“ Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,

“ Broke the *scholars' heads'* and gave the *walls a plaister.*”

The Doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore,

“ Knew I but the wag that wrote these verses in bravery,

I'd commend him for his *wit*, but *whip* him for his *knavery.*”

ZENO detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be flogged. The slave having in mind the dogmas of his master, and thinking to compliment him, in order to save himself from punishment, exclaimed—“ It was *fated* that I should commit this theft.”— And also that you should be *flogged* for it,” replied Zeno.

HYMN TO PEACE.

By the late Richard Alwyn, Esqr.

HAIL thou bright celestial form!
Soft descending from above,
Calming discord's furious storm,
Child of mercy! child of love!

While as yet to guilt unknown,
Man through Eden, happy stray'd,
PEACE, the seraph, stood alone
Guardian of its blissful shade;
When from duty's path declin'd
Him the tempter lured astray,
The angel-guard the charge resign'd
Weeping sped to heaven his way.

But when earth's wide regions o'er,
Far the deluge flood was hurl'd,
While the Ark the Patriarch bore,
Midst the ruins of the world,

Thou, commission'd from on high,
Did'st repress the raging wave;
Arch'd the rainbow o'er the sky
To the dove the olive gave.

And when midst exulting Heaven
Loud hosannah hail'd the birth
Of a God, and Saviour given
To redeem the sons of earth,

Thou receivest th' Almighty word,
"Go, o'er Bethlehem fix the star
"Bid the nations sheathe the sword
"Through remotest realms afar."

Long has war's unsparing hand,
Heap'd the bloody field with dead,
And through every christian land
Want, dismay and terror spread.

Now the clouds of sorrow flee;
Wars and fierce contentions cease:
We in choral hymns to thee,
Hail thy coming, heavenly PEACE!

Hail thou bright, &c.

22nd February 1816.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BLUE-BEVELS.

Come airy sylphs, who hover round the brain,
And dissipate the fumes of fancied sorrow,
Come! change to mirth the bitter tear of pain,
Alike on youth's fair cheek, or age's furrow.

Avant! ye demons, whose factitious forms,
In dread, fantastic, varied shapes ensnaring,
Can fly on whirlwinds and relentless storms,
With blood-shot eye-balls in their sockets
glaring;

Whose deadly fangs can pierce the firmest soul,
All bonds of peace, in hell-born fury breaking,
Can teach the monarch to endure control,
And slaves, to deeper misery, awaken.

Can turn the course of life's eventful stream
And rob the happy of their dear-ear'd treasure,
Prove sweet reality—a fickle dream,
And dreams, destructive to our peace and pleasure.

Can nought avail to stem the tyrant force?
No calm serenity of mind, opposing,

VOL. V.

To trace the monster to its' hated source,
At once its cause and wild effects disclosing!

Perhaps some youth, whose soul was form'd to love,
Has found the mistress of his heart ungrateful,
From her dear lips, Ingratitude might prove,
A cause to render life and pleasure hateful.

Perhaps some friend still dearer to the heart
Ondeath's cold couch in gloominess reclining,
May to the anxious, friendly brast impart,
The sweet, but painful pleasure of repining.

Perhaps the brow may owe the secret gloom,
To some dear relative in peace reposing,
And mourn the dread oblivion of the tomb,
The fondest prospects of this world enclosing.

Perhaps some christian's tawny colour'd slave
Beneath the blood-stain'd scourge in torture smarting,
May view his joys preceede him to the grave,
With no kind friend to sooth the pang of parting.

Perhaps the absence of some well-lov'd friends,
Beyond the white capp'd waves of foaming ocean,
With fancied evils of misfortune, blends,
Deep melancholy in the soul's commotion.

Yet resignation, Heav'nly maid! should prove
The certain antidote to fancied trouble,
And mercy's stream, descending from above,
Should chase the folly of the painted bubble.

But man, in weakness owns their dark control,
Before the blast in mortal frailty bending,
Till death, in mercy claims his fleeting soul,
His life and sorrows at one moment ending.

FREDERICK

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The rose is fair that to the morn
Reveals its bloom, of softest hue;
And blushing, timid, o'er the thorn,
Its virgin bosom opes to view.

Along the vale the gentle stream
In easy, graceful motion flows;
Bright tints upon the surface gleam,
And azure heav'n, reflected, glows.

'Tis sweet to hear the bird of night
Pour forth her tender, melting lay,
While Luna's soft and fairy light
Sleeps on the sward and leafy spray.

But fairer than the rose so fair,
Young Ellen's checks the blush disclose;
Unconscious beauty mantles there,
And o'er her form enchantment throws.

And gentler than the gentle stream
Soft Ellen moves, with sylphic grace;
Her eyes with thought impassion'd beam,
And heav'n itself is in her face.

And sweeter than the pensive bird
That woos to sleep the moonlight ray,
Ellen's angelic voice is heard,
Stealing the raptur'd heart away.

So fair, so gentle and so sweet—
'Tis dang'rous, fatal, long to gaze!
For while delight's quick pulses beat,
The rising sigh her pow'r betray.

H h

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To C—e.

Who said "love must yield to duty."

Sweet is the dew-drop on the rose,
And pleasant to be seen,
When in the morning's smile it glows,
With majesty serene.

Sweet is the gem, that rises up,
And proudly woos the sight,
Within the cowslip's golden cup,
When morning chases night.

But mournful are the pearls, that swell
Within the eye of beauty,
Which harsh, as trusty sentinel,
Say, "love must yield to duty." A—K.

Song.

TO ELLEN.

The sun shall fail to light the dawn,
The birds, to greet the rising morn,
The dew, to gem the smiling lawn,
When I prove false to thee, love!

The rose of May no more shall blow,
The murmur stream refuse to flow,
The heart renounce affection's glow,
When thou'rt not dear to me, love!

Oh! then, while morning beams are bright,
And birds salute the welcome light,
And dew drops glisten in the sight,
Believe me true to thee, love!

Nor doubt, while May's sweet roses blow,
And streams in murmur ring cadence flow,
And heart's still feel affection's glow,
Thou wilt be all to me, love!

A.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MONODY.

On Lieut. Col. Wood, of the engineer corps;
who was killed, while leading the advance of
the American forces, at the Sortie from Fort
Erie, 17th Sep. 1814.

O'er Erie's wave the moonbeam plays,
And silvers all the woodland scene;—
Niagara's stream reflects the rays,
Midst copse wild, and banks of green.

But never more shall moonbeam light
The chief, who fell with battling brand:
His star, which shone with lustre bright,
Shall never more its rays expand.

Round Erie's fortress, gleaming far,
What time the red cross banner waved;
High in the front of furious war,
The youthful chief each danger braved.

In other fields, he earlieg stood
The champion of his country's right;—
On Meigs' proud ramparts, unsubdued,
And nerved the patriot's arm to fight.

On Chippewa's ensanguined plain;
Near hold Niagara's foaming shore:—
High waved his blade midst martial train,
And foremost clashed in war's wild rear.

At length arose that fatal^o morn,
Wh'en red cross met the bannered star;
The bugle's notes, the pealing horn,
Breathed forth the echoing blast of war.

With dauntless heart, and eagle eye,
WOOD marshall all the vanward train:
Above their ranks his banners fly,
Like sea birds curling o'er the main.

Fierce is the shock, when lance to lance,
In death commixed the squadrons join;
The war cloud breaks, where WOOD'S advance
Pour volleyed lightnings down the line.

Hark! with loud shout, glad victory's sound
Peals on the air its loud acclaim,
Columbi's heroes throng around:
Heroes who grace each roll of fame.

But where is HE, whose genius planned;
Whose high emprise dread perils sought?
Where the bold leader of the band,
That in the van of battle fought?

The warrior comes not from the fray,
To greet the view of comrades dear:
No more to lead the bold array!
No more the spangled flag to rear!

On battle plain his spirit sped,
And joined the hosts of heroes brave:
Who erst on fame's proud fields have bled;
Their country's dearest rights to save.

Long shall that country mourn his doom,
Long freedom drop her choicest tear;
And weeping glory oft shall roam,
To spread her laurels o'er his bier. R. W.

SONNET.

From a lover of the last century.

Because I breathe not love to evry one,
Nor do not use choice colours bright to wear;
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair;
Nor give each tender speech a heavy groan;

The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the
moan

Of them, who, in their lips, love's standard bear;
"What he?" say they, of me, "now dare I swear;
"He cannot love: no, no; let him alone."

And think so still, so STELLA know my mind,
Prof—ss, indeed, I do not, Cupid's art;
But, you, fair maids, at length this truth shall
find,
That his true badge is worn but in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers
prove,
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To her whose name it bears.

Encircled in so fair a form,
Like gems of brightest hue,
In richest settings, most adorn:
So virtue shines in you!
Alas! that fate no more would give
Beyond the distant gaze;
Excluded from those charms I live
To number hours and silent grievo—
Hapless I pen these lay!

T. P.

Philad, 12th Sep. 1817.
* The sortie was the last general action on the
Canadian frontier, during the war.

It will be recollect that the *Kent* line of battle ship, was forced upon one of the building slips at Plymouth (Eng.) for the purpose of repairing her, by means of pulleys. Commodore Rogers sometime ago invented a plan of the same kind, and one of the American sloops of war was pulled upon the ways and repaired. This plan is in possession of some of our navy officers. The following description of the machinery which was applied to the *Kent*, may be found interesting:—

Thirty-two treble fold blocks, for receiving ropes 7, 8 and 9 inches, as purchases to be successively applied as the ship raises.

Eight cables round and under her. Bilge bottom ways, fixed and supported with woods, chocks, and iron knees fore and aft.

Four lighters at her stern to buoy her up.

Two additional capstans on board, to heave on the purchases, with line of battle ships' cables rove through the blocks; besides which, 14 capstans in front of the slip.

Anchor sunk in the ground, and large and small mooring chains fixed to the same, for supporting the bollards or posts.

Platforms fore and aft on each side of the slip.

The purchases were immense, and beyond all conception numerous and effective. Sixteen hundred men were employed at the capstans; the reader may judge for himself as to the "strain" which these would heave. The first hour was taken up in heaving the purchases tight, and at four o'clock, the *Kent* of 80 guns, and weighing 1964 tons, was lifted completely out of water, and placed high and dry in a cradle, to the delight and astonishment of thousands of spectators. This was indeed, *the triumph of the pulley.*

Lake Erie.—The want of a good harbor on Lake Erie, so important to our future intercourse with the western regions, has been a subject of general regret. Fortunately,

within a short period, an excellent harbor has been discovered, exactly half way between Buffaloe and Erie, 45 miles from each. It is called Dunkirk, and lies in the county Chautauque, in New York. The form of the bay is nearly a semi-circle, protected on the east and west by two promontories; in front by a ledge of smooth slate rock, with a capacious channel towards the west head land of 12 feet depth, and another on the east of 10 feet. —Within the ledge is a spacious basin, capable of containing one hundred sail of vessels, at the moorings, with from twelve to eighteen feet of water, and good anchorage in blue clay. The town plat of Dunkirk is laid off in spacious streets, crossing at right angles; the land at the head of the bay has an elevation from 8 to 12 feet.—The scite of the town is truly beautiful, descending gradually to the north, and the country in its vicinity preserves the same general symmetry; the land of a superior quality, and clothed with excellent timber.

—A remarkable circumstance lately happened on the Genesee river. A part of the land upon the north bank has fallen into, and across the river, so as completely to change the course of the stream, which was at this place about eighty yards wide. The land on the south side of the river was level for some distance; on the north there arose a very steep and high hill, commencing about twenty or thirty feet from the edge of the bank. Along the intermediate space a road passed, the level of which was not more than six or eight feet above that of the water. In the afternoon of the day above mentioned, about half an acre of the bank fell into the river. About half past ten o'clock at night, the people in the neighbourhood were suddenly alarmed, by a tremendous noise from the hill, accompanied by the jarring of the houses. Upon going immediately out, they discovered huge masses of the mountain

tumbling from above into the river, and dashing the waters to a great height. About 15 acres of the surface is supposed to have fallen. The cavity left in the hill is of a circular form, the back part of which presents a precipice nearly perpendicular, of about 150 feet in height. Several trees which stood on the side of the mountain yet remain in an erect posture, having been carried down in that position on masses of the earth; the tops of others are buried in the ruins, while their roots are raised into the air. The current of the river being completely obstructed, it has risen above the opposite bank, and is now forming a new channel for a considerable distance.

The Cleopatra.—The following is from the *Diario de Roma*, published at Rome, in August 1817.

For the first time has appeared in these seas, passing from Leghorn an American squadron, which has been off our port for several days, but has since sailed for Naples. We remarked the uncommon good appearance of these ships. A very exact military discipline, a perfect knowledge of naval affairs, and of navigation, appeared in every thing. Their spring locks combined ease, simplicity, and instant effect, and were equally admirable in their fire arms and in pistols, and multiplied their discharges at pleasure. The exercise, activity and readiness of their mariners, and their perfect acquaintance with every thing, were observed not without surprise and wonder, and do honour to the nation to which they belong. Their vessels were well found, fast sailers, and as neat as they were well built.

Soon after the visit of the fleet, anchored in our port, a schooner from America, of the most beautiful construction elegantly found, very light, and formed for fast sailing; constructed and armed like our light armed vessels. It was named the *Cleopatra*, belonging to a very rich traveller, George Crowninshield, of Salem. [This gentleman lately re-

turned to his native country, and soon after expired. Truly has it been said, that in the midst of life we are in death. Ed. P. F.] He constructed her for his own use, and for the voyages he had undertaken in company with captain Benjamin Crowninshield, his cousin. Besides the extreme neatness of every thing about the vessel to fit her for sea, her accommodations were surprising and wonderful. Below was a hall of uncommon extent, in which the luxury of taste, the riches and elegance of the furniture, the harmony of the drapery, and all the ornaments, inspired pleasure and gallantry. The apartment of the stern was equally rich and interesting. Five convenient bed chambers, displayed with the same elegance, were at the service of the captain, with an apartment for the plate of every kind, with which it was filled.—Near was another apartment, which admitted all the offices of a kitchen, and in it was a pump with three tubes which passed through the vessel, to supply water from the sea, or discharge what they pleased with the greatest ease. The rich and distinguished owner had with him, besides his family servants, several linguists, persons of high talents in music and an excellent painter. Every thing to amuse, makes a part of the daily entertainment. The owner and captain were affable, pleasing and civil, and gave a full evidence of the talents, the industry, and the good taste of their nation, which yields to none in good sense and true civility. The above travellers having complied with the usual rules of the city, and having expressed the due respect to the apostolical delegate, upon receiving a particular invitation, he visited the *Cleopatra* in company with many persons of distinction, and partook of an elegant collation.

The eastern lands which last year were overrun by the fires have produced unusually large crops of heavy wheat.

An Indian Verdict.—John Tatson, an Indian native of Lyme in Connecticut, being found dead on a winter's morning, not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely of spirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed: That the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had been imprudently mixed with the rum he drank."

Boundaries.—It is stated in the Albany Daily Advertiser, that "the survey on the St. Lawrence has been completed about 40 miles at an expense of 30,000 dollars;" and that the "Commissioner for running the Northern line, &c. has been at the expense of at least 50,000 dollars for running 20 miles!"

The whole length of the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces is estimated at 2000 miles. What is the fixing of this line to cost the United States? At the rate of forty miles on the Saint Lawrence, a million and a half of dollars! or take at your rate the twenty miles on the northern line, and you will pay the round sum of Five Millions!

Steam Boats.—The regulations recommended by the committee of the House of commons, appointed to consider on the means of preventing the mischief arising from explosion on board Steam-boats, are as follows:—

'That all steam packets carrying passengers for hire, should be registered at the port nearest the place from or to which they proceed.'

'That all boilers belonging to the engines by which such vessels shall be worked, should be composed of wrought iron or copper.'

'That every boiler on board such steam-packet should, previous to the packet being used for the conveyance of passengers, be submitted to the inspection of a skilful en-

gineer, or other person conversant with the subject, who should ascertain, by trial, the strength of such boiler, and should certify his opinion of its sufficient strength, and of the security with which it might be employed to the extent proposed.'

That every such boiler should be provided with two sufficient safety valves, one of which should be inaccessible to the engine man, and the other accessible both to him and to the persons on board the packet.

That the inspector shall examine such safety valve, and shall certify what is the pressure at which such safety valves shall open, which pressure shall not exceed one-third of that by which the boiler has been proved, nor one-sixth of that which, by calculation, it shall be reckoned able to sustain.

That a penalty should be inflicted on any person placing additional weight on either of the safety valves.

Stroke from Lightning.—If a person struck by lightning, instantly, have a pail of cold water poured over him, it will revive him.

For washing chintz.—Take two pounds of rice and boil it in two gallons of water till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens; then put your chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap, wash it in this, till the dirt appears to be out, then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm clear water. Wash in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water you have boiled your rice in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff as long as you wear it. If a gown, it must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible;—after it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

Cobbett has begun to republish his Register in London, from M. S. which he sends from America. The

Last number contains the following threat to his Creditors:

"I hereby publicly give notice to every person with whom I may have any pecuniary engagements, that if they proceed to any acts of legal malice; if they give any obstruction to the performance of any thing that may be to my advantage, and that may tend to alleviate in some small degree, the blow which the borough mongers have given me in a pecuniary way, I hereby solemnly give notice to all such persons, be they, who they may; that I will not only never pay them a farthing, if I should have heaps of money, but that, on the contrary, I shall consider them as aiders and abettors of the borough mongers, and that whenever the day of justice shall arrive, I will act toward them accordingly!"

Gunpowder.—An improvement has been introduced in the manufacture of gun-powder at Paris.—The grains are spherical, of the size of swan shot, well glazed and composed of concentric coats. The new mode of manufacture is more rapid than the former.

An agriculturalist in Augusta has advertised to sell potatoes, in the soil at nine-pence per bushel.

Mr. Everard Hall, formerly of North Carolina, but now residing on Little Island, in Princess-Anne county, Va. has discovered a process by which salt of a superior quality can be made from ordinary sea water, and afforded cheaper than it can be imported. Five hundred bushels can be made in one day at a trifling expense and sold at the factory on the sea shore for 25 cents a bushel, which upon the smallest calculation (according to the inventor) will yield one hundred and fifty per cent per annum upon the capital employed.

Walter Scott.—In the London

Morning Chronicle of May 23d, we find the following interesting literary information: "Mr. Walter Scott is said to be the author of the Critique on *Tales of my Landlord* in the *Quarterly Review*, and it is insinuated in the concluding paragraph that his brother is the writer of the novels, which have made so strong an impression on the public mind."

Mr. Thomas Scott, the gentleman here mentioned, holds the office of paymaster of the 70th regiment, stationed in Upper Canada, and resides in Kingston. The report alluded to in the Morning Chronicle, has been circulated in the United States for more than two years: and we learn that an acknowledgment of its truth had been made by one of the family of Mr. Scott to an American gentleman, during the last autumn. In addition to this an individual now in this place, we are told has, seen the manuscript of one of these celebrated works. Mrs. Scott, the lady of Mr. Thomas Scott, lately passed through New York, on her way to Great Britain: and the time of her arrival there was distinguished by the advertisement of a new tale in three volumes, entitled "*Rob Roy*," as having been put to the press in England, by the author of *Waverly* and other novels.

The intimate connexion, which Mr. Walter Scott is well known to have had with these publications, is fully accounted for upon the supposition, that the author is his brother, and lives in Upper Canada.

Naivete.—Soon after obtaining the place of *Auditeur des Comptes*, a man of more honesty, it is hoped, than wit, went to hear a sermon. The preacher frequently addressed himself, as to each individual of his auditory, saying *mon cher auditeur*. The simpleton listened attentively, and as often as these words escaped from the preacher, he rose from his seat and bowed most thankfully to the pulpit.

Improvement in the manufacture of paper.—Thomas Gilpin and Co. of Delaware, have made some improvements, by which a sheet is delivered of greater breadth than any made in America, and of *any length*—in one continued unbroken succession, of fine or coarse materials, regulated at pleasure to a greater or less thickness. The paper when made is collected from the machine on reels, in succession as they are filled; and these are removed to the further progress of the manufacture. The paper in its texture is perfectly smooth and even, and is not excelled by any made by hand, in the usual mode of workmanship—as it possesses all the beauty, regularity and strength of what is called well closed and well shut sheets. The mills and engines now prepared, are calculated to do the daily work of *ten paper mills*, and will employ a water power equal to about 12 to 15 pair of mill-stones of the usual size.

American Marble.—In the vicinity of New-Haven there is a quarry of very fine *Marble*. It is, says a late traveller through Connecticut, of that rich and beautiful species, which in Europe is called the *Verd Antique*; and is rarely to be met with in the old world, except in the palaces of the great and opulent, or in the cabinets of the curious. This in question, which I understand comes from *Milford*, appears to me more exquisitely rich in its colours, and better adapted for ornament, or use (on account of its being obtained in larger pieces) than any of the kind that has ever before come within my observation. This beautiful material has been extremely rare in this country; the high price which it bears in Europe, owing to its scarcity there having hitherto prevented its importation into the United States; but I understand the quarry from which this is taken (though difficult and expensive in working) is inexhaustible, and that there is a prospect, that its proprietors can

soon furnish not only an abundant supply for this country, but also considerable quantities for exportation. Indeed it is said to have been already brought into market in Paris, and with encouraging success. The best of Italian marbles are far inferior to this—As an American I cannot but rejoice that we are about to be independent of all foreign nations for this, the richest and most elegant material for furniture or building, of which any country can boast.

Trade of Salem.—There are now owned in the town of Salem, and employed in the India trade, fifty-four ships and brigs, amounting in all to 14,020 tons.

Estimating the value of these vessels at 50 dolls. per ton, which is within the cost including outfits, it will amount to D. 701,000

The value of the cargoes will probably average about 60,000 dolls. but to make the estimate within bounds, we will call them 50,000 dollars each.

2,700,000

Dolls. 3,401,000

Information.—The register of the general land office of the United States has addressed a circular to his different subordinate registers, for the purpose of obtaining information upon the peculiarities of climate, soil, and natural productions, of the diseases, phenomena, antiquities and topography of the district of country in which each office is established. Twenty offices of this kind are dispersed over about 13 degrees of latitude and 10 of longitude, viz. in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana, and in the Mississippi Territory. The view of the Register is to obtain and communicate to the public a more extended knowledge of the physical peculiarities of the country.

Morticing.—Messrs. Nathan Mead and Jonathan Cutler, of Walpole, New-Hampshire, have invented a Machine, for morticing all kinds of carriage naves or hubs, &c. which promises great public utility. The machine may be wrought by water, or any adequate power, or may be moved by hand to good advantage. It consists of two chisels, placed perpendicularly under the timber proposed to be morticed, and one two edged chisel, which plays horizontally between those placed perpendicular. The perpendicular chisels head the mortice, and the horizontal chisel cuts and delivers the chips. We have seen it in operation, by water, at this place, and can attest to the accuracy and celebrity of its movements. It makes fourteen mortices, two inches and an half in depth in less than five minutes. The same machine may be applied to almost every other kind of morticing.

Remarkable Oak Tree, near Raleigh, N. C.—About 60 years ago it was so small a sapling, that the then owner of the estate bent it down, and cut off the top with his penknife. At present by the ground it would measure at least 25 feet in girth: but as high up as trees are usually chopped, its circumference is 15 feet.—From the extremity of limb to limb is an average of 111 feet; and the tree covers with its shade, at meridian a circumference of 333 or somewhat upwards of 9000 square feet!—It would consequently afford shelter, (allowing 2 feet to each man,) for four thousand five hundred men!

Copper.—A mass of pure virgin Copper, heavier it is said, than any yet discovered in the world, has been found in the bed of the Ontanagan River, a stream running into Lake Superior from the south. It is reported to measure in girth, or circumference, twelve feet at one end, and fourteen feet round at the other. As far as a judgment can be formed

ed the mass is compact throughout, and of singular purity.

Law.—To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite:

In the first place a good deal of money;
2dly, a good deal of patience;
3dly, a good cause;
4thly, a good attorney;
5thly, good counsel;
6thly, good evidence;
7thly, a good jury;
8thly, a good judge; and
9thly, good luck.

Produce of Sugar in Georgia.—Major Butler, on 85 acres, cultivated by 17 hands, produced 140,000 pounds of sugar and 74 hds. of molasses. John Mc Queen, Esq. has planted 18 acres, which will probably average 2488 lbs. of sugar per acre. At this rate and the present price of sugar, which is 17 cents per pound, we have for 85 acres and 17 hands, in sugar, 23,800

In molasses, 6,900

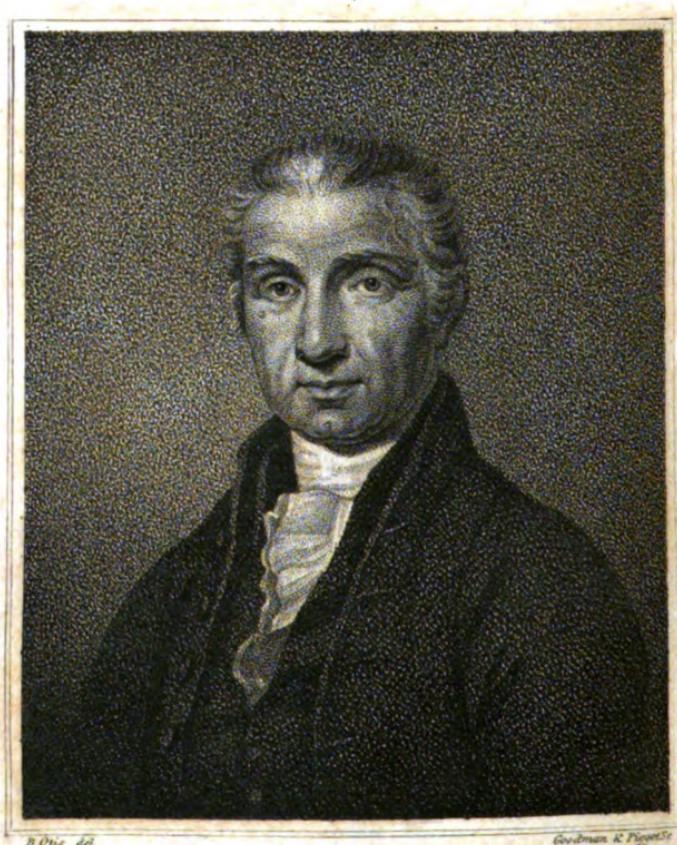
Dolls. 29,800

For 18 acres we have in
sugar, 7612.77
Molasses say 1840

Dolls. 9452.77

Admitting the reduction of the price of sugar to 10 cts. per pound, and it is believed the W. I. planter cannot afford it at a lower rate—the foregoing number of 103 acres would produce 21,978 dollars, or 961 dollars for each labourer.

Jesuits.—A German gazette contains the following article:—“we are informed, that the Jesuits are leaving Rome by dozens and by hundreds, to the different colleges re-opened for them in Spain, Naples, Sicily, Parma, &c. There have lately departed 300 for the first of these dominions. As this order has been suppressed about 50 years, the members must either be endowed with an extraordinary longevity, or they must have recruited in secret.”



B. D'Orme del

Goodman & Pigeon Sc

JAMES MONROE ESQ^E.

Engd. for the Port Folio Pub^d by Harrison Hall.

THE PORT FOLIO,
FOR
APRIL, 1818.

Embellished with a Portrait of JAMES MONROE, Esq.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence	ib.—Negroes in Savannah,
Life of James Monroe, - - - - 251	Letter-Stealing, Runaway
— Pascal, - - - - 255	Patrons, Newspapers, Internal
On the affinities between the Sanscrit and Persian Languages, 276	Improvement in Georgia,
Remarks on a Review of Wilson's Essay on Grammar, 284	North and South Carolina,
Agrarius Denterville, - - - 292	Constitution of New Jersey,
Indian Tales, - - - - 304	Combustion under Water, Pa-
The Manners of the Day, - 314	trick Henry, University of
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	Pennsylvania, Bank of United
Graydon's Memoirs, 317—Lady Morgan's Frauce, 318—M'Leod's Narrative, 320—Cox's Female Scripture Biography, ib.—Melincourt, 321—American Quarterly Review, ib.—Distribution of the Bible, 322—Pastor's Fire-Side, 323	States, - - - - - 325, 326
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS	POETRY—To Cupid, 327—To Cynthia, on her changing, ib.
—Speculation in Apples, 324	—Song, from the Greek, ib.—
—On the Western Country,	Cupid and Psyche, 328—Sonnet, by Miss Seward, ib.—Song, from the Italian of Mariano, ib.—Song, from the Indian, ib.—Sonnet, from the Italian of Tasso, ib.—Westminster Quibbles, ib.
	PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS—
	See the Appendix.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,

Agent for the sale of American Publications in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The last number of this Miscellany was delayed partly by our desire, to make those corrections of the Plan of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which Gen. Dearborn was so obliging as to indicate, as necessary to the fidelity of the view. We were also retarded by the pressure of work in the printing office: we beg it, however, to be understood, that we do not consider ourselves bound to any particular day of publication. Though we may appear to be tardy, we are not idle.

The gentleman who transmitted a pamphlet of miscellaneous poetry, is entitled to our thanks for his civility.

Vindex ought to have been informed before this time, that his review of professor _____'s book has been deposited at the place indicated by him. We should be glad to enlist him in our literary band.

Mr. *Da Ponte*, an Italian gentleman, who has resided some years in this commonwealth, and whose name we had occasion to introduce to our readers some time ago, has favoured us with a version of *Beattie's Hermit*, which should have found a place in this number, had it not previously been inserted in a cotemporary magazine at New York.

Our zealous friend *Y*, has transmitted a poetical translation of the *Hermit* into the Italian, which shall appear in *due course*. This will probably be found to be superior to that of *Mariano*, which we have published, or to that of *Da Ponte*.

Those subscribers who have not corresponded with the publisher during the present year, or the two which preceded it, are referred to a comical advertisement, which they will find in this number, page 325.

As the time has passed away

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,

the notes of the chirping minstrels will soon

In triumph to the world the youthful spring;

and we trust that Fancy will diffuse her opulence with a liberal hand among our poetical correspondents.

THE PORTFOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1818.

No. IV.

FOR THE PORTFOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES MONROE, LL.D. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES MONROE was born in the year 1759, in Westmoreland county, Virginia. The place of his birth, a farm on the banks of the Potomac, has been held in his family upwards of one hundred and fifty years. Mr. Monroe was educated at William and Mary, the *alma mater* of many of our most distinguished statesmen. In the memorable year, 1776, when his country summoned all her courage to the tents, and all her wisdom to the cabinet, young Monroe's name was enrolled as that of a cadet, in the third Virginia regiment; a gallant band, commanded by general Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton. He soon received the commission of a lieutenant in Thornton's company, and marched, under the command of colonel Weedon, to New York, where his regiment joined the army of general Washington. Lieutenant Monroe was in the actions of Harlaem Heights, and White Plains; in the retreat through Jersey, and in the attack on Trenton, he bore a share. In the last affair he received a wound, and his good conduct during the action, was rewarded by the usual promotion, in a new regiment raised by colonel Thurston. Captain Monroe was next invited into the family of lord Sterling, under whom he serv-

ed as an aid-de-camp in the campaigns of 1777 and 1778. He was engaged in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; and his conduct was marked by the distinguished approbation of the commander in chief.

Captain Monroe being anxious to regain the rank in the line, which he lost when he became a member of the family of lord Sterling, he proposed, in 1778, to raise a corps in his native state. General Washington warmly recommended this measure, and the legislature authorized the captain to enlist a regiment, of which they promised him the command. In this laudable attempt he did not succeed; and, in the latter part of the year, he commenced the study of the law, in the office of Mr. Jefferson, who was then governor of the state. In 1780, after the capture of Charleston, he visited the southern army, then under the baron de Kalb, at the request of governor Jefferson, in the character of a military commissioner. In 1782 he was elected by the voters of King George county, a member of assembly; from which, he was immediately elevated, by that body, to a seat in the executive council. In the following year, we find him placed in congress, where he continued during the legal term of three years. From the journals of congress it would appear that he was an active member. The county of Spotsylvania made him a member of the legislature in 1787; and in 1788 he was one of the convention for devising a constitution for the United States. From 1790 to 1794 he was a member of the senate of the United States; and in the latter year he was appointed a minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, by general Washington. In this mission he was employed three years, when he was recalled, in consequence of his conduct having displeased the president. He published a book in defence of himself; which, like all other publications respecting the matters on which the *ins* and the *outs* are to decide, had the effect of a sufficient vindication with his own party, while it furnished the other with the most satisfactory evidence of the propriety of general Washington's decision. In 1799 he was elected governor of Virginia; in which station he remained three years. On the expiration of this time, he was appointed, by president Jefferson, in conjunction with Mr. Livingston, then resident minister in France, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to that country; and he was empowered to act, in concert with Mr. Charles Pinck-

ney, in the same character, in Spain. By this embassy, the purchase of Louisiana was completed; the preparatory measures, it is believed, having been previously arranged by Mr. Livingston.

Mr. Monroe next repaired to London, in the summer of 1803, to succeed Mr. King, who had requested permission to return home. In 1804 he left England for Spain, in conformity with the original plan of his mission. So early as that year, it was found to be good policy to call at Paris on the way to Madrid; and, accordingly, Mr. Monroe did not reach his place of ultimate destination until 1805. He continued at the court of Madrid six months and returned to London, where he remained two years and a half.

In the winter of 1805-6 the British nation sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. Pitt; who was succeeded in the administration of public affairs by Mr. Fox. The hostility of this statesman to the principles which had governed his country for many years, having been evinced in a clandestine negotiation with one foreign and inimical power, and an open admiration of another, it was very reasonably supposed that a satisfactory arrangement might be made, between Great Britain and America, under his auspices. But he followed his illustrious rival too soon to enable these calculations to be realized. In 1806, Mr. Pinkney, a distinguished advocate of the Maryland bar, was associated with Mr. Monroe, under a special mission, to negotiate with lords Holland and Auckland, for Great Britain. By these commissioners a treaty was formed; but its provisions were so exceptionable, in the view of president Jefferson, that he took upon himself the responsibility of returning it, without submitting it to his constitutional advisers. Several attempts were made by our commissioners to bring matters to a more acceptable result, but without success. The affair of the Chesapeake produced a rupture between the two governments, and Mr. Monroe returned to his home. He was now obliged to re-commence a political career, being, in 1810, again elected to the general assembly of Virginia. Shortly after the meeting of the legislature he was once more called to the gubernatorial chair. In April, 1811, while in the exercise of this office, he was appointed secretary of state. In the following year Mr. Madison succeeded Mr. Jefferson in the presidency. Hostilities commenced against Great Britain, and Mr. Monroe was obliged to take the depart-

ment of war under his charge. At the end of the term for which Mr. Madison was elected, he was succeeded by Mr. Monroe, who now saw himself, in the close of a long and active career, at the pinnacle of his ambition. On this height, we may gaze at him, and call to mind, without any difficulty, all the steps of his progress in political life. But it behoves us to remember the caution of a wise people, who did not pretend to judge until the actor had retired from the scene, and all the pomp and circumstance of authority had vanished. The constant intercourse which Mr. Monroe has enjoyed with the most polished courts of Europe, must have enlarged his views of men, and his country is entitled to expect from him more than ordinary dignity, uprightness, and intelligence. That he contends, on the very threshold, with great prejudices, must be acknowledged; but it is in his power to redeem what he may have lost with some; with others, to establish the most irrefragable title to their gratitude; and, from all, to win that applause which follows those who regard *principles and not men*. This has long been a common cant among inferior candidates for popularity; but we hail the adoption of the sentiment, in so public a manner as it has been avowed by the President, because it seems to challenge our scrutiny of its practical application under his administration.

It will be perceived that we have confined ourselves, in this sketch, to the narrow path of chronology. As a military man, it is probable that the name of Mr. Monroe would not have been found in the annals of his time, if it had not become connected by other services with the history of his country. It is only as a statesman and a jurist that his character may be contemplated. To view him in these aspects would be to present to the reader a new edition of a history of restrictive systems and neutral rights, which is too stale for garrulity herself. In our relations with Spain his labours will be remembered while the stream of the Mississippi is subsidiary to American enterprise; but a large account with that ignoble court still remains for other negotiators to adjust. We trust the time rapidly approaches when the *last resort* shall excite apprehension where we have sued so long for justice.

That he did not succeed in his negotiations in forming a treaty with the British government was not the fault of either of the

commissioners. The times were out of joint, and if Mr. Monroe had had a Richelieu for his successor, he could have done no more. Mr. Monroe takes the helm of state at a moment particularly auspicious to the designs of a ruler, who is sincerely impressed with the duties of that station. The people of other countries have groped their way into political existence, by means so gradual, that they are not perceptible to the keenest optics of national pride; but America, like her own emblem, at a single spring has reached the loftiest branches. She has contended against the greatest power that ever existed. With the arms, and on the favourite element of her adversary, she has won laurels of fair renown. In the arts of peace, she surpasses many of the European nations; and in those comforts which constitute the real happiness of a people, she may be envied by the civilized world. To the ruler of such a country a great trust is confided. In the arrangement of the materials of which the political machine is composed, he will be required to perform the most difficult objects of his office; and on these occasions it would be the part of a good man to act upon public principles and national grounds. Thus would he occupy a place in the gratitude of the worthy, and history would inscribe his name among those who have been the benefactors of mankind.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BLAISE
PASCAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOSSUT.

(Continued from page 183.)

THE same principles led to the introduction of a new branch of analysis, which has since been cultivated with great success, and for the elements of which we are again indebted to the genius of Pascal: this is the theory of games of chance. The chevalier de Méré, a player of great skill and experience, but by no means a mathematician, had submitted to Pascal two problems on this subject. One was, to find in how many trials, with a pair of dice, a player might calculate on turning up sixes. The other was, to

determine the respective chances of two players at any given stage of the game; or, in other words, to ascertain the proportion in which the stakes should be divided, if, after any number of trials, they should agree to discontinue the game. Pascal soon effected a solution of these problems. Of the first he has not given us the analysis. We only know, from one of his letters to Fermat, the result of his investigation; according to which, the chances are against the production of *sixes* in twenty-four trials of a pair of dice: a result which is certainly true, as it is equally true that, in twenty-five trials the chances are in favour of such an event. But with regard to the second question he has left us a general method of determining the odds between two players in a variety of games; and he has treated the same subject in his letters to Fermat. The chevalier de Méré, by the mere force of native logic, had resolved some of the plainer cases of these problems. Incapable of appreciating the investigations of Pascal, but not a little vain of having himself prompted them, he thought himself intitled to deny their merit. With an unusual degree of that pretension with which most men of the world undertake to decide on all subjects, without ever having been at the pains of understanding any, he wrote a letter to Pascal, in which, among other absurdities, he ventures to tell him, that *in most cases there is little reliance to be placed on the conclusions of mathematical reasoning; that the sciences are only an obstruction to knowledge of a much safer and more important kind; and that they are destructive of that useful talent for observation which, in the intercourse of the world, enables us to interpret to our advantage the countenance and action of those around us.* This silly letter can have but one meaning: the author considers the art of seizing and profiting by the weaknesses of mankind as the perfection of all knowledge; an opinion which could have originated in none but a selfish and depraved mind, which no man would venture openly to avow, but which has always been the creed and rule of action of the intriguing and the ambitious; for, under a corrupt government, what are riches and honours but the advantages gained by superior address over merit and weakness?

No one will think that the opinions of the chevalier de Méré as to Pascal's discoveries could have excited in the geometer any other sentiment than that of pity. Fermat, Roberval, and the

other eminent mathematicians of that day, were loud in applauding the same discoveries; and the commendation of such men would have been ample consolation to him, if consolation had been necessary. He did not confine his investigations as to the relative chance of the players to cases in which two only are concerned; he extended them to any number of players whatever. Roberval, struck with the beauty of these problems, attempted a solution of them; but in vain. Fermat, by employing the theory of *combination*, was more successful. Pascal, whose method was totally different, at first suspected that the theory of combination could not be made to reach a case in which there were more than two players. He soon, however, perceived his error, and acknowledged the solution of Fermat, which agreed precisely with his own in the result; to be as accurate in principle as it was elegant in the simplicity of its process.

The whole theory on this subject rests on two very plain principles. The first is, that if the posture of one of the players is such, as that at all events, whether he wins or loses the game, he is intitled to a certain portion of the stake, he ought to make no division of that portion with his antagonist. The second is, that if the whole stake is to belong to the winner, so that before sitting down to play the interest of both players is equal, they ought, in case the game is abandoned, to make an equal division. From the combination of these two principles are obtained all the rules necessary for determining the relative situation of any number of players in a game, or their several chances of loss or gain at the moment when the game is broken off. It is not my purpose to examine here, how far these rules would be modified in practice by considerations of the comparative wealth of the players, or by other circumstances either moral or physical. The first subject has been treated by Daniel Bernouille, in the old memoirs of the academy of Petersburg;* and on the second M. d'Alembert has offered a great number of reflections highly deserving the attention of mathematicians.†

* Vol. 5, p. 175. An. 1730, 1731.

† See his *Mélanges de Littérature*, vol. 5, and his *Opuscules Mathématiques*, vol. 2 and 5.

The *Arithmetical Triangle*, with the other treatises connected with it, were found among the papers of Pascal, after his death, which happened in 1662. They were completely printed, though the author had never published them. It is proved, by the correspondence between him and Fermat, that they were all written in 1654.

It has been asserted by some mathematical writers, that Huyghens, about the same period, had given the theory of games of chance in a manner yet more rigorous than that of Pascal. The truth is, that the work of Huyghens, *de Ratiociniis in ludo aleæ*, did not appear until 1657, and that the method of investigation employed by him is substantially the same as that which Pascal had invented, and which had been circulated among mathematicians ever since the year 1654. Huyghens himself, in the preface to his book, speaks on this subject with a candour becoming his great name. "The world," says he, "should be informed, that all these inquiries have already been prosecuted by the most eminent of the mathematicians of France, in order that no one may fall into the error of ascribing to me the glory of the original invention." The author of such discoveries as the *isochronism of the cycloid*, and the theories of *evolutes* and *central forces*, was, indeed, in no want of that which did not belong to him.

It was about this time that Pascal invented two very useful and now very common machines; one of them a species of wheel carriage, drawn by the hand, and contrived with springs to render its motions easy; the other, a vehicle for the conveyance of heavy goods, with machinery to facilitate the lading and unlading.

These unceasing labours were gradually wearing away the constitution of Pascal. The activity of his mind was too great for the feebleness of his body. Towards the end of the year 1647 he suffered a severe attack of paralysis, which continued for three months, and almost totally deprived him of the use of his limbs. Some time after this period he went to reside at Paris with his father and his sister Jacqueline. Here, while surrounded by his family, he was compelled, in some degree, to withdraw himself from study. He was forced into scenes of pleasure and amusement, and, at the instigation of his friends, made occasional journeys into Auvergne, and other provinces of France. He had the misfortune, how-

ever, to lose his father in the year 1651; and his sister Jacqueline, who had long entertained the wish of retiring altogether from the world, entered the convent of Port-Royal-des-champs in 1653. He was at a distance too from his sister and M. Perier, who were obliged, by the public employments of the latter, to remain at Clermont. Thus separated from all his family, and connected with no one who had sufficient influence to restrain his actions, he returned to his studies with an intensity of application, which, had he not checked it in time, would speedily have brought him to the grave. Exhausted nature, much more than the advice of physicians, compelled him to suspend all mental exertion. Riding, and other moderate and salutary exercises took the place of the meditations of the closet. He mixed in society; and though he often carried into it a temper somewhat clouded by melancholy, he always afforded pleasure by the uncommon powers of his conversation, which he could vary and adapt to the taste and comprehension of every hearer. This ascendancy of intellect is less rapidly acquired than that of personal accomplishments, but it is more dignified, as well as more permanent. Pascal, in turn, contracted a taste for society: he even had thoughts of becoming connected with it by the ties of marriage, under a hope that the tender assiduities of an amiable wife might alleviate those sufferings which were aggravated by the gloom of his solitary existence; but an unforeseen event suddenly changed all these views.

In the month of October, 1654, while he was taking his customary ride on the *Pont de Neuilly*, the leading horses of his carriage took fright, at a place where the bridge had no parapet, and plunged into the Seine. Their weight fortunately broke the trusses, and the carriage was left behind, on the very edge of the bridge. It is easy to imagine the shock which the sickly and delicate frame of Pascal must have received from this accident. It was with much difficulty that he was recovered from a long swoon; and the effect produced upon his mind was such, that, for some time afterwards, while stretched upon his bed, exhausted and sleepless, he would frequently imagine himself at the brink of a precipice, upon the point of being hurled into the gulf below. To the same cause is attributed a vision, or trance, which he experienced shortly after this event, the particulars of which he commit-

ted to paper, and always carried about him, for the remainder of his life, concealed in the lining of his coat.

The education which he had received under his father had produced in him, at a very early age, a sincere belief, as well as love, of religion. These feelings, which were deeply impressed on his mind, though by the study of the sciences they had been somewhat deadened, were now awakened with all their original energy. He regarded the event which has just been related as an intimation from heaven to disengage himself from all human connexions, and thenceforth devote his life entirely to the service of God. For this pious design he was already prepared by the example and the persuasions of his sister Jacqueline. He now, therefore, wholly renounced the world, preserving no correspondence or connexion with any persons, except a few friends of principles similar to his own. The regulated employments of this life of religious seclusion had a tendency to mitigate his sufferings. He even enjoyed some considerable intervals of renovated health; and these he employed in the composition of works, of a nature very different from all his former productions, yet exhibiting new proofs of the prodigious extent of his genius, and of the wonderful facility with which his mind could grasp every subject that was presented to its notice.

The monastery of Port-Royal, after a long season of neglect and decay, had been suddenly restored to the highest reputation for virtue and discipline under the government of the young Angelica Arnaud. This celebrated woman, availing herself of all the means which religion would sanction, of increasing the glory of her little empire, had persuaded a number of men, eminent both for piety and learning, but disgusted with the world, to retire to a house contiguous to the monastery; where, in seclusion from the rest of mankind, they might hope to enjoy, undisturbed, the tranquil blessings of religious contemplation. Of this number were her two brothers, Arnaud d'Andilli and Antoine Arnaud; her two nephews, Le Maitre, and Saci, the translator of the Bible; besides Nichole, Lancelot, Hermant, and some others. These illustrious anchorites employed themselves chiefly in the education of youth. It was in their school that Racine acquired his knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, his pure classical taste, and the prin-

ciples of that harmonious and captivating style which is the characteristic of his compositions, and which has entitled him to the first place among the poets of France. Pascal sought an introduction to them, and soon became connected with them on terms of the closest intimacy. Though he did not become a regular member of their society, he made them occasional visits, which he sometimes prolonged to many months. He found in their conversation every thing that could interest him; mind, eloquence, sincere and enlightened piety. They, on the other hand, were not slow in discovering the vast depth and compass of his genius. He was familiar with every thing. His various knowledge, and the inventive spirit which was his predominant quality, enabled him not only to discourse with intelligence, but to throw new lights on every subject that was brought into discussion. He attracted the love and admiration of all who heard him. Saci, in particular, had conceived for him a most remarkable attachment. This laborious scholar, who employed all his days in the study of the Bible and the works of the fathers, was a passionate admirer of St. Augustine. His imagination led him to believe that every thing of uncommon excellence which was said in his presence, was to be found in that father. Under this pious delusion, whenever there escaped from the lips of Pascal any of those sublime conceptions which were so natural to him, Saci remembered at once to have seen them in the writings of his favourite author. The discovery, however, served only to increase his admiration of Pascal; though he could not comprehend how a young man, who was altogether unacquainted with the fathers, should be able, by unassisted force of intellect, to think so frequently in the same manner with the most celebrated of the doctors of the church. No one had yet the least suspicion that in this young man Port-Royal was soon to find her ablest and most intrepid defender. But before Pascal is presented in this new character, it will be necessary to enter into some previous details, and give a brief explanation of the nature and origin of the disputes in which he was engaged. It is not in the character of a theologian that Pascal appears greatest in the eyes of posterity, but it was that in which, perhaps, he stood highest in the estimation of his contemporaries; and the sketch which I shall pre-

sent of the doctrines which he defended or controverted, may furnish matter for some useful philosophical reflections.

No one can be ignorant of the famous quarrel between the Molinists and Jansenists; a quarrel which, during a long period, agitated the church of France, threw the state into confusion, and occasioned the ruin of a vast number of respectable men in both the contending parties. The points in controversy were, to explain the operation of grace upon the mind, and to reconcile predestination with free will: problems, it must be confessed, of great difficulty and importance, which, under various names, have, in all ages, exercised human curiosity, and always only to baffle and confound it.

Man has a consciousness of the freedom of his will. It is from this consciousness that he ventures to decide on the character of his own actions and those of other men; that he approves or condemns; that his bosom is at peace with itself, or racked with remorse. It is from the same consciousness that he views, with very different feelings, the assassin who aims at his life, and the stone which accidentally wounds him. But what is the nature of this freedom? How is it to be reconciled with the operation of previous motives on the mind?—with the immediate and continued agency of the Omnipotent first cause, sustaining and directing the universe and all its parts?—with the knowledge possessed by the Deity, not only of the past and the present, but also of the future? Similar inquiries occupied, and very soon divided, the early Greek philosophers. Some of them asserted the absolute freedom of man. Others considered him a mere passive instrument, acted upon, continually, by a hidden and irresistible power, to which, under the name of *destiny*, they assigned the government of the world. The two sects were almost equally numerous; and it may be remarked of those who maintained the doctrine of fatality, that, from the beginning they had professed the most rigid morality both in speculation and in life; as if, by carrying the practice of the virtues to an extreme, they designed to make some atonement to society for the pernicious moral tendency of their philosophical system.

Even doctrines which men have consented to receive and revere, as a direct communication from heaven, have not been sufficient to restrain their strong and often indiscreet propensity to

subject every thing to the examination of their own reason. A diversity of opinion, of the same kind as that which had existed among the philosophers of antiquity, afterwards divided the schools of theology, and has produced rival sects in all the religions of the world. Among the Mahometans the questions of predestination and free will constitute the chief points of difference between the followers of Omar and those of Ali. The same questions also existed among the Jews, and formed one of the grounds of contention between the Pharisees and the Saducees. Christianity has contributed to increase the obscurity in which this mysterious subject is involved, by teaching, on the one hand, that man possesses free will, and is capable himself of merit and demerit; on the other, that sanctification is the gift of God, that men can do nothing without his assistance, and that the call to faith and salvation is absolutely gratuitous: doctrines which certainly appear to be in direct contradiction to each other.

The early Christians, however, wholly intent on the performance of their practical duties, adored in peace the mysteries which they could not penetrate. It was not till their enthusiasm was somewhat abated, and their attention began to be directed to the speculative parts of religion, that dissensions arose among them. Unable to reconcile the freedom of the will with the operation of grace, they divided into sects; each one maintaining, as the only true doctrine, that which, from feeling, from its agreement with his habitual modes of thinking, or, what was the most common ground of choice, from its easy adaptation to some preconceived system, he had been led to adopt. Hence all those aberrations, which, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, have been made from the pure Christian doctrine, and which, assuming different forms in different ages, have successively been subjected to the anathemas of the church.

The learning and zeal displayed by St. Augustine in his controversy with Pelagius, an extravagant supporter of the doctrine of free will, deservedly acquired for him the distinguishing appellation of the *doctor of grace*. He had before combatted the opposite error of the Manichæans; and it is in consequence of his having thus written on both sides of the controversy that the theologians of each of the contending schools have been able to furnish

themselves with arguments from his works. The dispute with the Pelagians, however, was the longest and most animated, and the party opposed to the tenets of that sect have always found it more easy than their adversaries to obtain support from the authority of St. Augustine, and have always made it their peculiar glory to march under his banner.

The darkness and ignorance of the ages which succeeded the condemnation of the Pelagians, and the wars in which the Christians were engaged, seem to have extinguished all curiosity as to these inquiries. They were still, however, the subjects of disputation in the monasteries, and afterwards, on the revival of scholastic studies, found their way into the universities. The school of Thomas Aquinas had adopted, in its most rigorous sense, the doctrine of St. Augustine, and seemed to render it yet more rigorous, by attempting to explain it on the hypothesis of physical impulse; according to which, God himself impresses upon the will the movement which determines it. This doctrine was vehemently opposed by the Franciscans and others. They accused the Thomists of introducing fatalism, of making God the author of sin, of representing him as an unjust tyrant, who, after prohibiting the commission of crime, compelled men to be guilty, and then punished them for their guilt. The Thomists, in turn, reproached their adversaries with the blasphemy of giving to the creature a power which belonged only to God, and of reviving the errors of Pelagius, by rendering grace a nullity, and making man the author of his own salvation.

The effects likely to be produced by the severity of these mutual accusations, and by the feelings of animosity which they would naturally engender, were mitigated by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances. The two opinions had divided the universities, and at the head of the contending parties were two rival religious orders, both powerful, both recommended by a high reputation for learning and piety, and both equally endeared to the see of Rome, by the indefatigable zeal with which they laboured to extend its authority. The popes had too great an interest in the preservation of both these supports of their power to allow the balance to incline in favour of either of them. The people took no part in disputes which they did not understand; faith was not in-

volved in them; Rome preserved a guarded silence, and it happened, as it always will happen where authority does not interpose to prevent free discussion, that no civil disturbance originated from them.

Luther and Calvin appeared. These reformers, eagerly seeking every opportunity to show that the creed of the Catholic church was not the doctrine of the first ages of Christianity, embraced, as they thought, but in reality went far beyond, the principles which St. Augustine had unfolded in his controversy with the Pelagians. The Lutherans, indeed, soon returned to a milder creed; and even some among the Calvinists, particularly Arminius and his followers, wholly abandoned the doctrine of their master and adopted that of Pelagius. But in the origin of the Reformation, predestination, in its most rigid sense, was one of the doctrines which the reformers most zealously inculcated, and which the Catholic divines, on the other hand, applied themselves particularly to refute.

In this stormy and contentious period, the society of the Jesuits was established, and its members, ambitious of acquiring the ascendancy in the church, entered the lists of controversy with all the alacrity which such a sentiment could possibly inspire. An ingenious and captivating metaphysico drew to them disciples and followers. Elated with success, they no longer confined themselves to the refutation of Luther and Calvin; they aimed at the establishment of a new school in opposition to that of St. Thomas. Molina, a Spanish Jesuit, proved the perfect accordance of grace and free-will by a system which rivalled in popularity that of physical impulse. According to this system, God foresees, by an act of simple intelligence, every thing possible. By another act of intelligence, which Molina has denominated *mean science*, or *the science of the conditional future*, he foresees not only what will happen in consequence of any given state or condition of things, but also what would have happened under any state or condition of things which might have existed, but which never will exist. Men are never without a portion of grace sufficient for salvation; and this grace becomes efficacious or is wholly lost, according to the use which they may make of it. When God purposes the conversion or the salvation of a sinner, he accords the grace

which, by his *mean science*, he knows the sinner will accept, and which will cause him to persevere in the right path. From this summary it is evident that Molina, in his endeavours to preserve to man the freedom of his will, has too much enlarged its bounds, and made it quite too independent of the creator. Even in doing this, he has only substituted for one difficulty another of precisely the same kind, and, perhaps, greater in degree; for, upon his principles, the fore-knowledge of a conditional event which is never to take place, is founded in a connexion between the event itself and the condition on which it depends. Such a connexion is absolutely incomprehensible; for, as the condition, by the supposition, never has existed, and never is to exist, there never has been, and never will be any exertion of the will, or any determination proceeding from it.

The hypothesis of Molina was in some of its parts corrected by Suarez, who attempted to explain the certain and necessary operation of grace, without at the same time impairing man's power to receive or reject it, by the joint and simultaneous action of God and man. But this association of divinity with the acts of our feeble and unsteady will is itself a mystery, as inexplicable as any of the other points in this controversy.

The Jesuits, notwithstanding the objections by which their doctrine was assailed, and which very much weakened, if they did not entirely overturn it, advanced it confidently as the true and only solution of the difficulties by which the holy fathers had been embarrassed in their endeavours to make the divine prescience consistent with the freedom of human actions. This haughty pretension gave offence to the ancient schools. They were indignant at the superiority assumed by these modern doctors, on no better ground than that of having introduced into theology some metaphysical subtleties, which, when they come to be examined, explain nothing, and are contradictory in themselves. Their contests, particularly those in which they were involved with the Dominicans, became so violent, that the holy see thought itself called upon to take up the subject; and the theologians of the two orders defended their respective doctrines before the assemblies so well known under the name of congregations *de auxiliis*. Rome was again wise enough to make no decision; but the pomp and publicity of

these solemn disputations had the necessary effect of inflaming, to a still higher degree, the fury of the contending parties.

While these dangerous dissensions were thus disturbing the peace of the church, Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Ypres, commonly known by the name of Jansenius, a man respected for his learning and the purity of his life, but innocent of all suspicion that his name was one day to become the signal of hatred and discord, was employed, in the silence of his closet, in studying and digesting into a system what he believed to be the principles contained in the writings of the doctor of grace. The work, which he composed in Latin, he intitled *Augustinus*, and submitted to the judgment of the church. Hardly had he completed it, when (in 1638) he died of the plague, which he caught in the examination of some papers belonging to individuals of his flock who had been carried off by that disease.

The *Augustinus* was first delivered to the world in 1640. It was a huge folio, written without order or method, and rendered as obscure by its style and intolerable prolixity, as it was incomprehensible in its matter. Had it been left to take its natural course, it is impossible that such a work could ever have excited notice, or produced harm. The noise which it unhappily made in the world is to be ascribed solely to the celebrated men by whom it was brought forward in support of their cause, and to the bitter animosity of their adversaries.

The abbé de St. Cyran was the friend of Jansen, and had thoroughly imbibed his doctrines. Detesting both the Jesuits and their *mean science*, he every where spoke in the highest terms of the *Augustinus*, even before its publication, representing it as the depository of the whole secret of predestination; and the principles of the book he circulated in every direction in his spiritual letters. Similar sentiments were soon after publicly avowed by the monks of Port-Royal. In the most celebrated schools Jansen now became an oracle. They declared him to be sent from God to be the interpreter of St. Augustine. The Jesuits, irritated at beholding their own theology gradually falling into neglect, and jealous, besides, of the scholars of Port-Royal, by whom they were eclipsed in every branch of literature, raised a furious outcry against the work of Jansen. To establish charges against him

was a matter of no little difficulty. By a forced construction of the words of the author, they succeeded at length in making out five propositions, which in themselves were plainly false and heretical. Upon these they founded an accusation before the holy see, and loudly called for the condemnation of the *Augustinus*. On the 31st of May, 1653, Innocent X pronounced his censure of the propositions, without, however, explicitly deciding whether they were truly extracted from the offending volume. A new judgment was demanded, in 1665, by the assembly of the French clergy, who represented to the pope that the Jansenists were rebellious and heretical subjects. Alexander VII accordingly, on the 14th of October, 1656, issued his bull, condemning, for the second time, the five propositions, but under the express condition that they were faithfully extracted from the work of Jansen, and that the author himself understood them in an heretical sense. This bull was the basis of the formulary prepared by the clergy in 1657, to which the court, four years afterwards, attempted to enforce an unqualified signature. A second bull, upon the same subject, accompanied by a formulary, was issued by Alexander VII, in 1665.

It is not improbable that the Jesuits would at last have been compelled to abandon their persecution of the disciples of Jansen, had not some of the most powerful men in Europe at that time been interested in promoting it. The cardinal de Richelieu, who personally hated the abbé de St. Cyran, at first attempted to obtain from the holy see a condemnation of the writings of that ecclesiastic. This attempt, however, he prosecuted with very little zeal, and very soon abandoned. He was not of a disposition to go through all the tedious forms practised at the court of Rome, to attain an object so insignificant, in his estimation, as the censure of four or five abstract propositions, which an obscure divine had been rash enough to give to the world. It suited his temper better to adopt the short and simple process of imprisoning the abbé in the castle of Vincennes.

Mazarin, less violent, and more adroit in disguising his hatred, while he took care to secure its certain and complete effect, was directing in secret a more serious attack against the Jansenists. On all matters of religion he was, in reality, quite indifferent; nei-

ther did he feel any great love for the Jesuits; but he knew that a close connexion subsisted between the monks of Port-Royal and his enemy, the cardinal de Retz, whose power had once made him tremble. Without troubling himself to ascertain the nature of this connexion, which had its origin long before this period, and was perfectly innocent, he chose to consider it as criminal, and took his revenge in secretly instigating the clergy to procure the bull of 1656. Thus a controversy which ought never to have been stirred, or which should have ended where it began, in the obscurity of the schools, acquired importance and disturbed the whole nation for a period of more than a century, because the defenders of an unintelligible book, which otherwise would speedily have passed into oblivion, were the friends of an archbishop of Paris, who had endeavoured to supplant the first minister of the king of France. Mazarin, there can be little doubt, did not foresee the pernicious consequences of his weakness in thus bringing the authority of the state into a theological quarrel, of the mere existence of which it was his duty to have been ignorant. The example, however, is not the less striking, and conveys important instruction to kings and their ministers.

The Port-Royal monks, as well as many other theologians, though they would not undertake to defend the five propositions, in their literal meaning, alleged that they were not contained in the *Augustinus*, or, if they were to be found in that volume, that they were there understood in a sense unexceptionably Catholic. These allegations were denied to be true. The contest was then continued with increased animation; and, on both sides, numerous publications appeared, in which the violence of passion, extinguishing all that charity so strongly recommended to the observance of Christians, furnished, unhappily, to the enemies of religion too much cause of triumph.

Of all the champions of Jansenism, the most distinguished for vehemence and zeal was Arnaud; a man of lofty spirit and austere morals. On entering the priesthood, he gave almost his whole fortune to the convent of Port-Royal, declaring that a minister of Jesus Christ ought always to be poor. His attachment to what he believed to be the truth, was as inflexible as truth itself. He detested the corrupt morality of the Jesuits, and was by them hated

with no little rancour in return, not only for his opinion of their order, which was well known to them, but because his father, in his defence of the university, had urged, with great earnestness, the necessity of wholly interdicting to them the education of youth, and even of expelling them the kingdom. The answer which Arnaud made to his friend Nichole, who was engaged by his side in the same warfare, will enable us to judge of the deep hold which Jansenism had taken in his mind. Nicole, who was naturally of a mild and conciliatory disposition, one day confessed to his friend that he was weary of the contest, and wished for repose. "*Repose!*" replied Arnaud; "*will you not have all eternity to repose in?*"

Under the influence of such feelings, Arnaud, in 1665, published a letter, in which, after denying that the condemned propositions were to be discovered in the work of Jansen, he proceeds to a general discussion of the question of grace, and observes that *St. Peter presents, in his fall, an example of a righteous man who wanted that grace without which nothing can be accomplished.* The first of these assertions seemed to be an insult offered to the holy see; the second was considered as nothing short of heresy; and both excited a great ferment in the Sorbonne, of which Arnaud was a member. Nothing was left unattempted by his enemies to bring upon him the disgrace of a spiritual censure. His friends represented to him the necessity of defending himself. He was naturally eloquent; but his eloquence, for want of proper cultivation, was desultory and irregular. His style was so negligent, and his manner so dogmatical, as often, in a great measure, to counteract the force of the excellent sense which his writings contained; for whenever the subject is one which is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, the charm of style is one of the chief means of persuasion. He vindicated his opinions and doctrines in a work of considerable length; but while justice was done to its substantial merit, it was generally acknowledged to be dull and monotonous, and not at all calculated to win the public favour. Arnaud himself, with perfect composure, acquiesced in this judgment, and was the first to point out Pascal as the only man who could treat the subject in a manner at once pleasing and judicious. Pascal readily undertook the defence of a cause

which concerned so nearly the virtuous and learned men with whom he was connected by the strongest ties of affection.

On the 23d of January, 1656, he published, under the name of *Louis de Montalte*, his first letter *to a Provincial*,* in which, with an elegance and playfulness of wit of which there was no previous example, he ridicules the assemblies which were then held in the Sorbonne for the trial of Arnaud. The success of this letter was prodigious; all the unprejudiced part of the public were irresistibly carried away by it. But the party who had resolved to crush Arnaud had taken their measures so skilfully, and had brought to the meetings so many monks and mendicant doctors, all devoted to authority, that a majority was found, not only to condemn him on the two charges brought against him, but to expel him for ever from the faculty of theologians. The decree of expulsion was passed the 31st of January, 1656.

This triumph of his enemies was not a little disturbed by the second, third, and fourth letters *to a Provincial*, which appeared very soon after the decision of the Sorbonne. They cast indelible ridicule on the Dominicans and certain lay doctors, who, for the sake of preserving their credit, or to gratify some petty resentments, seemed to have apostatized, on this occasion, from the doctrine of St. Thomas. But the Jesuits, to whose exertions was principally to be ascribed the sentence against Arnaud, paid most dearly for the joy which their success had afforded them. The subsequent letters completed their immolation, and gave them up to the public the miserable and mangled victims of scorn and derision. It was in their writings on the theory of morals that Pascal found the occasions of those terrible strokes of wit which were to consign them to everlasting ridicule and hatred, and lay the foundation of the future destruction of the order.

The two great requisites of Christianity are faith in its dogmas, and practical virtue. With regard to its dogmas, the church has always treated as enemies, not only those who question, but those who presume to expound them. The general principles of

* *The Provincial Letters* (as they are very improperly called, though long use has given a sanction to the name) first appeared under this title: *Letters written by Louis de Montalte to a Provincial Friend and the R.R.P.P. Jesuits, on the Morality and Politics of those Fathers.*

morality are guarded with the same severe jealousy; but in practice she permits them to be brought into discussion, so far as their application to particular cases may require. There are, indeed, various grades of guilt in human actions. Of some the true character strikes us at once, and precludes all question; of others the character is not so easily determined, and may be innocent or criminal according to intention or circumstances. In morality, therefore, it became necessary to have expositors, whose business it should be to fix the boundaries between vice and virtue; to alarm the hardened offender, by an exhibition of the whole extent of his guilt; and quiet the apprehensions of ingenuous timidity, disposed to magnify, too much, errors proceeding only from human weakness.

The body of divines, whose station required them to give religious instruction to the people, readily availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of signalizing their learning and zeal. Every school and every religious order produced its doctors, who, under the name of *casuists*, took cognizance of the consciences of men, and settled the *rules* of human actions. They were useful so long as they followed the pure and consoling morality of the gospel; but by attempting to pervert its precepts to suit their own theories, or to promote mere human interests, they disordered, at last, the whole frame of society. Every one has heard of the frivolous and unprofitable disputes concerning *universals* and *categories* which, during the dark ages, were carried on amidst the idleness and sluggishness of the cloister. A similar spirit was introduced into the theological morality of the times. We find grave authors exhausting their ingenuity in showing all the possible aspects in which an action may be considered; in proving that though *in substance* it may be vicious, it may be innocent by intention, or in some metaphysical point of view. We see them perplexing with subtleties the mind of the penitent who asks their spiritual assistance, keeping him continually in doubt whether his actions have merited the hatred or the love of mankind, and after having obtained a full confession of all his conduct, abusing it for the purpose of acquiring the control of his conscience. Innumerable questions, some of the most absurd, others of the most scandalous kinds, are propounded to these spiritual doctors, and the

answers which they receive are very often at variance with the plainest dictates of common sense. Public morals would no doubt have suffered greatly from their decisions, had not their effects fortunately been counteracted by the ridicule which they excited.

The theological morality engaged no less of the zeal and activity of the Jesuits than the controversial divinity of the times. To mention even the names of their casuists would be an endless task. They are said to have improved, if not to have invented, the doctrines of *probable opinion*, of *mental reservation*, of the *direction of the will*, and some others, which once had much celebrity. All who have examined their writings confess that they discover talent, logical subtlety, and often an appearance of great sagacity in propounding and resolving uncommon and perplexing cases of conscience. The treatise *De Matrimonio*, by the Spanish Jesuit, Sanchez, is mentioned as a perfect production of its kind, in which the author has left no part of the subject untouched, and has discussed every case and every scruple which could possibly suggest itself to the wandering imagination of a monk, in a country where passion is stimulated by a voluptuous climate.

The solemn mockery or scandalous indecency exhibited in the casuistical decisions of the Jesuits afforded a fine field for the wit and sarcasm of Pascal. But it required a genius like his own to form from such materials a work which should interest, not only professed theologians, but the public in general. Of a production so celebrated as the *Provincial Letters* I may be excused for saying but little. It is a universal remark that they were without a model either in ancient or modern times, and that in them the author has developed and fixed the French language. Voltaire has expressly asserted that the best comedies of Moliere do not possess more wit than the first, and that Bossuet has produced nothing more sublime than the last, of these letters. To this high praise, which has received the sanction of the public voice, I will add but a single observation. It has always appeared to me that one of the chief excellencies of the Provincial Letters is the admirable art with which Pascal has managed his transitions; which, as his subject possessed no necessary connexion of parts, was, perhaps, his greatest difficulty. He passes from one topic to another, totally different, in such a manner that the reader is altogether insensible of the change. The destruction of the order of

the Jesuits may abate the interest which some readers would otherwise take in these letters; but with men of taste and literature they will always be regarded as models of style, of wit, and of eloquence.

To refute this formidable production seems to have been thought impossible. The Jesuits, however, acted with a courage which few expected from them. They boldly defended their casuists. It has been said that they ought at once to have abandoned them, and themselves to have led the laugh at the wit of Pascal; since, after all, the loose morality of which they were accused was not exclusively their own, but was to be found in most of the theological writings of the times. But the principles of inflexible pride and consistent policy, by which the society had always governed its conduct, would not allow it in this manner to condemn the authors who had written under the sanction of its own authority, and had been labouring for its own aggrandizement. In this extraordinary body a single impulse actuated all the members, directing their talents and industry to the promotion of one great object, the glory of their order. It was never in their contemplation to corrupt the morals of mankind. They sought only to acquire the control of the consciences of the great. To favour this object they framed for themselves a theological code, partly composed of the tenets of Christianity, partly of the maxims of the world; a code in which rigorous precept was skilfully mixed up with great indulgence for the weaknesses of human nature, and which, without pretending to the entire abolition of sin from among men, taught them how they might avoid the commission of it, or how, if committed, they might merit forgiveness. For a period of one hundred and fifty years this artfully constructed system sustained, throughout Europe, the highest reputation; and would have been sufficient, perhaps, to have supported to the present day the original renown of the order, had it continued to regulate its conduct by the same maxims of wisdom and moderation which had distinguished its founders.

It was unfortunate for the Jesuits that the Provincial Letters appeared at a time when they were destitute of any good writer. All the replies which were published to that work were as despicable for their style as they were reprehensible for their matter.

These wretched productions, as was to have been expected, acquired no celebrity; while the *Provincial Letters*, on the contrary, were read with avidity from one extremity of France to the other, and were quickly circulated in foreign countries in the translations of the Jansenists. A universal clamour was soon raised against the Jesuits. Their arguments for softening the harshness of the moral code were utterly disregarded; they were declared to be its corrupters. Among the works which they published in defence of their casuists there was one which gave great and general offence: it was entitled "An Apology for the Modern Casuists against the Calumnies of the Jansenists." The clergy of Paris, and soon after them, those of the principal towns of France, published answers to this dangerous book, which, in addition to great strength and vehemence of argument, were written in a style of eloquence not inferior to that of Demosthenes. These answers were the joint productions of Arnaud, Nichole, and Pascal. The two former furnished the materials, and Pascal undertook the task of composition. The public feeling which they excited was by no means agreeable to the Jesuits; and notwithstanding the authority of those holy fathers among the clergy, several bishops, distinguished both by learning and virtue, issued mandatory letters expressly directed against the Apology for the Casuists.

After the experience of so much defeat and humiliation, the Jesuits should have retired from the conflict, and stifling the vexations of the moment, taken refuge in the most cautious silence. This conduct, which prudence and interest would have dictated, the world would have placed to the credit of their moderation. It is true that, at this moment, the public were not very favourably disposed towards them. Some faint impression still remained of the disorder into which they had thrown the kingdom in the time of the league; and minds of timid piety were shocked and alienated by the moral doctrines of their casuists. But it is the character of the French people easily to forget the past. They would soon have regarded the Jesuits either as victims of oppression, claiming their pity and protection, or as men superior to injustice and entitled to their admiration. The Jansenists would gradually have lost all the advantages of their victory. Left to the enjoyment of undisturbed repose, they would never have attained that importance and celebrity to which persecution afterwards raised them.

Pride and animosity produced an opposite result. Influenced by these passions, and relying on their authority at court, the Jesuits proceeded in the most violent and precipitate manner to assail their adversaries. The Jansenists were not alone the objects of their vengeance. Every individual, every associated body, that did not profess entire devotion to them, was harassed by persecution. For the period of a century the Jesuits continued to abuse a power which they had unjustly acquired, and which, as it had no other foundation than opinion, a sudden change of opinion might in a moment have destroyed. Their career was at length arrested; and our own times have witnessed their downfall and their punishment. Most of the princes of Christendom, and even the Pope himself, impatient of their incessant intrigues, and of the degradation of acting as the instruments of their intolerance, have found it necessary to expel the Jesuits from their dominions. Religious establishments have sometimes been reformed and brought back to their original zeal and discipline, when their degeneracy has been merely the effect of indolence and luxury. But when a numerous order of men associate under the standard of religion, while, in reality, they are but a political body, systematically pursuing the interests of an ambition altogether of this world; when they carry intrigue into courts, and disorder into governments; and even make themselves formidable to the monarch on his throne, reform is hopeless; the root of the evil still remains, and it can only be extirpated by the destruction of the establishment.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW.

1. Rapports entre la langue Sanscrit & la langue Russe. Présentés à l'Academie Imperiale de Russie. St. Petersbourg. Drechsler, 1811. 4to. pp. 16.
2. A Specimen of the Conformity of the European Languages, particularly the English, with the Oriental Languages, especially the Persian. With Notes and Authorities. By Stephen Weston, B. D. F. R. S. S. A. Calcutta, Lankheet, 1816. 8vo. 160 pp.

It will be, perhaps, considered as a literary curiosity, that two works, one of which was written on the banks of the Neva, and the other on those of the Ganges, should be reviewed for the first time at the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill. Two parts

of the world from their most distant points, thus come together and meet in social union at the tribunal of a third, the self-created judge of their comparative merits. There is something so new, and at the same time so pleasing in this idea, that we cannot resist the temptation of realizing it as far as we are able. It will be an additional proof of the irresistible tendency of literature to unite nations and men by that strongest and most delightful of all human ties, a similarity of tastes and pursuits.

The first of these works, though it bears no author's name, is understood to be the production of Mr. Frederick Adelung, one of the most learned philologists of the Russian empire, whom we believe to be the son of the celebrated author of the great German dictionary, and of the first parts of that stupendous work, the *MITHRIDATES*, which his successor, professor Vater, of Koenigsberg, has so ably continued, and by means of which we now possess a comparative view of all the languages of the earth, including those of the aborigines of America, to which the two last volumes are exclusively dedicated. Every production from such an author is entitled to the highest respect.

The other, Mr. Weston, is a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and a member of other learned associations. His work justifies the choice of those respectable bodies, at least so far as it shows him to be possessed of much learning and erudition.

Since the literati of Europe have turned their thoughts to the study of the Oriental languages, numerous striking affinities have been discovered between them and those of the more western parts of the world; so that many learned men have adopted the opinion that the Greek and Roman idioms took their origin from those of Persia and India. Pursuing the subject still farther, even in the Teutonic dialects there have been found a great number of words apparently of eastern origin. Boxhornius, Andrew Müller, and others have shown the remarkable resemblance of several German words with Persian words of the same signification, among which we find *fader*, *moder*, *broder*, *tochter*. Frank has proved the strong affinity which subsists between the Sanscrit and Persian. Anquetil Duperron, and father Bartolomeo Paolini have compared the Sanscrit with the Greek and Latin, and shown an astonishing connexion between them; and the latter, in a special dissertation, has demonstrated the affinity between the German and the Sanscrit and Zend. The results from these and

other writings on the same subject are given at large in the *Mithridates*, vol. i. p. 134.

Professor Adelung, going still beyond his predecessors, undertakes to prove, in the work before us, the affinity existing between the Sanscrit and the Russian language. As instances, he gives one hundred and seventy-seven words, which we must acknowledge, are astonishingly alike in the two languages, and if not always of the same, at least of analogous signification. There are but very few of the words which he adduces from the Sanscrit idiom, the similarity of which with the Russian does not appear to us so striking as it probably did to himself. Such is *Ratha*, the Sanscrit name for a coach or carriage, which he assimilates to the Russian *KOPETA*,* the root of which is evidently *cor* or *car*, and shows it to be of the same family with the English words *car*, *cart*, *carriage*, the French *charrette*, the Italian *carretta*, &c. There are not, however, many words of this description. In by far the greatest number the affinity is genuine, and indeed striking. We shall only quote a few examples, which will enable the reader to form an idea of the rest.

Sanscrit.	English.	Russian.
Ada,	I eat,	yada.
Aghni,	fire,	ogni. (o pronounced broad.)
Bratha,	brother,	brat.
Cabala,	head,	kabala.
Dhough,	air,	dough, (pron. <i>doogh</i> , guttural.)
Ghena,	woman,	zhena.
Leka,	light, (adj.)	legko.
Modou,	honey,	mioud.
Nogo,	nail (<i>unguis</i>)	nogot.
Oda,	the sea,	voda, water.
Priam,	love,	priazn, friendship.
Roudhira,	blood,	rouda.
Shivtc,	living,	zhiv, m. zhiva, f. zhivo. n.
Tschatwar,	four,	tschetwire.
Wahini,	war,	waïna.
Wida,	the way, the manner,	wid.

* This word is to be pronounced according to the Russian alphabet. *P* stands for *R*, and *o* sounds broad, as in *God*.

We will not multiply quotations. The above are sufficient to give an idea of the degree of success which our author has met with in his search of affinities between the Sanscrit and Russian languages. We have been astonished to find such strong resemblances between analogous words of those different idioms; but not less so by the similarity of many of them to words of like signification in *other* European languages, and particularly in *English*, the more remarkable, as the writer not only was not seeking for them, but does not appear even to have remarked them. We select a few for the satisfaction of our readers.

Sanscrit.	Sanscrit.
Ada, I eat, Lat. edo.	Nicht, nothing, Germ. nichts.
Aschuga, dry, Ital. asciugare,	Osthi, the bones, Gr. ὄστρον.
to wipe dry.	Pad, the foot, Lat. pes, pedis,
Bratha, brother.	Fr. pied.
Bhrouwo, brouwan, the eye- brows.	Padi, the road, Eng. path.
Da, give, Lat. da.	Sam, together, Germ. sammt, zusammen.
Drouh, tree, Danish, træ.	Schaschta, six, Russ. schest,
Dwi, two, Lat. duo.	Lat. sex.
Dwar, opening, Eng. door.	Swastri, schostri, sister, Germ.
Go, cow, Germ. kuh.	Schwester.
Grehipan, to take, Eng. gripe.	Souonoh, tone (of voice) It. su-
Herda, the heart, Swed. hierta.	ono, sound.
Hima, cold, Lat. hyems, winter.	Tri, three, Russ. tri, Lat. tres,
Ita, yes, Lat. ita.	&c.
Jouwa, young, Lat. juvenis.	Touwara, door, Russ. dwer,
Kouka, cock.	Eng. door, Germ. thür.
Madra, mother, It. Span. madre.	Varaha, hog, Low Dutch, varck.
Mrit, death, Fr. mort.	Vighava, widow, Russ. Vdova.
Marcca, frontier, Eng. march,	It. vedova, Lat. vidua.
marches, marquis.	Waihou, wind, Low Dutch,
Naga, the nail, (unguis) Germ. nagel.	waaijen, to blow (a storm.)
Nasa, the nose, Lat. nasus.	Yuga, yugon, yoke, Lat. jugum,
Nidhid, the nest, Lat. nidus, Fr. nid.	Gr. ζυγός, Fr. joug, &c.,

These similarities are indeed exceedingly strong, and leave no doubt on the mind of the connexion which subsists between the languages of Europe and those of the western and south-western parts of Asia. While eastern Asia, on the other hand, presents idioms which appear formed on different models, and in which affinities are sought in vain with those of the west. The study of man, through his various modes of speech, is becoming more and more an interesting science; and if pursued with industry and care, and in the spirit of cool and judicious observation, free from enthusiasm and fanciful systems, may lead to valuable results.

We cannot quit this little work of professor Adelung, without taking notice of two Sanscrit words in which we observe a curious coincidence. They are *adima*, which means *the first*, and *deschiwa*, or *djeva*, which signifies *life*. There can be no doubt of the affinity of this last word to the Hebrew name of the first woman, who was called *life*, because she was the mother of all living. The true meaning of the name of the first man is not so certain, and it has been attempted to be derived from various sources. We shall not venture into the inquiry, whether a derivation might not be found for it in the Hebrew, Syriac, or Chaldaic languages, analogous to that which the Sanscrit offers. We leave it to our learned orientalist, Dr. Wilson, to pursue this subject, which we think well worth the labour of a dissertation.

Professor Adelung finds a remarkable affinity between the Sanscrit word *adima*, the first, and the Russian word *odin*, (pron. *od-in*) which signifies *one*. If such a connexion exists, it might be traced still further; the Hebrew *וְהָיָה* naturally presents itself, and in the name of *Odin*, the god of the Scandinavians, we might easily perceive or suppose the name of the *first man* transferred to the *first cause*. But the comparative study of languages requires the greatest caution, and we cannot be too much on our guard against the illusions of a fanciful imagination.

We cannot say that the other writer, Mr. Weston, whose work we are now going to examine, displays a great deal of the true philological sobriety. On the contrary, whenever he finds the least resemblance in sound between a Persian and an English word of nearly similar import, he classes them together, as if one of them was necessarily to be derived from the other: thus if *amuz*, in

the Persian means *skilful*, (p. 15,) he connects it at once with the English verb *to amuse*. *Endud* is Persian for a *plaster*, it must be the source of the English participle *endued*, (p. 16.) *Acourchin* in Persian means a *winding staircase*; hence, therefore, the origin of the English word *urchin*, which means an animal that, like the snail, *retires within himself*, (p. 18.) *Igla* means *dear*, hence the English verb *to higgle*; *pushek* means a *cat*, hence our familiar appellation *puss*; *abad* is our *abode*, *askijot* our *skies*, and *buz*, a *kiss*, (p. 30.) can be no other than the English word *buzz*, imported by some British sailor from Ormuz or some other place on the Persian Gulf; *khaut* is our English word *kite*, *khoda*, our *God*, *khurd*, which signifies *meat*, is found in our *milk curds*; *khela* is our *clay*; *zurset*, which means *abundance*, is the prototype of our word *surfeit*; *anick* is the English *neck*; the Persian word *afreit*, a giant, has been borrowed in our language in the words *a fright*; *yuket*, a *grove*, is our *thicket*; *ghell*, *malice*, is found in our words *gall* and *guile*; *ghugha*, a trifling squabble, in the English *gewgaws*; *gutu*, a ravenous and deceitful *dæmon*, produced our words *guile* and *to gull*, and probably our substantive *cully*; *fuz*, the shape of the mouth, is our *phiz*, which is no longer abridged from *physiognomy*, but immediately derived from the Persian; *kar*, a *trade*, bears a strong affinity to our substantive *care*, because, forsooth, a tradesman is or ought to be *careful*; *leshlah*, slow, is our adjective *listless*; *meany*, idea, our substantive *meaning*; *weilih*, *cunning*, is reproduced in the English *wily*; *yed*, help, is our *aid*; *bishini* is our *business*, and *khui*, a *custom*, is evidently the same with the English word *cue*, which we have hitherto ignorantly believed to be derived from the French *queue*, taken figuratively for the *tatt* or *end* of a speech or sentence. Such solemn trifling may possibly help bookmaking; but it certainly does not advance the progress of science.

Yet we are far from wishing to fix on Mr. Weston the odious epithet of a *book maker*. His work is full of solid learning, and contains many ingenious and several judicious remarks, and on the whole, is a valuable accession to the stock of philological literature.

Nor must it be believed, because we have noticed some forced affinities, which should not have found a place in this interesting

work,¹ that our author has failed in his object to prove a strong connexion between the Persian and the ancient and modern languages of Europe. We think, on the contrary, that he has completely succeeded; and the following list, which, however, contains but a few of the specimens adduced, will show that we use in our language, and that there are in the Latin, Greek, French, and other European idioms, more words of eastern origin than we are generally aware of.

Persian.	Persian.
Afiun, opium.	Jiger, liver, Lat. jecur.
Amrar, bitter, Lat. amarus.	Istorak, storax.
Ankar, anchor.	Isfunge, sponge.
Anus, woman, Lat. anus, old w ^o . man.	Juvan, young, Lat. juvenis.
Ark, castle, Lat. arx.	Kah, cow.
Arzt, earth, Germ. erd, erz.	Kalun, fair, Gr. καλὸς.
Artzchenk, artichoke.	Kamees, shirt, It. camiccia, Fr. chemise.
Ascarlati, scarlet.	Kandi, sugared, (candy, candied.)
Atar, odour.	Kartas, paper, Lat. charta.
Basum, basin.	Kelem, a reed to write with,
Belesan, balsam.	Lat. calamus.
Berbaris, barberry.	Kir, lord, Gr. κύριος.
Bricock, Apricot.	Kiras, cherry, Lat. cerasus.
Burge, fortress, Ger. burg.	Kohweh, coffee.
Cotton, cotton.	Kub, cup, Fr. coupe.
Delfin, Dolphin.	Kuknus, swan, Gr. κύκνος.
Dendan, tooth, Lat. dens.	Kunab, hemp, Lat. cannabis.
Difter, book or roll, Gr. διφθίγμα.	Kurn, horn, Lat. cornu.
Ebnus, ebony.	Leb, lip, Lat. labium.
Enkelis, an eel, Gr. ἕγκελος.	Limon, lemon.
Fistek, pistachio.	Makhazen, shop, (magazine.)
Gian, jan, dæmon, giant.	Malenkholia, melancholy,
Habul, cable.	Merwardid, pearl, Lat. margarita
Hasel, nuts, (hazel.)	Mushk, musk.
Hemézan, Amazon.	Mumiya, mummy.
Huner, virtue, Lat. honor.	Musky, music.
Jasmin, jessamine.	Mush, mouse, Lat. mus-
Jentian, Gentian:	

Myghnatis, magnet.	Sumak, sumach.
Naronj, orange, Span. naranja.	Syphr, cypher.
Naulun, freight, Lat. naulum.	Salata, salad.
Nergis, narcissus, (a flower.)	Tafaté, tafeta.
Pars, horse, Germ. pferd, Dut. paard.	Tas, cup, Fr. tasse.
Pialé, phial.	Tuma, twin, (Thomas Didymus.)
Rebs, gooseberry, Lat. ribes.	Tundur, thunder.
Sabun, soap, Lat. sapo, Span. xabon.	Turb, turf.
Sal, the year, Lat. sol, the sun.	Turtur, turtle, Lat. turtur.
Sena, senna.	Wal, whale.
Shuger, sugar.	Wein, wine.
Sigil, a record, Lat. sigillum, a seal.	Yuakit, hyacinth.
Silk, silk.	Yugh, yoke. ¶
Siné, the breast, Lat. sinus.	Zaferan, saffron.
	Zafer, zephir.

This list, will, perhaps, be thought too long; but we think it the duty of a reviewer rather to give as full a view as possible of his author's book than to obtrude upon the public an entire new treatise, hastily picked up from encyclopedias and other equally edifying works. We might probably, by compiling from the Asiatic Researches and other books within our reach, have produced a more interesting article; but our object is only to make the results of Mr. Weston's and Mr. Adelung's researches known to our readers as far as the limits of a periodical journal will admit.

Under every Persian word which Mr. Weston has occasion to compare either with the English or other languages, he subjoins interesting philological remarks, which, however, will not bear to be extracted from or abridged. He gives, also, in a learned preface, a general view of his subject, and shows what use may be made of the knowledge of oriental languages, by elucidating, by means of the Persian, a passage in Shakspeare and another in Aristophanes. The passage from Shakspeare is in Hamlet.

“ When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.”

Our author finds fault with the Oxford editor who substituted *hernshaw* for *handsaw*, which he considers as an old English word which formerly meant a goose, from the Persian *hansa*.

whence the Latin "anser," the German "gans," and other words of analogous sound and meaning. Whether this criticism is correct we shall not pretend to determine.

Mr. Weston also, and, we think, with at least an appearance of success, has given us the true name of the Persian ambassador who is introduced into Aristophanes's play of "Acharnenses," and is there named in some editions, *Pseudartaba*, and in others *Pecudarsoba*, both of which names have no meaning. He thinks the true name was *Shah Dara Zab*, which in Persian means *the king's eye*. This the Greeks pronounced *Pseudarzaba*, and corrupted afterwards into *Pseudartaba* and *Pseudarsoba*. He wishes he could equally well make out the answer of the Persian ambassador to the Greek heralds, which in the same play is given in the Persian tongue. Hitherto it has been interpreted to mean, *The king will send us money*. Mr. Weston explains it, *I have brought no money from the king*, and from the context of the dialogue, his explanation seems the best, though he does not appear to be very certain of it.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

Upon the whole we recommend these two works to the genuine lovers of philology and the comparative science of languages, a science from which we are sincerely of opinion that interesting discoveries will result, provided it is pursued with patient research, and, above all, with that sobriety of judgment which we have already recommended.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ESSAY ON GRAMMAR.

The Quarterly Theological Review, vol. i. No. 1. article viii., being a review of an Essay on Grammar, Philadelphia, published 1817. pp. 281. 8vo.

In whatever periodical work objections to a production obtain a place, there only can the confession of errors, or defence against charges, be made before the same judges. But this privilege is excluded by the modern rules of periodical editors. The Theological Review is therefore entitled to a sanctuary within its own

pages, yet common justice subjects it to be tested by the Post Folio and similar works. Under this impression we shall take the liberty to make a few observations on that article in the grammatico-theological journal, which purports to be a review of "*An Essay on Grammar*," by J. P. Wilson, D. D. As truth alone is our object, we shall confine ourselves to a mere correction, of what appears to us to be erroneous in the review.

The first reprobation occurs on the following sentence of the *Essay* under review. "The antiquity of the Hebrew language, whatever might have been its first alphabet, is supported by the simplicity of its structure, its uniformity in the letters of its roots, and from their being all verbs." The reviewer objects to "the last sentiment expressed; that the roots of the Hebrew, being all verbs prove the antiquity of that language;" but he admits, "that he would be somewhat inclined to adopt this opinion, did he not read, that the Lord brought every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air to Adam, to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle. These names," the reviewer "presumes, were all nouns; so that the use of words to denote the actions of animals was subsequent to the use of nouns to designate those animals."

The reviewer is not alone in the opinion, that names of objects preceded words expressive of actions. Verbs do contain the names of ideas. In the Hebrew the skeletons of pronouns prefixed or postfixed to the root constitute the various persons, singular and plural, of their two tenses. The terminations of the Greek and Latin verbs were, it is presumed, derived from the Scythians. But that the roots of those verbs were the names of things prior to their becoming the signs of affirmation or action, will be difficult to prove, either from fact, or the history of Adam. If the great protoplast was formed mature in knowledge, and immediately furnished with a language, the supposition that language commenced either with verbs or nouns, alone, seems to be excluded. That he gave to the creatures, on the occasion mentioned, names which were merely casual, or without meaning, is inadmissible. "To see what he would call them" implies, that intelligence, as well as choice, was displayed. If his knowledge was competent to

discriminate in the living creatures respectively, certain characteristic faculties, or peculiarities of action, by which they might be distinguished, it is probable, that the names, which he gave, were expressive of such properties. As Moses and his Hebrew readers certainly knew, that the names of the living creatures had, in that language, such appropriate meanings; the conclusion seems a fair one, that he then introduced the origin of such names, to show diametrically the opposite of that, which the reviewer has, somewhat unhappily for his argument, summoned the same historical fact to establish.

"That the roots of Hebrew words are *often* nouns as well as verbs," does not invalidate the facts, that they may be considered as verbs universally, triliteral generally, and perhaps monosyllabic originally, with few exceptions, like the colloquial medium of the Chinese; and that no other species of words in that language exists of determinate lengths. It was not said to be "the oldest language in being;" but those circumstances afford some semblance of proof of its originality, or at least of its antiquity. The object was merely to discover it to be old enough to have been written in the characters, in modern days denominated Samaritan; the origin of which lies buried in remote antiquity; and to them to trace the letters of our own alphabet as their original source.

The Greek article, the Hebrew vaw, the analysis of tenses, the construction of sentences, and resolution of phrases, all of which were so important to the biblical critic, and presented so open a field for a theological reviewer, have passed unnoticed, whilst the appendix, which constituted no part of the original design, has received all his attention.

The expressions "John hisself wrote it," and "they theirselves prayed," which the reviewer wished to alter, are neither used nor approved, in the grammar; nor is the phrase "John himself wrote it," which the reviewer commends, there censured. The two first are unusual; the last is proper, because the preposition *of* may govern the objective pronoun. It will be soon enough to meet the reviewer on this point, when he has done more than assert, that *himself* and *themselves* may be used subjectively. He will, perhaps, *himself* find his error, when he has spent a little more time in testing examples.

The reviewer objects to the following definition. "A verb, whilst it implies time, predicates, connects an attribute, or expresses an action or inclination." He says that "go, in the expression *go thou*, neither predicates any thing, nor expresses any action or inclination, nor connects an attribute, nor implies any particular time."

To join in this issue, so formally tendered, we would have had no objection, if it had not departed from the terms of the definition. How the word *particular* imposed itself upon the reviewer baffles all conjecture, for the definition neither expresses, nor supposes, that a verb implies a *particular* time. It is fair to consider the exception pruned of this excrescence. *Go thou*, is a command. The English imperative is, by the terms of the precept, a present tense; but, with regard to the accomplishment, it is often an indefinite future. Such time is implied in *go thou*. Here is therefore the establishment of one of the things denied. With respect to the other, if the verb *go* expresses not an action, it will be difficult to find a verb that does. But the reviewer has himself superseded the necessity of the proof of this, by saying, "It expresses, therefore, nothing but the commanding of an action." That *go*, therefore, in the expression *go thou*, "whilst it implies time, expresses an action," and is strictly according to the definition, and not an exception from it, appears with all the clearness that is desirable.

The good intention of the reviewer is unquestionable, or he would not have kindly proposed, as a substitute for the definition of a verb, the following: "A verb is a word which expresses either being, operation, interrogation, command, or predication." Homer sometimes slept; and here is a lamentable instance of a definition of a thing, which expresses neither its general nature, nor specific difference. This definition will include nouns: the noun *existence* is "a word which expresses being," and is, therefore, according to this definition, a verb. Also, because it is defective of the two requisites, time and assertion, it may not be too much to say, that it excludes every verb; but there is a disposition to spare the sensibility of the reviewer.*

* In the Analectic Magazine for March, 1818, exception also has been taken to the definition of a verb given in the essay, and the following substituted: "A verb expresses the being, doing, or suffering of a person or

The enumeration of the modes of English verbs is alleged by the Reviewer to be defective; "for the interrogative is as distinct a mode of using the verb from any other, as the indicative is from the imperative." If the Essay had adopted the definition of Mr. Tooke, and pronounced a mode to be a "manner of using the verb," the proposed addition might have been proper; but if a mode be "a form of a verb indicating the manner of the being, or action denoted by the verb," there can be no interrogative mode in our language, unless there be some particular form of a verb, which indicates interrogation. The supposed interrogative mode

thing." This definition is accommodated to the classification of verbs into active, passive, and neuter; but there is neither a passive verb, nor passive voice in the English language; and the denomination *neuter* is consequently improper. That the definition was "founded on Dr. Lowth's," will not save its credit. It includes nouns, the bishop's did not.

The same Reviewer censures an inattention, in the Essay, to the subjunctive mode; he should have first shown the existence of a subjunctive mode in English, for this is denied in the Essay. But if our language *possess* such a mode, and it be our fate to be obliged to follow the grammar of the Latin language, the rule then is, "*si, sin, si, nisi, siquidem, modo indicativis, modo subiectivis, adhaerent, fut, si illam retinquo.*" Also this Reviewer's guide, Dr. Lowth, states that, *if, though, unless, except, &c.* "often admit of the indicative," which expresses "a more absolute and determinate sense."

Whilst, for this imaginary error, the Reviewer was arraigning the following sentence, "if the verb *denotes* neither action, nor suffering, it has received the appellation of neuter;" he discovers and offers a more serious charge: "it renders a past tense the consecutive of a conditional action." Where is the conditional action? *If* is originally the same as *give*, which is imperative; as a conjunction it is in this sentence *hypothetical*, not *conditional*. *Denotes* is indicative, and designedly so. It is also an indefinite present, and might relate as well to the age of Homer, as our own day. "Thus Addison writes well, refers to the age in which he lived." But the Reviewer has imagined *denotes* to be equivalent to the infinitive *denote*, which he takes to be a subjunctive, and thus creates a conditionality not intended in the sentence. *Has received*, therefore, even if supposed to be a past tense, which is denied in the *Essay*, well stands with the preceding verb *denotes*, and the *syntax* of the sentence is *correct*. The Analectic Reviewer has thus furnished an example of what daily occurs, a misinterpretation of a sentence, springing from erroneous grammatical instruction.

would never vary in form from the indicative; it is far otherwise with the imperative. It is matter of regret that the Reviewer passed over these subjects in the essay, and reserved his observations for the appendix.

The Reviewer has justly remarked, that *willed* is also the past tense of the verb *will*. Lexicographers have distinguished but one verb *will*; grammarians have made two. The former are justified by the root; the latter by the diversity of meanings. The truth seems to be, that there is a verb *will*, complete in all its parts; and in modern use there is a verb *will*, irregular, and defective of participles. It is not long since *willed* and *would* were used promiscuously; "sacrifice and offering thou *wouldest not*;" but we never say in modern times, *thou wildest read, he willed run*.

The candour of the Reviewer has rarely failed to excite a smile, in the readers of the following sentence: "the second person of the verb *be* is thou *beest*, which should have been marked as obsolete; and *be*, like *must*, should have been carried through all the numbers and persons." It is certainly no weak argument of the good manners of those with whom the Reviewer has associated, since he came among us, if he is yet to learn, that the use of *be* indicatively, in the second person, is often ludicrously introduced, as characteristic of those among whom he imbibed his first habits. The adoption of his correction might therefore have rendered the origin of the essay as equivocal, as his censure does the source of itself certain.

Am and *be* are inflected together, that the manner of their substitution may be seen. They are classed with the defective verbs, because they are as distinct from each other as *sum* and *fui*, or *reminiscor* and *recordatus sum*; yet they form in effect one verb, perfect in all its parts. *Beest* has given place to the word *art*, but is nevertheless the regular second person. When *be* has appeared to the reviewer to occupy the place of the second person singular indicative, it has probably been an infinitive mode, governed by some implied verb of conditionality.

There is an abruptness in the following observation which at least indicates decision. "We dissent from the *law*, that there should not be more than one colon in the same sentence." The syllabus of grammar is designed to receive its elucidation from

the essay; and a reference to it would have discovered the reason of the rule, and shown its general nature, if not its universality. "The colon is much superseded by the semicolon; the construction must be complete, before it is introduced; its principal utility lies in distinguishing a concluding proposition, or supplementary clause, from the rest of the sentence; and as such appendage is rarely repeated, so one colon is enough for the sentence." The rule is not therefore a *law*. Numerous colons occur in the same sentence, in church books, both Latin and English, merely as musical notices. Also many writers confound it with the semicolon. But that the grammatical rule ought to stand without exception, may appear to be the better opinion, if the origin and modern design of the colon be duly regarded. Colon was a term used by rhetoricians for a *member* of a period, *circuit*, or sentence brought to a graceful close. Afterwards the word was used to signify the mark, or character, which went before, or cut off such a member. The colon was to the period, what a member is to the body, entire; yet, in point of sense, they were mutually dependent. The syntactical construction must be complete, before the colon is appended. The concluding proposition, or supplementary appendage, must be necessary to the truth, or meaning of the sentence, otherwise it should form a distinct period. It is this necessary connexion in sense, which, *in general*, has the natural effect to exclude the propriety of a secondary member, or colon. Thus, as a learned writer has observed, "two supplemental clauses, equally independent on the foregoing part, and on each other, can scarcely ever occur." If the particular office assigned the colon, in the rule *dissented from*, be taken from it, and it be used merely as a semicolon; for the difference in the lengths of the pauses is observed by few readers, and the discrimination perhaps impossible to those who hear; the real utility of the colon will be lost, and our language deprived of a very important index to a peculiarity in the construction of a sentence, which ought ever to be distinguishable.

If the reviewer had been better acquainted with the history of language, he would have forborne his recommendation of a supposed New Hebrew Lexicon, withholden the credit given to Mr. Harrison, for what did not originate with him; and alike his commendation and innuendo, from an *Essay*, which has claimed no originality.

The last instance of laconic correction, with which the reviewer amuses his readers, is in this style: "We dissent also from the assertion, that *gratitude* is an abstract idea, but perhaps it is because we have some prejudices against abstract ideas." "Gratitude is a delightful emotion," is the proposition in which the word is used; and the proposition itself calls "*gratitude*, the name of an emotion; that is, a certain mental feeling, instead of an abstract idea."

The prejudices of the reviewer against abstraction form his own apology for this last criticism. If this *prejudice* of the reviewer had been adopted in the Essay, neither the sentiments of Plato, nor the arguments of Locke, would have proved a sufficient defence. Without abstraction, "all our knowledge must have been limited to individuals," and "the most useful branches of science —could never possibly had an existence."*

Man has not the knowledge of the essences of created things; he only conceives of their attributes or properties. When we form a conception of a property, without any attention to the subject to which it belongs, it may be denominated abstract. But as the attribute cannot exist without a subject, the attribute itself is not so properly abstract, as the idea of it; or at least the abstraction is only ideal. A mind may be *grateful*, but if any conception can be formed of a grateful mind, it is by no means the idea of gratitude; for this term expresses an idea of a property of a mind, abstracted from mind, which is the subject of such property in the concrete. Gratitude is therefore a term, which expresses an abstract idea; which was denied by the Reviewer.

This critic adopts also the proposition cited in the Essay, that "gratitude is an emotion," and thinks that it would have been more correct, to have described *gratitude*, as a name of an emotion, than as an abstract idea. The Reviewer censures the grammarian for not abandoning his province, and supporting that of the philosopher. He adopted the very terms used in his definition of a noun, and it is hoped correctly. For if the word *gratitude* be the name of an emotion, it is the name of an idea; because *emotion* is a term, which denotes a property separated from its subject,

* Dugald Stewart.

and existing only in idea. If more precision be still required, *emotion* is the name of a class of attributes, abstracted from their subjects; and *gratitude* is a word expressing a particular one of those abstract ideas, and is therefore itself also an abstract idea.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE; OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 201.)

Laudet diversa sequentes. HORACE.

BUT as soon as Denterville had, in reality, the political rudder under his guidance, and was seated by his partisans in that exalted station, he perceived, and it was with amazement the perceived the futility of all his former assertion, and the total impracticability of his speculative systems. So far from being able to effect a reduction of the taxes, an event which the credulity of his followers made them fondly to expect from his abilities and ingenuity, he was even obliged, shortly after his appointment to office, to impose, in addition to former ones, those very duties which he himself had, but a short time back, reprobated as being both unconstitutional, oppressive, and superfluous. So far from having it in his power to effect a conclusion of the disastrous war, the enemy with whom the kingdom was engaged, being elated by some recent and considerable success, positively refused to listen to any terms of accommodation except such as were wholly incompatible with the honor of the nation. So far from effecting a discharge of an excessive large and military force, the nation being about that time alarmed with continual apprehensions of a projected invasion, he was compelled to augment, by very violent measures, the strength of those powers which he had so solemnly engaged to reduce.

It may easily be supposed that all these circumstances were represented by the anti-ministerial party in parliament, magnified by exaggeration, and arrayed in all the odious colours that the united force of eloquence and envy could impart. It was in vain that Denterville forcibly urged the unavoidable necessity of this measure: his vindication was esteemed a greater insult to the nation

than the very offence itself. "What," said one of them, in reply to the arguments he had used, "shall the severe censurer of others be justified in error himself? or shall we presume to animadvert on that as reproachable in another, which we attempt to palliate and defend in ourselves? Who was it that so recently told us the constitution of the kingdom would be inevitably destroyed by the prodigality of its ministers? Who was the man that but a short time ago, presented to the house such specious plans of reformation and frugality? and who was he that so publickly asserted, in all his harangues, the inutility of the taxes, the inexpediency of the war, and the intolerable burthen of an armed force? Now," continued the same member, in a more energetic and exulting tone, "now let the multitude contemplate on their glorious labour! Let them bow their knees and offer up the incense of adoration to the idol they have exalted; or rather let them tear the bandage from their eyes, and, clearly beholding the infatuating deception, let them atone for their fault by an emulous desire to repair it." The people were, in reality, exasperated at the unexpected conduct of their favourite minister. There is scarcely any misfortune that is capable of wounding the feelings of a person in a more sensible manner, than being deceived where he has, unsuspicuously, placed his confidence, and the complaints of the populace were rendered doubly vehement, because they had listened, with such credulity, to the flattering assurances of Denterville, and he had so publicly disappointed them. Their murmurs assumed, by insensible degrees, the more alarming tone of menaces; and, with the lower orders of people, the distance is but short from a denunciation of vengeance to the actual performance of it. The same outrageous measures were again pursued as on the deposal of the former minister: the city was once more agitated by secret confederacies; associations were every where formed, names of distinction assumed, the badges of party openly displayed; and, by a very rapid, though not uncommon transition, the favourite of the people became the prime object of their detestation. A number of tumultuary petitions were presented to the throne for his immediate dismissal; those enemies who had silently withdrawn during the height of his popularity, willingly re-appeared to contribute to the destruction of a man whom they detested; and that

same minister who had been but lately so disgracefully discarded from his station, was again produced by his zealous partisans; and was earnestly entreated to accept, once more, the dangerous pre-eminence of office.

Denterville had the wisdom to perceive the increasing danger of his situation. He prudently followed the example of his predecessor, and now became his successor, in office; and, after a feeble administration of a few months, presented, with a sigh, his resignation to his sovereign. But, alas! how frequently do our mistaken ideas of happiness allure us to those heights that finally prove our destruction? and who amongst us is able to stem the impetuous rolling of a mountain torrent, or restrain the fury of an angry multitude? The people, exasperated by disappointment, were not to be appeased by the resignation of Denterville, and both the nobility and gentry secretly fomented the public commotion against a man whom they had always disliked. Resentment animated one party, and malevolence stimulated the other: till the whole nation, though influenced by different motives, unanimously demanded the accusation of Denterville. The parliament could find no difficulty in convicting a man who was already condemned by the wishes of the majority; and he was immediately seized and thrown into prison.

Articles of impeachment, rather as a ceremony, than being, in the present case, any wise necessary, were preferred against him; the charges they contained were chiefly general; and the most reprehensible measures imputed to him by his adversaries were; his having imposed those taxes on the nation which, in reality, it was utterly impossible, during the present situation of affairs, to dispense with, and his not having terminated a ruinous war, which, notwithstanding his most strenuous endeavours, he had hitherto been unable to conclude. The solemnity of a trial was scarcely allowed him: no witnesses were produced against, none were permitted to be examined for him; and although he proved, by the most convincing arguments, the absolute necessity of every measure he adopted, popular indignation easily triumphed over unsupported innocence, and Denterville, the trembling, the unfortunate Denterville, was sentenced, by the voice of a very large majority, to lose his head on the scaffold in eight and forty hours after his condemnation.

Now it was, when remanded by the inexorable judges to his solitary cell, that Denterville first made a retrospect of his life. Hope, our most valued comfort, to whose beloved protection we fly in every evil, and who, by displaying to our view the flattering object of some distant good, instructs us to maintain our ground against the severest misfortunes, even Hope had forsaken him. He was too well acquainted with the sanguinary character of his persecutors, to expect, from their humanity, the smallest mercy; and he appeared in his own eyes like a proscribed wretch, destitute of every friend, whom no one regards with a moment's compassion, and whom every one avoids as he would the contagion of a pestilence.

The virtuous man, when oppressed by the insults of injustice, and when confined within the gloom of a dungeon, still possesses within himself the inestimable power of being always able to view the tenor of his past life with inward satisfaction, and even with delight. But such was not the consolation of Denterville. The memory of preceding events was, to him, an agony too poignant to be endured, and every limb trembled as they successively arose to his recollection.—His cottage,—that cottage for which he would now willingly relinquish the wealth of the world, presented itself to his view. It stood before him clad in all the sweetness of rural simplicity, and accompanied by its constant attendants, Innocence and Health. His wife, that Caroline, at once so amiable and so lovely, whose death he had accelerated by inhumanity again arose to his sight. Busy memory placed her before him, her countenance pale and emaciated, and her body veiled in the funeral shroud. Her eye regarded him with mingled emotions, in which, however, there was more of sorrow than anger; and the deep sigh that seemed to issue from her bosom, and the trickling tear that, slowly descending, appeared to moisten her cheek, were wounds more painful to the sensibility of Denterville, than the excruciating punishment of the torture, or the stroke of the executioner himself. The iniquitous ruffian, when his disordered imagination presents to his sight the ghastly spectre of some mortal whom he has murdered, feels not such terror. He groaned. He raved. Now he paced his narrow dungeon with a furious impetuosity; soon again he paused, and fell into a profound meditation. His

limbs shook; his blood froze; his whole frame was convulsed with excess of anguish. Sometimes his eye-ball sparkled with the frenzy of distraction; and sometimes it would vacantly roll around the narrow circumference of his cell, without fixing on any thing. In the madness of despair, he violently struck his burning temples; his mouth uttered, with rapidity, a few incoherent and unconnected sentences; and, for a short time, he experienced all those dreadful sensations, of which every man must be conscious, when he beholds a tremendous eternity opening to receive him, and when he reflects that his destruction is produced by his own misconduct.

Nature, at length, exhausted herself in the conflict of so many contending passions. A copious flood of tears brought to his assistance a moment's relief, and his feelings were by far less exquisite, though they were still painful. Almost for the first time in his life he now presumed to address himself to his Maker; and that beneficent Providence, who kindly regards, with the eye of a father, the errors of imperfect mortals, infused into his soul the balm of comfort. After despair had been alleviated by the fervency of his devotion, he suddenly conceived a thought of committing to writing the momentous occurrences of his life. "Mankind," said he, "shall be profited by my indiscretion; and when they are acquainted with the long chain of those events that served to produce in me so melancholy a catastrophe, they will certainly shudder for themselves, and cautiously avoid a repetition of the like." When the gaoler, therefore, brought him his scanty pittance of bread and water, for such only was the fare allowed him, he requested a taper and some paper and ink, and composed during the gloom of the night, the following incoherent narrative.

"Oh ye! who are misled by error, and deceived by appearances; who consider happiness as concomitant with riches, and imagine that content is the offspring of wealth; who are dissatisfied with the humble station allotted you by Providence, and accuse the wisdom of your heavenly father; whose imaginations wander on the luxuries of the rich, and whose fancies represent the ideal delights of titled magnificence; to you does the unfortunate Denterville address himself; listen to his tale, and blush for your folly."

"Like you, I have been mistaken in my journey through life. I was placed, by the benevolence of Providence, in an obscure situation; I cultivated the earth in the shade of retirement, and enjoyed its fruits as a recompense for my labour: but I was discontented. I dared to arraign the goodness of my Creator, and impiously murmured at his beneficent decrees. The simplicity of a cottage, and the labour of a husbandman, were rendered disgusting, by the example and precepts of an aged parent; he taught me to consider uninterrupted felicity, as the invariable attendant on unlimited possession; and, with my heart inflamed by his pernicious discourses, I panted for the pleasures that disappear as we approach them. My glowing fancy was always delighted to ponder on enjoyments that are attractive only when viewed from afar; and, whilst eagerly solicitous in the pursuit of a shadow, I irrecoverably lost the substance itself.

"I prayed for wealth; and immediately my petition was granted. But was I now more happy? or were my days encircled by the pleasures I had depicted?—Alas! No.—The experience of a moment was sufficient to convince me, that superior cares are invariably allied to superior stations, and that the goddess of happiness is but seldom the inhabitant of a splendid palace. I became quickly dejected amidst the voluptuous pomp of the banquet; and my appetite was soon satiated with the luxuries of the most sumptuous repast. The productions of nature, and the inventions of art, were equally exhausted to contribute to my desires: but those desires were already palled by repeated enjoyment, and both nature and art afforded their productions in vain. My mind, always unemployed, experienced a total privation of pleasure: a disgusting monotony succeeded to the novelty of first possession; and, in a short time, I perceived, with astonishment, that it was possible to be both rich and miserable.

"Dissatisfied with that state which I had formerly imagined was replete with an inexhaustible fund of the most delightful gratifications, I afterwards directed my attention to the attainment of other objects, more forbidding in their appearance, but which, if steadily pursued, would certainly have been more productive of real enjoyment in the event. I sought for *knowledge*. Happiness, I frequently said, within myself, is a term synonymous with wis-

vol. v.

p p

dom; virtue is nothing but a more enlightened reason; content of spirit can only flow from the lucubrations of the mind; by the assistance of science the soul is exalted nearly to a participation with the divinity; and with the sole advantage of his learning, the poet and the philosopher still exist, flourishing and vigorous, after the revolution of upwards of a thousand years. But, alas! who can obtain the meed of victory without enduring the perils of the combat; or how can we expect to enjoy the gratifying superiority of wisdom, if we will not submit to those painful disappointments that are its invariable attendants! The temple of knowledge, I quickly perceived, was situated on a lofty eminence: the only path that conducted to it was narrow, rugged and uneven; numberless obstacles were always in the way to intercept the passage of the wearied traveller; and, for one who could climb the perpendicular ascent, a multitude retired, overcome with fatigue and disgust. I was amongst the latter.—The indolence of my mind made me reject the advantages that were only to be obtained by such persevering labour; I quickly abandoned the pursuit; and in a moment of discontent, I angrily exclaimed that wisdom was nothing but a delusive phantom, which continually recedes as we venture to approach her.

“ Disappointed in my endeavours, and dissatisfied with myself, I found my happiness was still incomplete. The felicity of every mortal does, in reality, reside within his own bosom. No external circumstances, no variation of place, no vicissitudes of fortune, can bestow that inestimable blessing on the man who will not, by his own behaviour, contribute to its reception; nor can the severest evil in the catalogue of human misfortunes deprive him entirely of its support, who is resolutely determined to preserve it continually. Of this evident truth melancholy experience has fully convinced me; and the dear price with which I have been compelled to purchase that experience, will, at least, be of service to render to my assertion an indisputable validity. But to proceed. Inspired with the ardour of a warm imagination, I was now resolved to *marry*. To a few, and, I am afraid, to but a very few, the state of matrimony is by far more productive, than any other, of solid enjoyments; but if we do in reality desire to be made partakers of its blessings, we must accept with caution, the yoke it

imposes. Interest, idleness, or the splendour of a brilliant equipage, are the foundations of the generality of marriages. The mind does not participate; reason has no share in the alliance. A short time then is sufficient to enjoy, and to be satiated with the pleasures it affords, and the fleeting honey-moon of rapture, is, in that case, closely succeeded by a lingering age of disgust. Too precipitate, however, to attend to these considerations, I married. Every useful, every agreeable qualification was surely concentrated in my Caroline: and yet, with the burning blush of shame, I confess, the altar of Hymen was still warm with my sacred vows of unaltered affection, when that Caroline, so lovely, so fascinating, and so mild, became the object of my unconquerable dislike. In a short time I avoided her company: her conversation became disagreeable, and the gentle reproaches she sometimes ventured to utter, I madly considered as an unpardonable insult. But, oh, ye! into whose possession this narrative may fall, with what courage shall I dare to explain to you the cause, the only cause, of my inveterate dislike? She was *mine*. Yes, I confess it, that was her only fault. The unfortunate singularity of my temper made me dissatisfied with whatever I could call my own: I was incapable of receiving any enjoyment but that which arose from anticipation: and the discontent of my mind was invariably increased by the gratification of those very wishes I had formed. Oh fleeting, halcyon hours! with what a zest could I enjoy ye now! Oh my Caroline! my wife! had but thy unhappy husband requited the love thou didst bare for him, his trembling body would not be confined in a solitary dungeon; nor would he have fallen a devoted, a deserving victim, to his own ambition, and the resentment of an ungovernable populace.

"Whilst my mind was yet agitated by its recent disappointment, and I again wandered, with persevering eagerness, in the pursuit of a phantasm, the creature of my own imagination, the accidental arrival of a general election produced an unexpected change in my ideas, and my attention was immediately engaged by the numerous delights, I had heard, and believed, were only inherent in a public life. The glowing feelings of patriotism, and the chicanery of politics, were the only sensations that now arose within my bosom; and I thought, as indeed I constantly thought,

when employed in anticipating the success of any scheme hitherto unattempted, I had at last discovered the road that conducted to certain happiness. I inwardly exulted as my fancy dwelt on the aerial prospect that glided before me, as my enraptured eye wandered, without limits or control, over the boundless regions of visionary space. Patriotism, according to the modern signification of the word, does not consist in anxiously defending the liberties of our country, but in steadily opposing the inclinations of the minister; not in proclaiming against the measures he adopts, because they are in themselves pernicious, but because it is *he* who adopts them; and, in this sense of the word, I was a most determined patriot. I ranted, I harangued, and rendered myself, in a short time, conspicuous, if not for the eloquence, at least for the virulence, of my opposition. But ye! who were secretly jealous of my advancing fortune, and who observed, with a dark and malignant eye, my extraordinary progress in the affections of the populace, did ye suppose me happy?—No, no.—Ten-fold was the misery accumulated, that I, without intermission, endured in my elevated situation; and ten-fold were the causes multiplied, that now contributed to render me wretched. Envy, hatred, rivalry, inordinate ambition, corroding discontent, with an inexhaustible train of the meanest passions, too numerous and too disgracing to recapitulate, overwhelmed me by the weight of the burden they imposed; and I sunk into a state of wretchedness, to which my former sufferings were, in comparison,—nothing.

“ At length, by a concatenation of circumstances, I was constituted premier! Now I was at the very zenith of my ambition.—My imagination, in its most daring flights, had never ventured to waft me higher: and in all the rambles of my eccentric fancy, here was fixed the determinate point, the insuperable barrier, that I never exceeded. And here let me draw the overshadowing veil, and bury in an everlasting obscurity the subsequent transactions. Who is there, so ignorant or so recluse, that does not already know the melancholy train of events which followed my elevation to office; and for what purpose should I particularize circumstances which afford not to others the charm of novelty, and are inexpressibly painful to my own feelings? While I sit in my cell, and silently revolve them, the stream of life forsakes my livid cheeks,

and flows, with a freezing coldness, through all its channels. As my mind wanders on the times, those happy, happy times, that are past for ever, the pen falls from my trembling hand; a mist of darkness hovers around me;—and I already feel, by a dreadful anticipation, the horrors of death itself. Let it be sufficient to say, that the same populace, who, with the loudest acclamations, formerly hailed me as their guardian genius, the protector of their liberties, and their heaven-descended minister, have now condemned me to an ignominious death. They have decorated their victim with the flowery wreath, and are now preparing to drag him to the altar.

“ Oh ye! who have hitherto wandered in the mazes of error, and who have been seduced by the phantoms of imagination, hearken to the voice of experience, and repine no more. Young, inexperienced, and presumptuous, every calamity, every evil of my life, may be attributed to the discontentedness of my own unhappy disposition; and the æra from which I may, with safety, date all my misfortunes, is from that accursed moment when I joyfully forsook the tranquillity and retirement of my humble cottage, for the splendid misery of a magnificent mansion. If my melancholy tale can awaken you to a consciousness of your present happiness, and warn you to remain peaceably in the station allotted you, however humble, or however disagreeable it may appear, I shall meet my fate without a murmur: and do thou, oh Almighty Father! accept into thy celestial habitation my repentant soul, and do thou, O mother earth! once again receive, within thy bosom, the dust which produced my body.”

The writing of this affecting confession had employed him the greatest part of the night, and nature, being at length, wholly exhausted, by the extraordinary fatigue and agitation she had recently undergone, loudly demanded the sleep that was necessary. Denterville, therefore, rendered devout by his misfortunes, presented, on his knees, a short, but sincere prayer to the throne of mercy: and laying himself on the straw pallet that was placed in one corner of his cell, he calmly sunk into the arms of repose. His slumbers were sound; his dreams were agreeable. The same Caroline whom he had heretofore beheld, her countenance clouded with anger, and her body wrapt in the shroud of death, once

again appeared to his sight. She now came, arrayed with the dazzling lustre of an angel, and her features beamed with celestial beauty: and she seemed, by the gentle waving of her hand, and the smile of peace that played around her mouth, to invite him to arise, and partake with her the pleasure of the blessed in paradise. The effect of this vision was as salutary as it was visible. It infused a new, an animating vigour into his dejected soul, and when he awoke from his sleep, the sweetest, that perhaps, he had ever experienced, he felt himself endowed with a patient resolution, prepared to encounter the axe of the executioner, and confident of forgiveness in the regions above. During the course of the day a clergyman was permitted to attend him in his cell, and, by the exhortations and advice of this venerable divine, the courage he had recently acquired was both increased and confirmed.

At length the fatal morning arrived. The luminous orb of day forsook, betimes, the bosom of the ocean, and glittered with unusual lustre, in the eastern horizon. Denterville arose from his pallet, and, actuated by an unaccountable, though not altogether unprecedented caprice, he dressed himself with peculiar nicety for his approaching death.

His habiliments were black; his dark auburn hair gracefully shaded his manly countenance; a slight hectic had tinged his cheeks with a colour of the most beautiful vermillion; and if ever the features of the unfortunate sufferer were entirely free from the frown of discontent, it was on the very morning when he was preparing to expiate with his blood the mischievous consequences of that unruly passion. As soon as he was drest, the same clergyman who had hitherto regularly attended him, entered his cell. Denterville returned the salutations of the priest with serenity, and even with cheerfulness. He deposited into his hands the narrative he had written. "Take it," said he, with a faint smile, "but forbear on account of the situation of the person who composed it, to criticise, with severity, the merits of the performance;" and immediately turning to an affair of greater importance, he partook, for the last time, with devotion and reverence, of the comfortable gift of the holy sacrament.

Scarcely had he concluded his orisons to Heaven, when the bell of the prison, on a sudden, tolled the knell of death; the massive bars

of the door of the dungeon were drawn aside with a loud noise, and with considerable violence; a couple of officers, the messengers of his fate, appeared before him, and summoned the contrite sufferer to the death that awaited him. Denterville, leaning on the arm of the divine, followed them with firm steps, and ascended a mourning carriage which was standing before the gate of the outward court of the gaol, without uttering a word. One municipal, and one military officer, were seated in the coach opposite to him and the priest; a profound silence was maintained by each party during the whole of the way; and although the sides of the streets through which they passed were lined with innumerable spectators, not a murmur was to be heard, not a voice to be distinguished among the collected crowd.

The coach now stopped before the foot of the scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, and erected in one of the most conspicuous squares of the city. When Denterville first gave his hand to the clergyman to assist him to alight, he trembled excessively, and it was with difficulty he could descend from the steps of the carriage. The venerable divine, who perceived and compassioned his violent agitation, pressed the hand he held within his own, and pointing to the blue firmament of Heaven with his finger, "Fear not, my son," said he, with fervency, "when we meet again it will be *there*." Denterville meekly bowed his head in return; he recovered his mental composure; and ascended the steps of the scaffold with perfect calmness. As he looked around, for the last time, on the populace, that populace, whose resentment had reduced him to his present situation, the recollection of preceding events strongly arose within his mind: a deep sigh involuntarily escaped from his bosom; and a tear, one solitary tear, overflowed from his eye, and softly stole down his cheek. Twice he attempted to speak, and twice his powers of utterance forsook him in the endeavour. He laid his neck on the block, and his head was severed from his body.

The people maintained a respectful silence during the whole of the solemnity: and, such is the strange inconsistency of human nature, many of them returned home, lamenting with tears, the untimely fate of the man whose death they themselves had accelerated.

The moral to this simple tale is short and obvious; and how can that moral be better expressed than in the animated language of one of the most ingenious writers of modern times:—"Alas, if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station or worldly grandeur, will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness."

NOTICES RELATIVE TO SOME OF THE NATIVE TRIBES
OF NORTH AMERICA.—BY JOHN DUNNE, ESQ.

THE FOXES, A COMIC FABLE OF THE INDIANS.

(Continued from page 238.)

THE red fox and his kinsman the gray fox, entered into a treaty to hunt together, and it was agreed they should divide their labours. The gray fox was to provide for accommodation, and the red fox was destined for the chase. The red fox, knowing the country through which they were to pass, instructed his associate in the following manner. "As you proceed, you will observe, after a short day's journey, a plain bounded by some hills which lie towards the east; there you are to stop for the night, make your encampment, and await my coming." They then separated, each pursuing his particular destination. The red fox, after a successful day's hunting, repaired to the place of rendezvous, but missing his companion, turned back to meet and bring him forward. He found him after a long march, encamped at a short distance from the place of their departure, on the ice, in the midst of a lake, in a situation destitute of wood, water and shelter. The gray fox excused himself by the difficulty of the country, which made the short distance appear considerable; the snow concealing the ice, he took the lake for a plain; and the high banks to the eastward, the only thing like hills in sight, tallied with the directions he had received. The red fox smiled at his simplicity, and the other promised to be more attentive for the future. "To-morrow night," says the red fox, again instructing his companion, "we shall take up our abode in a snug wigwam, in the midst of the forest, to the eastward of the mountains, proceed securely by the blazed path,

and have every thing ready for the evening." Early the next morning, the gray fox took his departure following the path very diligently, till he came to a place where the fires of the autumn had been busy. After deliberating whether he should stop and wait for further directions, he took the resolution to proceed, and after crossing the burnt tract, over ashes and embers, luckily fell upon the blazed path on the other side. This led him to a hunting encampment. From the smoke he took it to be inhabited, or but lately deserted, and resolved in such a doubtful case, to venture on nothing without the advice of his friend. The red fox having reached the wigwam, was again disappointed in not meeting his associate. He travelled back along the blazed path, and after a tedious march, found him in a hollow tree, nearly opposite the encampment. He perceived at once that his friend had mistaken the hunting camp for a wigwam, but it was now too late, and he was too hungry to turn back; he therefore began to reconnoitre. He looked through the crevices of the bark, and perceived a quantity of venison hung up in the store-hut, the door of which was closed. The light of the fire in the adjoining hut shining through an opening in the common partition, discovered an old man employed in preparing supper for the hunters, who were not yet returned; a side of fat venison hung upon a peg near the place where the old man was sitting. If he broke open the door of the hut, where the hoard was deposited, the noise would create an alarm, which might endanger his being taken; if he attacked the inhabited hut, the danger was more imminent: he resolved upon his plan. He represented the attack of the old man to his companion, as a thing without hazard. "Seize him by the throat," says he, "while I carry off the venison, and when you have throttled him to your satisfaction, follow me." The gray fox wished by a courageous exploit, to retrieve his late errors. He attacked the old man boldly; surprise at first gave him the advantage: they rolled on the floor, in a sort of worrying warfare, till the poor fox, finding he was likely to get the worst of it, by his superior agility with the help of the little breath he had left, got out of his antagonist's clutches half strangled. So soon as the war was waged, the red fox without observation broke open the door of the other hut, and by the

time the battle was ended, had succeeded in conveying away several carcases of venison, and the side of a fat bear. He rewarded his gray friend, now by the loss of his long fur in many places turned white, with a part of the spoils, after which they retired to rest. In the morning finding upon calculation that the rich store of provisions he had acquired, would last him individually a much longer time than if it were resorted to as a common hoard, by two consumers, he put an end to the treaty: and the gray fox took his leave, indulging reflections on the nature of red foxes and hunting treaties, till the night overtook him, hungry and exhausted. He was then on the margin of a lake, where he observed men's tracks in the snow; these conducted him to a hole in the ice, where the neighbouring inhabitants had set a fishing net. Curiosity led him to examine what success these people were likely to have, and having drawn up the net, secured the contents, replaced it, and loaded himself with as many fish as he could carry. After having devoured as many as he could eat, he returned by the same way, taking care in his return, as he had done in descending, to march in the men's tracks, and make no fox-impressions in the soft snow. After depositing his stock, preparing to go to rest, he was accosted by a wolf, who led by the scent, asked him how he came by his fish, as he had all the indications of having made a wonderful great fishmeal. "Brother wolf," says the fox, who was afraid of his hoard, "come along with me, and I will show you how you may do as I have done. You have only to go to the hole in the ice, to which these tracts will conduct you; sit down on the hole; you are provided with a much finer tail than mine; thrust it deep into the water, and continue there motionless for some space of time; the fish will at length begin to take hold; and as soon as you find by the weight that you have a sufficient number attached, suddenly draw up your load, and you will have a rich repast: by this method I took almost as many as I could eat in a single haul, your success must be much greater." The hungry wolf listened with avidity, thanked his benefactor, and in a few moments placed himself in a fishing position, with his tail in the water; where notwithstanding the intense cold, he remained without motion for a considerable time; expecting to find by the increasing weight, the promised indications of his success. At length, supposing that his

feeling was destroyed by the extreme cold, he resolved to see what he had caught, when to his great surprise, he found the hole entirely frozen over; and his tail so firmly enclosed in the ice that all his efforts to disengage it proved abortive. Every moment the effect of cold and hunger was decreasing his force, and adding strength to his fetters, and the jests of the fox still added to his tortures. In the morning the countrymen arrived: who seeing the bones and scales of the fish, which had been scattered by the fox, and catching the wolf as it were in the fact, dispatched him with their hatchets, and after unprofitably drawing and resetting their nets, dragged the carcase of the wolf to shore. The fox with the flesh of the wolf and his stock of fish, lived luxuriously for several days, but the vigilance of the countrymen now awakened, prevented his catching any more fish. He had, however, other resources; he had already picked up some straggling geese and outards, and had more than once visited a roost. But fearing the noise might alarm, he made a safer attack upon the store-hut, where the provisions for the winter were preserved in a frozen state; and continued to live plentifully till approaching one night with his usual caution, he observed a man on the watch. The next day he invited a cousin of his friend the deceased wolf, to partake of the fare he had left, and having excited rather than satisfied his appetite, told him how he came by his dainties, and as soon as the watch was set the next night, having offered his services as a conductor, led the wolf to the opening of the hut, and retired. The alarm was quickly given, the opening was closed, and the howls of the wolf soon satisfied his conductor that his credulous friend was no more. Conceiving they had dispatched the marauder who had so long trespassed upon them, the good people relaxed their vigilance, and the fox found means to renew his depredations. He continued them till the diminution made in several heaps of provisions told him that new suspicions must arise to provoke new vigilance. Abandoning this scene therefore, after picking the bones of the wolf, he pursued his journey without any adventure till he overtook on a beaten road, a machine as large as a common wigwam; drawn by a number of horses, and conducted by two men. So soon as he observed the men advance before, he took the opportunity of slipping behind and leaping into the wagon. There he lay

OF THE INDIANS.

perdu, the remainder of the day, feasting; and, when the night closed in, collecting those articles which were most to his taste, dropped them down gently one by one upon the road. Satisfied with his selection he finally leaped from the wagon himself, collected his scattered booty, and retired to a place of safety. He repeated this practice so often, that the men who conducted the teams, ignorant of the thief, but resolved to be on their guard; closed up their wagon in such a manner that it was impossible to gain admittance. He then bethought himself of the following stratagem; he advanced by a bye way to a considerable distance before the team, and having rolled himself in the snow, filled his mouth, ears, and nostrils, with blood, which he drew from a fresh wound in one of his legs, he laid himself down in the track where the wagon was to pass, retaining his breath, closing his eyes, lolling out his tongue, and exhibiting every other symptom of death. "A lucky chance," cries one of the countrymen, as the wagon approached the place. "A gray fox dead, we will fling him into the wagon, and take of his skin when we stop to feed." The gray fox played his part so well that he created no suspicions, and in a few moments found himself deposited agreeably to his wishes. As he knew this was the last time he could possibly gain admittance, he made a most provident use of the occasion, and effected his escape just before the wagonners stopped to bait. Finding the dead fox gone and their provisions plundered, they were filled with astonishment, and after many wild conjectures, concluded this to be one of *Machi-Manitos* frolics. The store the fox had got, enabled him to live well for a whole moon. He then told his story to one of his friends the wolves, and finding his resources nearly exhausted, encouraged the wolf to adopt the same expedient. The wolf was easily persuaded; he lay down personating death in hopes of a rich recompence; when the wagonners forewarned, observing him almost in the same spot where they had been imposed upon by the fox, severed his head from his body, as a just punishment for his intended fraud, and as his skin was of no value, drove their team over him and left him. The fox waited till the road was clear, and then drawing the body aside as his perquisite, resorted to it from time to time to supply his necessities. Observing, as he passed along on his road homewards, a hollow tree, where he had

reason to believe there was good store of honey, he addressed himself to a hedge-hog fortunately at hand, and expressed his wonder that he, whom the great spirit had armed with a thousand prickles, to defy a thousand stings, should suffer small bees to establish hoards as it were in defiance under his nose. The porcupine felt the insult, bristled up his quills, and was soon introduced by the fox into the hollow tree. The nation was immediately in arms. Every warrior rushed forward to punish the invader. The remotest inmates hastened to the scene of action. While the contest was yet undecided, the fox seizing the moment of uproar, pierced the bark on the side opposite to the opening, and carried away unperceived in secret triumph, the prize they were busy fighting for. Proceeding with his treasures, he was seen and envied by a young fat bear, whose inexperience was equal to his love of honey. "Cousin," says the fox, "I have no honey to spare, but if you follow me and venture for it, you may have your fill." The bear followed him to the bottom of a high and steep cliff. "There," says the fox, "is a rich treasure," pointing to a wasp's nest of great size, which was suspended from the rocks near the top of the precipice, "but you have neither agility nor courage to attempt it." The bear piqued at being thought sluggish, instantly clambered up a tree, one of the branches of which approached the cliff, and flinging himself with violence against the nest, which he grappled with his paws, disengaged it from its fastenings, and fell with it to the ground. Ten thousand wasps immediately attacked him; his howls re-echoed from the rocks, and alarmed the forest; the stings acutely piercing his bruised body, infused their poison into his veins, and he was soon numbered among the fox's victims. The fame of this exploit spread through the forest, and at length came to the ears of the panther, who invited himself to eat share of the bear. "Brother," says the fox, who did not much like the looks of his guest, "I have a nobler prey in store than a bear's cub, one worthy of you; a young horse highly fed that lies dead in the pasture, but so near his master's habitation, that if we attempt to eat him where he lies, we should be observed. I endeavoured last night by tying my tail to his, to drag him into a safe place in the woods, but after nearly pulling off my brush, I was obliged to desist. Would you but lend your tail for such a service, a tail

fitted by its length, its strength, and the pliant joints at its extremity for powerful exertions, we should enjoy a feast in comfort, which now only excites envy." The panther yielded to the instances of the fox, and was led by him to a savannah where a horse lay extended on the grass. The panther turning his hinder parts to the horse without much observation suffered the fox to proceed, who having tied the tails together in such a manner, as that no force could loose them, cried out to the panther, "now brother my work is finished, yours is to begin." The panther set himself to pull with such effect, that he dragged the horse several paces. His violence was such that it awoke the horse, who had been all this time fast asleep. The affrighted animal finding himself restrained, was in an instant on his legs. The course of things was quickly changed. The horse galloping at full speed, now dragged the panther, at every turn lashing him with his heels. The astonished panther writhing round to seize the limbs and flanks of the horse, at once terrified and provoked his antagonist, and exposed himself to gashing wounds. At one moment his loins were assailed by the battering hoofs, at another his head and twisted folds of his neck. His paws would sometimes grasp, and his jaws encompass the hams and legs of the horse, but the horse's brisk and bounding movements varying every moment, soon disengaged them from the grasp. The contest was long though unequal. The panther that never yields, supple, fierce, enduring, all over full of life, seemed to revive the combat, after the dashing strokes of the horse appeared to have completed his destruction. The fox, at length, having, by an unusual noise, turned the course of the horse among some rocks and trunks of fallen trees, the repeated shocks and lacerations to which the panther was thus exposed, extinguished all remaining sparks of life. The gray fox proud of his exploits, invited the red fox who was just then returning from his expedition, to feast on the flesh of the bleeding panther. The red fox complied, reserving some better food which he had brought with him, for a time when there would be no invitations. Still preserving his advantage over his ancient ally, well knowing that whatever pretensions to superiority his friend might have among the other tribes, he could never rank high in the nation of foxes.

AN INSTRUCTIVE FABLE OF THE INDIANS.

The wolf, glutted with the blood of the dam, spared the fawn for a time. It was of a very tender age, and milk-white. He was diverted by its innocent sports, and soon became so dazzled with the beautiful whiteness of its skin, that he wished for nothing so much as to exchange his wolf's garb for a coat of the same colour. He communicated his wishes to his uncle the fox, who assured him, that at the expense of a little pain, the thing was easy; he had only to set fire to the trees, which the last storm had blown down, and so soon as the flames were at their height, pass rapidly from one end to the other, between the rows, and he would certainly come out milk-white. The wolf, despising the pain, got every thing ready; but from his eagerness to improve his beauty, having begun to run the gauntlet before the flames had arrived at the fox's pitch, he came out of the further end neither milk-white as he expected, nor scorched to death as the fox expected, but half suffocated, and without a pile of hair. The fox who, while the business was depending, had been employed in ogling the fawn, as soon as he saw his nephew appear not above half roasted, thought it a convenient time to decamp. The fawn, caught by the kindness of the wolf, omitted to improve a thousand opportunities which the wolf's weakness afforded her, to effect an escape. The moons kept their pace, the wolf gained strength, the fawn grew in stature, and their confidence in each other increased. The wolf's friends observing the fawn's growth, and the wide range he permitted her to take, taxed the wolf with his imprudence. "Do you imagine," cries the wolf, "I am weak enough to think that this fawn, which I have reared up to deer's estate, in habits of obedience, will, after so much experience of me, dare to play tricks? Your fears make you feed upon half grown skeletons, and tremble at shadows. I judge better. If I let a day pass, after this rawboned fawn shall have added flesh to stature, then impeach my wisdom." The wished-for-day at length arrived, and all the beasts and birds were summoned to partake of the wolf's feast, the fox alone excepted. The wolf consulted them about the distribution of the parts. To one the tongue was assigned, to another the heart, to another the hoofs, and by common consent the dung was allotted to the turkey-buzzard. The deer, alarmed at the debates, feeling

her strength, and recollecting the fate of many a hind and caribou of her own plump qualities, suddenly betook herself to flight: and just as the council had completed the division of her limbs, the news was brought that she had been seen using them very nimbly in bounding across the plain, and was at that moment entering the woods. "She is taking her accustomed range," cries the wolf, "it is her daily practice; she will presently return." The panther advised speedy measures, and offered his services; the bear and his friends were afraid to trust him; the hare took the fearful side. Thus, while the wolf indulged his hopes and the others his jealousies, the time for an effectual pursuit was suffered to pass unimproved, and the guests dispersed growling and hungry. The wolf, recovering from his dream, at length hit off the scent, and set himself, in good earnest, to recover his prey. He proceeded, without coming to fault, till he arrived at an extensive clearing in the woods, where the men were employed pitting their corn. Forgetting that his depredations had made them his enemies, he presumptuously solicited the good offices of these men to discover the deer, which they had the moment before hid in one of the pits, for the purpose of frustrating his pursuit. The advice he received from them his confidence led him to adopt, and, of course, he was led astray. The white deer refreshed, and honestly counselled, proceeded through a safe tract of the forest; and having arrived at and crossed a rapid river, posted herself upon an over-hanging cliff on the opposite side. The wolf, after prowling long in vain, was at length brought to his senses, and now resolving to pursue the very opposite path to that he had been advised to take, again fell upon the scent; and urged the chase with such speed, that he reached the bank of the river directly opposite the white deer's cliff, before she had quitted her station. Her image, reflected from the cliff, realized the object of his pursuit. The curling motion of the waters, transferr'd by him to the reflected image, he mistook for the distortions of laughter. Inflamed by the supposed insult, ashamed of his past errors, and resolved now at length to preclude all possibility of escape, he plunged headlong into the water, grasping the shadow of the deer already devoured in imagination. A pointed flint concealed under the surface, received the whole weight of his descending fury. Stunned by the

shock, he was incapable of resisting the force of the current, which soon swept him down the neighbouring rapids, and relieved the trembling fawn from her enemy, at the very moment of his most determined vengeance. The white deer departed from the cliff, secure from immediate danger, yet solitary and friendless; but soon after, taking shelter under the branching antlers of a young male of her own species, she exchanged the fawnings of the wolf for the endearments of a protector.

Such are the amusements of men, whom some have been led to consider as limiting their pleasures to the gratification of animal appetite, and incapable of mental enjoyments. Whether the models upon which the Indian imagination works, have been drawn through circuitous channels, from more refined sources, I cannot with a positive certainty assert or deny. My firm conviction is, that their tales and fables, and the whole play of their fancy, are original. The power of inventing and embellishing fictions among them, stamps a character upon the individuals who possess it, even at this day, not unlike that of the minstrels and early poets. In the Miami nation there is a chief still living, who bears the name of the fabulist, (literally the lying chief,) from his excelling in works of amusement and invention. The subjects, the texture, the manners, the images, the lessons taught, all conspire to show that their fables and tales are of native origin; and the naïveté, finesse, and spirit with which they are told, still more forcibly prove them to be the spontaneous productions of the soil. Wherever any allusions are made to the customs or inventions derived from the old world, they are decidedly to such only as every Indian may be acquainted with, either from observation in the European settlements he has visited, or from the report of the travellers of his nation.

For these and other Indian productions, I am indebted to interpretation. It was always made in the presence of my friendly chief, and immediately after his narration; and I have this intrinsic evidence of its fidelity, that he took back the story from the looks and gestures of the interpreter, as I often anticipated its general features and the characters introduced, from his manner of telling it. The interpreter was the chief's nephew by adoption, beloved as a son, born of European parents, taken from the western settle-

ments in one of the Indian war-incursions, educated among the Indians, using their customs, and excelling in all their exercises and sports, till chance brought him into an engagement where the party of Indians he fought with, were opposed to a body of militia commanded by his elder brother; who with a rifle ball shattered the arm of his Indian adoptive brother, fighting by his side. Learning from a prisoner the nearly tragical situation he had been placed in, he left the Indians during the continuance of the war, to return in times of peace, in a character which puts it in his power to exercise his benevolence towards them more extensively than if he still wore the Indian dress.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE MANNERS OF THE DAY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I AM a plain man, and not much in the way of writing, except accounts or letters of business or so; but I think for all I can make myself understood; and I have something to say which I should be very glad you would note.

I have been pretty lucky in trade. I have made money, and have a parcel of girls growing up. I subscribe to your Port Folio for the benefit of my daughters; having sent them all to Mr. Jaudon's school. They can read very well, and they like reading too. But what's the good of reading, Mr. Oldschool, if they don't learn something?—You see what makes me mad is, that people will think, when they begin to get rich, they must be in the fashion, and spend their time a-doing nothing. My girls want to make great parties, just as if they'd been always used to it, and have whips, and jellies, and sugar-houses, and kisses, and nonsense—not that I care for the money, sir! I'm sure the children are welcome to as much as they can eat; but I think they'd better be at work than turning the house upside down. Then they can't stay in the house a single day, but walk up and down Chesnut street, and go out to Schuylkill, to parade about the Basin, for exercise, forsooth! Their mother tells them that in her day, the young ladies didn't use to want so much exercise, walking about; they

used to make their beds, and sweep their rooms, and iron their own clothes, and nobody thought the worse of them; and all the answer is, no genteel girls do such sort of things; it's very well if they work their ruffles, and make their *trimmings*, I think they call them. It's well if you haven't done some of the mischief yourself, you and Mr. Dennie, and gentlemen that have nothing to do but to make books—I'm a little dubious I assure you—there was something else to do when I was young—and often my wife says, how she used to steal a novel into her pocket when she was sent up stairs to work—then there is such a laugh at pockets, and seventy-sixers, and all that. One thing I can say, if they wanted to steal time to read, they'd work the faster and be done with it. Now what I want is to break up these foolish notions and gadding. I tell you, Mr. Oldschool, there is no need of it; young hearty girls have got health enough without exercising to Schuylkill every day. They had better jump about the house, and put their hand to, and help their mothers a little, that they see worried to death, and obliged to do half their work themselves, if they've ever so many servants. Now this is what I want you to tell 'em, for they think a great deal of the *PORT FOLIO*, and they say it's very genteel to be of your opinion; my wife too, is a sensible woman, but she humours the girls too much about fashions, and lets'em be idle, and, as far as I can see, she don't think better of it than I do; but then she says it's certain, genteel girls don't work now as they used to do in her time, and her daughters can't help doing as their acquaintances do. So I wish, *Mr. Oldschool*, you would do as the *Spectator* used to do. I read it when I was a young man, and I remember to this day how I was diverted with the advice he would give to the ladies.

Now I would not have you think, sir, that I want to shut up my daughters and let nobody see them, and have them fit to be seen too—I'm not stingy—what good does my money do me if I can't put it on my wife and daughters? I don't see any body look better in the streets than they do. They've got as fine shawls as any ladies I see going, and my wife's is an India one, and they may buy as many bonnets as they like; it's the shoemaker's bills I don't like, which if I find a good lump in the end of the year, I don't

know what they do, that can hardly make both ends meet. However, that's their look out, and none of my business. My maxim is, that all the bills should have "*Received in full*" at the bottom, and them that does that needn't care for the bank directors, that's bringing ruin, and misery, and old aristocracy, that we fought against, among the people. I mean to stand up for the good old times of Gen. Washington, when it was all fair play and above-board, and no sham, and them that paid their debts were good citizens. Now I don't expect, Mr. Oldschool, that you are going to print this letter, but as you're a scholar and know something, I humbly crave that you'll write a little about this, and not put any Latin or French in it, but just say it in good honest English, as the *Spectator* always did, so that my wife and daughters, and all others of plain understandings can read it, and then, you know, if they don't mind it, why there's no more to be said about the matter. If they won't take advice, we can't help it, and as Dr. Franklin used to say in his almanac,

“What can’t be cured
Must be endured;”

which I think is a good saying.

From your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TRADE.

* * * We have referred the epistle of our correspondent to *Samuel Saunter*, to whose jurisdiction the subject of this complaint properly belongs. Contrary to the expectation of the writer, we have desired our publisher to print his letter *verbatim*; for, although it is not polished with all the precision that modern taste requires, yet the author has a down-right way about him, that must make some impression. *Mr. Saunter*, however, is admonished not to indulge himself in any churlish chiding; particularly in respect to the walks in *Chestnut street*, where our own path is often crossed by objects which confirm the brightest inspirations of fancy, and lead us to believe that the fondest hopes of Enthusiasm herself may be realized among the fair of Philadelphia.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The “*Memoirs of a Life, chiefly passed in Pennsylvania, within the last sixty years; with occasional remarks upon the general occurrences, character, and spirit of that period,*” is one of the most interesting performances which the loom of American authorship has produced. Printed at an obscure press, in a mean style, and under a title so ambiguous, as to give little information of the nature of the work, we are not surprised that the public has not discovered what a gem was concealed beneath an unpromising exterior. We shall not hesitate to say, in going back to a book that was published before our labours commenced, that our object is to stimulate the reading part of the community to the vindication of their taste, which deserves reproach while these *Memoirs* lie forgotten on the shelves. To those who would acquire a familiar view of the state of manners and public opinion about the time that our revolution commenced, there is nothing which contributes so much accurate testimony; and to others, who have not forgotten this eventful period, we know of nothing more captivating. We are aware that the fastidious delicacy of some has been offended by the freedom with which the writer has spoken of individuals; but a very great distinction must be admitted between conversation and writing. Zimmerman justly remarks, that “to entertain readers is only to deliver freely in writing that which, in the general intercourse of society, it is impossible to say with safety and politeness.” It is time that this mawkish delicacy should be overcome, or we shall have nothing manly in our literature; nothing true in our history, or just in our memoirs. Our writers to be popular, must deal in the most ridiculous bombast and fulsome panegyric. Our western world must be peopled by nothing but a race of orators, like those who fulminated the thunder of eloquence on classical grounds, and heroes who would have rivalled a Marlborough, a prince Eugene, or a marshal Saxe. If Cumberland and Marmontel had written under all the restrictions which the fastidiousness of some of our good republicans would impose upon the press, where would be the witchery of their pages? If the *optimates* of our cities—we should say, *persons in society*, if we could accompany the observation by a fac-simile of the customary shrug—if such people will insist on an exemption from the jurisdiction of the

press, they must contribute their quota to the general fund of amusement and instruction in some other way. If they would prevent us from laughing at the ostentation of the exterior of their houses, let them show that hospitality and refinement dwell within the doors. If they cannot discern the pleasures and the utility of literature, let them respect the pursuits of wiser men, and not act as if all knowledge was confined to the conclave of a bank, or a compting room. In conclusion, we must observe of Mr. Graydon's book, that its veracity and its candour are altogether beyond impeachment, and he has questioned no man's morality. If he has made free with the oddities and singularities of a few individuals, it has been done in a gentlemanly manner, and should be considered as adding to the stock of harmless merriment. We would recommend to the author to prepare a new edition, enlarged by additional anecdotes, with which we are certain his mind must be stored, and we venture to predict that it will become a stock book in our domestic literature. Of the marvellous interest which this kind of writing, be it good or bad, seldom fails to excite, we have a striking example in a late bulky performance, in which curiosity has overcome the numerous impediments interposed by the dullest and most unintelligible of all jargons—the jargon of courts-martial, where soldiers pretend to play the part of judges, and exhibit a deplorable ignorance of the rules of logic, and the ordinary principles of equity.

Some months ago we pronounced an opinion upon the merits of Lady Morgan's *France*, and were not a little pleased in finding our judgment so strongly corroborated by a review which we lost no time in transferring to the pages of this Journal. All the foreign critical works that we have seen, unite in censuring the flippancy and indecency of this writer, and the time must arrive when this book will cease to be seen among those who respect religion, and are unwilling to relax the bonds of decorum. As the authority of the *Quarterly Review* has been disputed, on the score of personal and political feelings, we shall fortify what we have already published, by an extract from the *British Review*. "The habit," says the critic, "of scribbling and publishing is wonderfully favourable to confidence. Lady Morgan had scribbled and

published some showy novels, into which she sometimes contrived to throw a certain interest of plot and grotesque wildness of character: but which were full of mincing affectations in language, and of sentiments and descriptions which were sometimes, to speak soberly, a little, or *not* a little, meretricious. Intoxicated with the increase of her own pretty woman's vanity, and fluttering in every nerve with the ambition of blazing forth in print as a philosophical tourist, she posts to France, with her tablets in her hand, under an engagement to make a book in the shortest possible time; and casting a giddy eye around her, imagines that she has thoroughly read the character of a foreign nation, and acquired a right to vilify and asperse the manners and institutions of her own. Her flippant and frivolous loquacity, and the conceited jargon of her style, would not alone have led us to contribute towards lifting her into consequence: but she has dared to pollute with the drivellings of her folly that venerable Book, whose words, that "breathe and burn," have never impressed her imagination, and whose inner sense has failed to awaken her heart. She has written for the meridian of that country,* where, to be ashamed of Christ, would be a natural passport to fashionable and scientific society; and she has deserved its approbation. She has fallen down before the feet of the French BAAL, and renounced the faith and feelings, the lovely national predilections, the amiable prejudice and graceful patriotism of a British woman. Fashion and busy idleness, and the fondness for gossiping anecdote and calumnious jest, have given her book a momentary reputation: but it has nothing in common with the literary habits, the tastes, and the principles of that domestic circle whose privacy she has profaned, and whose national and chastened enjoyments she has covered with unseemly ridicule. Therefore it is—that we have held her book

* This observation is too general to be just. Certain popular speeches of Erskine, and Curran, and Phillips, authorize a belief that the morals of the British nobility are not of the severest character; nor can we entertain the most profound respect for a people who are so devoted to amusements which would shock one of our Chickasaws. As applied to the subject under consideration, the remark is unhappy, because we understand that the author gave great offence in Paris; while in England, and in this country, her book is sought with eagerness and perused with avidity.

up to the disgust of the modest, the horror of the pious, and the ridicule of the wise."

The *Narrative of a Voyage in his majesty's late ship Alceste*, by Mr. M'Leod, is written with great strength and clearness. The author seems intent on communicating information careless, apparently, of the opinion which the reader may form of his literary character. His language is sometimes a little defective, but in the labour of polishing, it might be deprived of that plain and manly earnestness which stamp his descriptions with the mark of fidelity. His stories are well told, and would be more pleasing if the author did not, in a few instances, introduce religious matters with so much levity. There are few books of the same size which contain so much to interest the reader. The ship was wrecked during the voyage; a circumstance to which Bonaparte alluded very courteously on the introduction of captain Maxwell. He reminded this gentleman that he had formerly captured one of the imperial frigates in the Mediterranean:—"Vous etiez très méchant—eh bien." You were very wicked,—well! your government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for you have taken one of my frigates." The emperor conducted himself, on this occasion, with a degree of sociability, which convinces us of the utter falsehood of many of the accounts which we have had respecting his demeanour to the English. He asked of our author what time he had served; of Mr. Cook, if he was descended from the great navigator; talked of natural history with Mr. Abel, of medical science with Dr. Linn, and very politely expressed his wishes to the chaplain, that he might be made a *prebendary*. He had something civil and appropriate to say to every gentleman who was introduced to him.

Mr. Cox's "*Female Scripture Biography*: including an Essay on what Christianity has done for Women," was originally composed as Sermons, and the author has converted them into biographical essays, with little alteration, excepting in the title. Hence the book is defective in arrangement, as it does not prepare the reader for what is to follow. Sometimes he contradicts himself; for instance, he asserts that "Mary was of obscure origin,"

and immediately after, that she "may justly be considered as of an illustrious descent." Sometimes he is so shamefully careless, as to employ "Tyrian vessels to fetch gold from Ophir, by the way of the Red Sea," the Isthmus of Suez to the contrary notwithstanding. Still we think these Essays are entitled to a respectable rank. The style is always pleasing, and sometimes elegant; the subjects are selected with care and managed with skill. We hail with pleasure every effort that is made to produce upon society proper impressions of the importance of the female character. It is only under this influence that the best affections are brought into action; and it is only in those nations where its sway is felt that manners are polished, the arts cultivated, and government respected.

Melincourt, a novel, contains as much to censure as so many pages could well comprehend. From internal evidence, we should assign it to *sir William Drummond*; but be the author whom he may, he must have a weak head and a wicked heart. His book is a tissue of malignity and ignorance; but his poison is too weak to be venomous, and his malice is perfectly harmless. He has conjured into his brain some strange figures, and affixed to them the names of Southey, Gifford, and Wordsworth. These unfortunate shadows he pursues with the most relentless, though innocuous ferocity. He is one of the Jack Cade philosophers, who would commence the establishment of the rights of man by the summary process of that celebrated reformist. He believes, with lord Monboddo, of whom he is an ardent admirer, that men formerly had tails, though he cannot credit the Holy Writings; and his book is just what might be expected from a man without principles, and a scholar without learning.

Mr. P. Force "offers to the enlightened citizens of the United States, proposals for publishing" an American Quarterly Review. The publication of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews in this country, brings us so largely in debt to Great Britain, that this gentleman is apprehensive of serious consequences, unless his undertaking should be patronised. "The pride," he says, "the prosperity of America, are interested in re-acting, intellectually, upon

Europe. Mind, as well as manufactures, in the United States, has been too long and too entirely dependent on the European section of the globe. It is in the one case, as well as in the other, our duty to endeavour to extricate ourselves from so degrading a situation. We have among us rich faculties of intellect, and all they require is a vigorous cultivation." Mr. Force does not know that this fearful debt was more than paid some time ago, by judge Woodward's "*Encatholopistemia*." At least it was so certified by a very learned man of our city. If the system of re-action should not produce the effect of rescuing our fellow-citizens from this deplorable thraldom, we would recommend the use of a sponge, in the manner prescribed by *Mr. Martin* in his defence of judge Chase. We shall then unlearn all the wisdom and pleasure that we have derived from Locke and Reid, Bacon and Newton, Shakspeare and Milton, and our minds will be ready for such impressions as the rich faculties of intellect may be disposed to produce.

Distribution of the Bible.—The Managers of the Philadelphia Bible Society have made an animated appeal to the citizens of this metropolis, on the important matters committed to their charge. The sum required from each individual—seventy-five cents annually—is so small, that we trust no pious man, who feels that he must account hereafter for the disposition of all the means that Providence has entrusted to him; no good man, who has a sympathy for the condition of the human race; nor any prudent man, who calculates that his own comforts are in proportion to the prosperity of the whole community, will hesitate to promote the laudable objects of this Society. It is unnecessary to enter into the business-part of this address; but we are irresistibly impelled to extract the fervid exhortation with which it concludes:

"For a moment, Fellow Christians, reflect on the value of that Book for the distribution of which we solicit your aid.

"It is the gift of God, and the purchase of his Son. It was written under the inspiration of the *Holy Ghost*, and confirmed by signs and wonders, and divers miracles. It reveals the mystery of Salvation, proclaims the law of the *Lord*, and exhibits promises exceeding great and precious. It enriches poverty, and ennobles meanness. It increases greatness, and exalts royalty. It is our chart and our compass, through life. It is more precious

than gold or silver, than rubies or diamonds. It is the word by which we are born again; the milk that nourishes, and the meat that strengthens our spiritual life. It is the charter of our privileges, and the pledge of our immortality. It is the sun that enlightens and warms, that fertilizes and adorns, the moral world. Can exertions too great be made to distribute this Book? Do we know its value, and shall we not feel solicitous to impart the treasure to the destitute? Like the atmosphere, millions more may enjoy its truths and its promises, without lessening our privileges; or like the light, it may illuminate a whole hemisphere, while it shines on our habitations. Let us prove, then, that we prize the Bible, by our zeal to circulate it."

"*The Pastor's FireSide*, by *Miss Porter*, is above the ordinary novels of the day. Her tale, though somewhat complicated, is wrought with considerable ingenuity. In the style she is too ambitious to shine, and she seems to possess a sovereign contempt for the rules of grammar. When she speaks of a man's smile "that dwelt on his features like a bending seraph lingering on its cloud," we fear that she has one of the Owensonian heroes in her eye, and we caution her against the practice of gazing at such gew-gaws. The reader who should open these volumes with an expectation of contemplating the serenity, the cheerfulness, and virtue of a *pastor's fire-side*, will be disappointed. Her personages are of a different description. They are a powerful monarch and wily ministers of state; she develops the stratagems of cabinets, and affects to display the power of monarchs. Her talents as a politician are not of the highest order, but she certainly enlists our sympathies in favour of her personages, and keeps the curiosity of the reader in constant anxiety.

New speculation.—It is stated in the Albany Argus, that a gentleman in New-York shipped 15,000 barrels of Apples to Europe last fall; and that they sold at an average price of three guineas per barrel.

The Western Country.—Extract of a letter from a gentleman who sometime since emigrated to the Western country, dated at St. Charles, near St Louis, in the Missouri Territory.

I have finally concluded to fix my family here. In point of healthiness, beauty of country, and fineness of land, I have seen no place that I like so well. This village is situated by the Rivers forty miles from the town of St. Louis, and about twenty miles up the Missouri, which is navigable more than three thousand miles above this. The land about this town is the most delightful, that can be imagined. Great part of it is a kind of land of which the people in New-England have no idea; an open, level plain of the richest possible soil, 40 feet deep, perfectly free from bushes, and covered with grass higher than my head. On these fields the people get 80 bushels of corn, 30 of wheat, 2000 lbs. of tobacco, and the same quantity of hops to the acre, with no manure, and very little cultivation. Where they have orchards, they raise the most beautiful fruit imaginable. Plums and hops grow wild in great abundance. As thousands of acres of the finest pasture lies open, every one keeps as many cows and horses, as he chooses, and cuts any quantity of hay for them, where he pleases. And yet butter and cheese are higher here, than in New-England. This arises from the extreme laziness of the people, and from not one in a hundred knowing how to make cheese. Mechanics get from 2,50 to 3 dollars a day. Land may now be had from 2,25 to 3 dollars the acre—but as emigrants are flowing in by hundreds it will shortly rise in value.—We are here, near the mouth of the Missouri, and the

Illinois, and only four miles from the Mississippi. Goods are conveyed from here to New-Orleans cheaper, than 50 miles back in the country to Boston.—Wild game is abundant; I seldom go out without seeing a deer—and in a ride last Monday I am confident I saw 500 wild turkeys. And yet the land is great part of it open, and looks like old field.—The country is as healthy, I think, as in New-England, and I am inclined to think it more so for feeble people. I never have had my health better. The summers here are very hot, but the air is dry and healthy. The winters are short and moderate. I am about trying to build me a brick house in the village—but if I am able, I mean in the spring to have a log house and a farm on the beautiful prarie near this town, in view of the Missouri, the Illinois and the Mississippi. The soil is the richest and the prospect the most delightful of any place I have ever seen. I languish indeed for the society of my friends; but if we are to see each other's faces no more in this world, let us so live, that we may have some grounds to indulge the hope that we may meet in heaven.

The subject continued.—Such extracts of letters from the Western Country as the following from Marietta in Ohio, dated Nov. last, will have a tendency to obstruct the tide of emigration which has so long been setting from Maine to the interior. This letter is from a substantial farmer who had supported his family in or near Waterville in ‘easy and comfortable circumstances’, but running distracted for western lands he sold all his eastern property and departed for Ohio.

“I crossed the Ohio river at Charlestown, Oct. 18th, 80 miles below Pittsburg,—then went about 90 miles to Sairville—then I struck the Muskingum—then I went down by land sixty miles to Marietta. I find this to be a poor, muddy hole—the mud here is more disagreeable than the snow in Massachussets. My ad-

vice to all my friends is not to come to this country. I intend to leave it as soon as the spring opens, and mean to be back before May is out. And there is not one in a hundred but what is discontented, but they cannot get back having spent all their property in getting here. It is the most broken country that I ever saw.—Poor lean pork, is 12 cents per pound. They sell salt at 4 cents the pound. Poor dry fish is 20 cents per pound. The corn is miserable, and we cannot get it ground, we have to pound it, those who have lanterns grate it. Rum is 25 cents a gill—Sugar is 37 cents per pound and as for Molasses there is none—Iron is 12 1-2 cents per lb.—My horses stood the journey well, they are yet alive, and in good health and flesh—but they tell me every day that they are home-sick—and want to go back—they say they were good servants to bring me here, but will be better to carry me back.

“ This country has been the ruin of a great many poor people. It has undone a great many poor souls for ever.

“ There has been a great freshet in Marietta, they had to drive the cattle back to the hills, and to paddle all through town into their houses—I wish you to show this letter to all my friends, especially to Mr. Wyman, and to write me as soon as possible.

ZACHEUS PARKER.”

Negroes in Savannah.—The city has passed an ordinance, by which any person that teaches any person of colour, slave or free, to read or write, or causes such persons to be so taught, is subjected to a fine of thirty dollars for each offence; and every person of colour who shall keep a school to teach reading and writing is subject to a fine of thirty dollars, or to be imprisoned ten days and whipped thirty-nine lashes!

Letter-Stealing.—The people, vs. M. M. Noah. Indictment for a misdemeanor in intercepting a private letter, and publishing its contents.

After hearing the testimony and the counsel, the Mayor charged the jury, that if they believed the defendant was in any way privy to breaking the seal, that then he was guilty of misdemeanor. But that if the letter being open, he only read and published it, that then it was not an offence of a public nature—although such conduct was highly improper and incorrect.

The jury after being out about fifteen minutes, returned and found the defendant guilty. *N. Y. pap.*

Runaway Patrons.—The editor of a paper at Bath, N. Y. gives notice to his *patrons*, that he shall hereafter publish the names of all such as *run away* without paying the printer.

Newspapers.—There are 13 newspaper establishments in the state of Vermont, issuing weekly papers, of which seven are republican, five federal, and one religious. There are no Banks in that state.

Internal Improvement.—The Senate of Kentucky has appropriated 40,000 dollars annually for clearing the obstructions to navigation from Licking, Kentucky, Salt, and Green rivers.

The Legislature of Georgia has established a fund of 250,000 dollars for Internal Navigation, and has granted 71,000 dollars besides for the immediate improvement of various rivers in that state.

A gentleman speaking of Lord Henry Petty's proposed tax on iron, observed, that as it had raised so many objections, it would be better to lay it on coals. “ No,” said his friend, “ that would be out of the frying-pan in the fire.”

It has been remarked that of all the fine titles of which Napoleon has had the picking, there is nothing left but the bare *Bony part*.

Grain.—A machine has recently been invented by Messrs. James and Joseph Gregg, of Londonderry, (N. H.) for the purpose of threshing and cleaning English grain, which is found by actual experiment to excel any thing that has been introduced for that purpose. It is so constructed that it separates the grain perfectly clean from the straw, and cuts the straw fit for fodder; the grain is received into a chest, in the under part of the machine, fit for market. It is turned by a horse, and may be put in motion by water or steam: it requires but one person to attend it, and it will thresh and clean from three to five bushels per hour, according as the grain may be for quality.

The legislature of New Jersey have appointed a committee "to consider and report upon the expediency of adopting measures to procure a revision of the present constitution of that state."

WESTERN COMMERCE.—*Cincinnati, (O.) Jan. 5.*—Yesterday the steam boat Vesta, 100 tons burden, commanded by capt. Jenkins, left this place for New Orleans, with a full cargo of pork, lard, and tobacco. This boat and her machinery were built here. She has elegant accommodations for passengers, and from the character of capt. Jenkins, we have no doubt she will perform her trip in perfect safety. The accidents which have heretofore happened in this species of navigation may be fairly attributed to rashness and want of skill.

The legislature of North Carolina have appropriated two hundred and fifty dollars annually, for seven years, for educating the son of colonel Forsyth, of the rifle corps, and voted him an elegant sword, in commemoration of his father's services.

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article:—"Memoirs of Charles the First, with a head capitally executed."

Combustion under or upon Water.—Several experiments have been lately made at Paris to prepare a fire which will burn upon or even under the surface of water. A boat was sunk in the river Seine, and a ball of this inflammable composition, with the weight annexed to it, in order to carry it to the bottom, was thrown over the spot where the boat lay. The effect was almost incredible: for the boat was instantly set in a blaze, and consumed with the same ease as if it had been fired on land.

Patrick Henry.—The legislature of Virginia have resolved to erect a marble statue in honour of the late celebrated Patrick Henry.

University of Pennsylvania.—At a recent meeting of the trustees, Peter Stephen Duponceau, Zacheus Collins, and Nicholas Biddle, esquires, were elected trustees of that institution, in the room of Thomas M'Kean, Alexander J. Dallas, esquires, deceased, and of Anthony Morris, esquire, resigned.

Bank of the United States.—The legislature of Tennessee, besides passing a vote disapproving the introduction of a Branch of the Bank of the United States into that state, have passed an act imposing a penalty of fifty thousand dollars on the establishment of any such branch there!

Internal Improvement.—The legislature of South Carolina has appointed major John Wilson, a civil and military engineer, for that state, and appropriated fifty thousand dollars to open the Saluda, and other rivers.

New Salt Works.—It must be particularly gratifying to the public to learn, that a spring of saline water has been discovered near the village of St. Catherines, which has proved by experiment, to produce SALT of a very excellent quality.

Niagara (U. C.) pap.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In "a Poetical Rapsodie, containing divers Sonnets, odes," &c. "For varietie and pleasure, the like before never yet published" printed in 1611 we find some amatory verses, far surpassing similar effusions of our own times.

TO CUPID.

By Fras. Davison.

Love, if a god thou art,
Then evermore that must
Be merciful and just:
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my ladic's hart?
If merciful; then why,
Am I to paine reserv'd
Who have thee truie servid
While she that by thy power not a flye,
Laughes thee to scorn and lies at liberty?
Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be
Heale me like her, or else wounde her like me.

Commendation of his mistress' beauty, stature, behaviour and wit. By the same.

Some there are as faire to see to,
But by art and not by nature;
Some as tall and goodly he too,
But want beauty to their stature.
Some have gratiouse kind behaviour,
But are soule or simple creatures;
Some have wit but want sweet favour
Or are proud of their good features.
Only you, and you want pity,
Are most faire, tall, kinde and witty.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following lines are from an ancient novel entitled "Leoline and Sydanis. An heroic Romance of the adventures of amorous princes: together with sundry affectionate addresses to his mistresse under the name of Cynthia, by Sir F. K. Knt. Ato. 1642." With a little alteration, they might be addressed to many an instant fair of the present day.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER CHANGING.

Dear Cynthia, thou bear'st the name
Of the pale queen of night,
Who changing yet is still the same,
Renewing still her light;
Who monthly doth herself conceal
And her bright face doth hide,
That she may to Endymion steal
And kiss him unespied.

Do not thou so, not being sure
When this thy beauty's gone
Thou such another canst procure
And wear it as thy own;
For the by sliding silent hours,
Conspirators with grief,
May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers,
Time being a sly thief,

Which with his wings will fly away,
And will return no more;
As having got so rich a prey,
Nature cannot restore.

Reserve thou, then, and do not waste
That beauty which is thine;
Cherish those glories that thou hast,
Let not grief make thee pine.

Think that the lily, we behold
Of July flower may

Flourish, although the mother mould
That bred them, be away;
There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
That dainty fruit should rot,
Though the tree die and wither, whence
The apricots were got.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ode to the Sheer Water. By the late Richard Alsop, Esq.

Whence with morn's first blush of light
Com'st thou thus to greet mine eye,
Whilst the furious storm of night
Hovers yet around the sky.

On the fiery, tossing wave
Dost thou, calmly cradled, sleep,
When the midnight tempest raves
Lonely wanderer of the deep!

Or from some rude Isle afar
Casted midst the roaring waste,
With the beams of morning star
On swiftest pinions dost thou haste?

In thy mottl'd plumage dress'd
Light thou skim'st the ocean o'er,
Sporting round the breakers' crest,
Exulting in the tempest's roar.

O'er the vast rolling wat'ry way
While our trembling vessel's borne,
And my eyes with glad survey
Watch the effulgent lamps of morn—

As through yon clouds its struggling beam
Around a parted lustre shed,
And bright beneath the effusive gleams
Each mountain bellow lifts its head—

Far seen, while glittering in the ray,
At distance, o'er th' expanse so blue,
White sided domes, and villa's gay
Aspiring rise to Fancy's view.

From wave to wave, swift skimming light,
Now near and now at distance found,
Thy airy form with ceaseless flight
Cheers the lone dreariness around.

Through the vessels' storm rent sides
When the rushing billows rave,
And with fierce gigantic strides
Death terrific walks the waves—

Still on hovering pinions near
Thou pursuest thy sportive way;
Still uncheck'd by aught of fear,
Calmly seek'st thy finny prey.

Far from earth's remotest trace,
What impels thee thus to roam?
What hast thou to mark the place
When thou seek'st thy distant home?

Without star or magnet's aid
Thou thy faithful course dost keep;
Careless still— still undismay'd,
Lonely wanderer of the deep!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the Greek.

Once I know in madd'ning hour,
I own'd your beauty's magic pow'r,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue;

POETRY.

The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow;
You each urgent wish repress'd
You continued still reproving,
Still I wo'd, and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now alas! what changes rise!
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies;
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past.
Youth no more that eye illumes;
Age has brought its joyless glooms;
Crave, those loves to spread for bear;
Vain that studied dress, and care;
Others tempt; I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

The ensuing verses may be inscribed under a picture representing Psyche, about to plunge a poniard in the breast of Cupid; they are, we believe from the pen of Mr. Matthias, to whom the most admirable satire of modern times has been attributed.

Prepared to strike, she ranges near,
The blue light glimmering from above,
The hideous sight expects with fear,
But gazes on the God of Love.

Not such a young and frolic child,
As poets feign or sculptors plan;
No, no, she see, with transports wild,
Eternal beauty veil'd in man.

His cheeks with bright carnation glow'd,
Like rubies on a bed of pearls;
And down his iv'y shoulders flow'd,
In clust'ring braids, his golden curls.

Soft as the cygnet's down his wing,
And as the falling snow-flake fair,
Each light elastic feather springs
And dances in the balmy air.

The pure and vital stream he breathes,
Makes e'en the lamp shine doubly bright,
While its gay flane enamour'd wreathes,
And gleams with scintillations light.

There loosely strung that bow was hung,
Whose twanging chords immortals fear;
And on the ground his quiver flung,
Lay, stor'd with many an arrow near.

SONNET, BY MISS SEWARD.

In the following lines the reader will find just thought and poetical imagery, conveyed in harmonious and appropriate language. Among many kindred images of human life, this receives a novel aspect from the fancy of the poet, and is in a high degree apposite and striking.

Behold that tree, in autumn's dim decay,
Stripp'd by the frequent, chill and eddying
wind:
Where yet some yellow, lonely leaves we
find
Lingering and trembling on the naked spray,
Twenty, perchance, for millions whir'd away!

Emblem, alas! too just, of human kind!
Vain man expects longevity, design'd
For few indeed; and their protracted day
What is worth, that wisdom does not scorn?
The blasts of sickness, care and grief assail
That laid the friends in dust, whose natal mom
Rose near their own;—and solemn is the soil;
Yet like those weak, deserted leaves forlorn,
Shivering, they cling to life, and tear to fall.

From the Italian of Marino.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd;
"One kiss," you cried, "I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss,—for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

SONG, from the Indian.

The following is one of the hunting songs of the Naudowocwanes, a tribe bordering on the Huron.

"Meoh accowah eshtaw paatah negushuwaw
gaw shejah menah. Tongo wakon meoh wash
ta, paatah achoowah. Hoppiniyathie oewch ac
cooyee meoh, woahs paatah otob tohijoh meoh
teeble."

Translation.

Ere the rising sun-beams break,
I the lofty mountains seek;
Watch the new light's earliest ray,
Chasing darksome clouds away.

Spirit bear! when comes the night,
Silver moon, oh lend thy light!
To my tent, oh! speed thy way,
Laden with the hunter's prey!

SONNET, from Torquati Tasso.

Sweet gale, that evermore with fond delight,
Dost wanton 'mid the leaves of myrtle boughs,
And laurel evergreen, from besotted flow'r
Stealing their richest odours in thy flight!

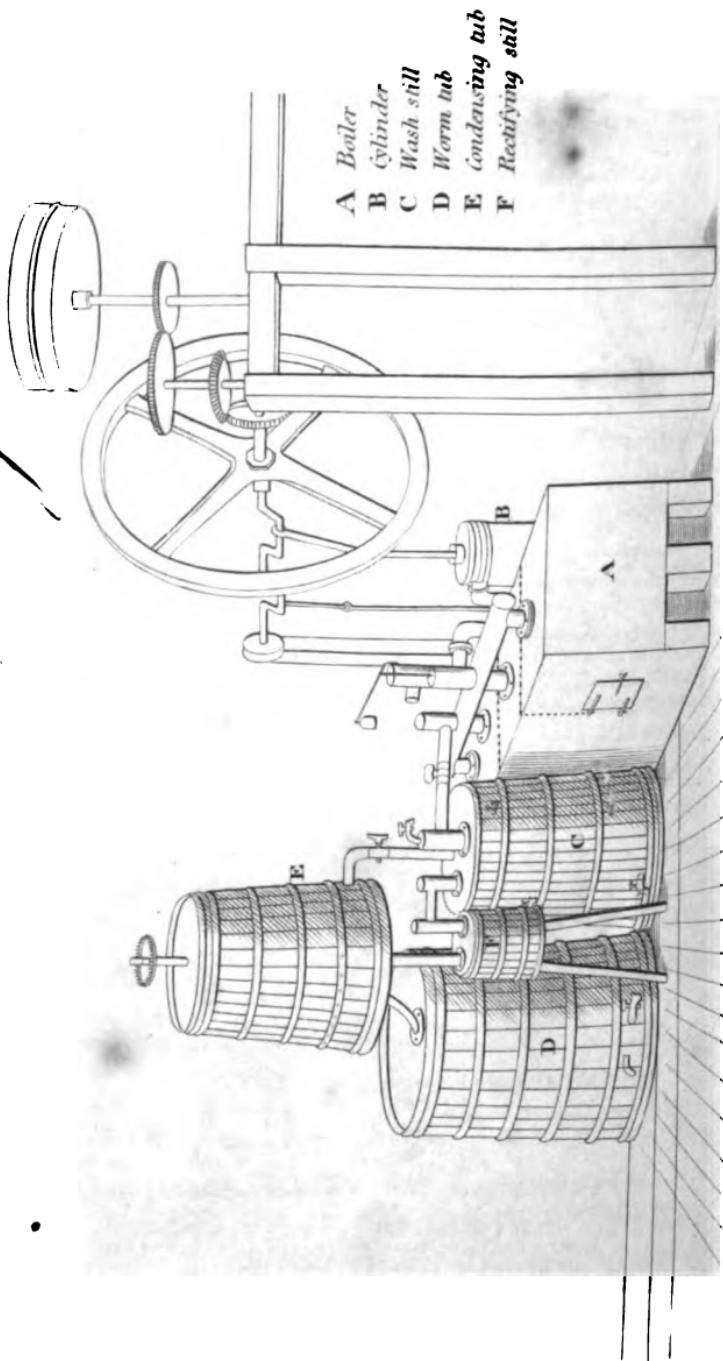
Ah! if sad pity for a lover's plight
Is wont to move thee, cease thy wandering
way,
And hie thee, where my Julia loves to stray,
By yon clear stream, whose flow'ry banks invite.

And in thy bosom bear these gentle sighs,
And soft complainings, born of inward pine;
To where my tender torments first did rise:
Then from the roses of her lip divine
Sweet kisses steal, whose balmy ecstasies
May soothe love's bitter pangs, though fierce
as mine.

WESTMINSTER QUIBBLES.

"There's one soldier less,"
Exclaim'd sister Bess,
As a funeral passed by the door;
"Then," said Mr. Brown,
"I'll bet you a crown,
"I'll prove it is one soldier mort."

Steam Distillery



Recommended by J. Anderson & H. Hall

THE PORT FOLIO,
FOR
MAY, 1818.

Embellished with a View of a STEAM MILL and DISTILLERY.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence,	395
Life of M. Necker, by Mad. de Stael,	331
The Mad House,	364
Select Sentences,	374
Dedication by Dr. Johnson, . .	375
Rich's Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon,	376
Coating for Brick Houses, . .	389
Sacrifice of a Hindoo Woman, 390	
LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE—Anderson & Hall's Plan of a Distillery and Mill, 393—Hoare's Life of Granville Sharp, ib.—Bloomfield's new poem, ib.—Dallas's Zelix Albarez, 394—Life of Woodley, ib.—Coleridge's Lectures, ib.—Directions to revive Flowers, ib.—Altitudes, how measured, ib.—Humboldt's Botany, . . .	395
Anecdote of Sheridan, . . .	395
POETRY—Ode to Time—Song, by Orlando—La Sentinel—Matrimony—Epigram on Sheridan—Love and Folly—Of a new married Student—Woman, from the Latin of Claudian—The Peasant, . . .	396-397
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. Growth of Philadelphia—Raffle at Washington—Ohio Paper Currency—The Indian Trade—Imprisonment for debt abolished—Cooper's Mineralogy—Breach of Promise of Marriage—Substitute for Coffee—Merchants at Washington—Connecticut Anecdote—Angling defined by Dean Swift,	398-400
PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS—See the Appendix.	

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,
AND IN LONDON,
BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
Agent for the sale of American Publications in England, Ireland, and Scotland.
J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to divers complaints respecting the correctness of our printing, we reply by attributing such mistakes to the carelessness or affectation of the writers. We have no objection to print an errata at the end of each volume, if they are indicated to us in time.

The author of the *Ode to Time*, in this number, will be welcome at any time. We abandoned his manuscript in utter despair, after several efforts to decypher it, and if a coincidence of circumstances had not deprived Mr. Oldschool of any other manner of passing a rainy day, this, and a few other writers, might never have had an opportunity of exhaling their sweetness on the loitering air.

Our friend Q. E. D. shall demonstrate his ingenious theorem in the next number.

We hope we shall not be suspected of fastidiousness when we request a poetical correspondent to peruse, *once more*, lines 18, 21, 22, 23, 30, 48, 49, 50, 70, 83, and 91 of his communication. Justice to an agreeable correspondent requires that we should enable him to appear before the public in the most faultless attire. If he would throw aside his mask, we could be more explicit; but perhaps this may be unnecessary.

"*A Friend*" is one of those "black friends" called "shoulder clappers." We do not covet his acquaintance, and we reject his advice.

P. Q. is "too disputable for our company."

In our last number we wish the following corrections to be made: page 255, line 2, for successor, *read* assessor—page 323, line 22, *read*, They are powerful monarchs—and in the conclusion of the same sentence, for power of monarchs, *read* profligacy of courts.

THE PORTFOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1818.

No. V.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF M. NECKER.

BY THE BARONESS DE STAEL-MOLSTEIN.

IT is natural that curiosity should be generally excited respecting the life and character of a man whose political career must occupy a distinguished place in the future annals of Europe. The knowledge of the human mind is eminently facilitated by examining the sentiments and actions of those who have taken a part in extraordinary events, and whom the gifts of nature, or the vicissitudes of fortune have marked out for combat with fate and with mankind: but this vague curiosity acquires new importance, and is even associated with the higher interests of morality, when the object to which it refers is a man endowed with every quality that can stimulate to the gratification of an immeasurable ambition; yet whose ambition was invariably held subordinate to the dictates of the most scrupulous conscience—a man whose genius was bounded but by the circle of his duties and affections, and whose faculties overstept every barrier but that of virtue:—a man who, after a transient glimpse of the most splendid prosperity, was plunged into misfortunes which obscured the lustre of his glory; and who, when presented to posterity, will be appreciated only by those beings whose souls possess some sparks of a congenial nature.

It will be my task, at some future period, if my mind should ever recover from that fatal stroke which has cruelly blasted its hopes of happiness, to present to the world a portrait of my father in public life, as a statesman and an author: but as such a work must inevitably touch on that great epoch in the history of Europe, the French revolution, I shall postpone to a more distant period the performance of a duty which might rouse the malignant passions now slumbering in the grave. Yet, let me be permitted to avow to the enemies of that man, who not only disclaimed revenge, but whose pure and ever-youthful soul was not even susceptible of deep resentment, that this forbearance has no other aim than to avert from them the guilt of offering violation to the grave. Yes, let them retaliate on me alone for whatever may provoke their malice. I am vulnerable: I still survive. Let their dagger be directed against the last relic of that family, once so cherished and so envied: but let them respect a name which all upright men must venerate. Let them spare a memory which shall cast over the departed century a track of ethereal light—a light emanating from earth, but sublimely ascending to heaven!

Had it been the fate of M. Necker to spend his life at Geneva, in the obscurity of a private station; had he for ever remained a stranger to the seductions of a French court, and to all those conflicts of interest, inseparable from power and ambition, I am persuaded that merely as a citizen and a man, it would have been impossible to contemplate his character without mingled emotions of reverence and admiration; but what sentiments must not this character inspire, when examined in all its purity—its elevations, its delicacy, and benignity, unsullied by temptation—impregnable to reproach—during that perilous career which was calculated to create a thousand impetuous or vindictive passions; to call into action a thousand harsh or revolting sentiments.

It was at the age of fifteen that my father arrived at Paris, alone and unprotected, with a slender property; for the improvement of which his family had procured him a commercial situation. From that period he not only became his own guide, but laid the foundation of that fortune, from which his relations have since derived their prosperity. To him alone may we refer whatever we have enjoyed—whatever we possess. To my father I owed all the bri-

liant advantages of prosperity, of affluence, and distinction, which were showered on my early youth. Even at this moment, when I am deprived of all that once promised happiness, it is by invoking his spirit, by recalling his thoughts, his words, his sentiments, that I am enabled to discharge the duties which still bind me to existence.

During the twenty years which elapsed from the period of my father's arrival in Paris, to his marriage, he devoted himself to the duties of his situation, and religiously abstained from the pleasures and even the amusements commonly pursued with ardour in a luxurious capital. It has sometimes happened, in the course of those familiar conversations which passed between us when he lived in retirement, that he retraced this period of his existence, with the description of which I was deeply affected: that period, when my imagination represented him as so young, so solitary, so engaging, and when, had we been born contemporaries, we might, perhaps, have been united by those indissoluble ties, which are yet stronger than those of nature.

It may easily be supposed, that the pursuits of commerce had developed in M. Necker those capacities for business, so essentially necessary in the political department, which he was hereafter destined to fill. It is otherwise with literary composition, in which he eminently excelled, but to which all the habits of his life, during five and twenty years, must have been equally inimical and revolting. In reality, is it not without precedent—without parallel, that the first calculator of the age, the man whose authority is classical in finance, should, at the same time, have been one of the most elegant prose-writers in the French language, eminently distinguished by the splendour of his diction, and the magnificence of his imagination? It is in the re-union of opposite qualities that we recognize the character of a master-mind. The feeble faculties, which are formed at the expense, or supplied by the privation, of others, are wanting in true dignity and moral greatness. It is for the feeble tree to concentrate all its vigour in one branch, whilst the oak of the forest throws out luxuriant shoots in every direction, and extends to a distance its majestic shade.

It is notorious to every distinguished merchant in Europe, that M. Necker possessed peculiar aptitudes for business, and was eminently successful in financial calculations; but it should be remarked, that in every question susceptible of doubt, he never failed to decide against his own interest. He has often told me, that he might have doubled his fortune, had he not retired early from business; and he observed, that he had never felt a strong desire for wealth or power: he added, "Had either of them been the object of my ruling passion, I should have had ample opportunities for its gratification."

Too elevated in his conceptions, too ardent in his feelings to attach himself to mercenary pursuits, my father was impassioned but for glory; and in glory there is something of futurity which seems to produce a kind of harmonious accord, an ethereal medium of communication between the thoughts of heaven and the thoughts of earth.

It was during the sittings of the East India Company that the superiority of M. de Necker first arrested attention. It was observed, that in announcing his opinions he often permitted himself to speak from the impulse of the moment, and that he uniformly became animated and impressive, whenever he was deeply interested in the subject. To the close of his life, however, I have witnessed his struggles with native diffidence, which often gave an expression of embarrassment to his noble countenance, when he had attracted notice by the recital of some impressive facts, some characteristic anecdotes to which his graceful style or playful irony lent their sole attraction.

He did not exhaust all his resources; he was not perfectly master of his genius, till he was roused by difficulties to exertion. His power often lay dormant till it was imperiously called forth. His mind kept pace with events. He opposed firmness to violence. He drew courage from danger; at once displaying the most noble pride and the most ingenuous modesty. No one knew better how to assume the dignity which overawes injustice. Yet he was constantly accustomed to compare his abstract ideas of perfection with his individual efforts or actual attainments; and I have passed my life in pleading his own cause against that self-distrust or self-reproach, to which he was habitually subject, and to which he seem-

ed most liable when, by some extraordinary exertion of talent, or some sublime example of virtue, he should have had the best title to approbation and applause. Such had been the characteristic features of his early youth. Let me be pardoned if, whilst I retrace that portion of my father's life, which preceded my birth, or intimate acquaintance with his habits and feelings, I venture to advert to those later years, in which we were intimately associated, and indissolubly united. There was a perfect analogy in the various periods of M. Necker's existence—his youth harmonized with his age; his prosperity answered to his adversity; it was one ray of virtue that illumined his whole life; the same reverence for the Supreme Being—the same attachment to duty—to religion—to benevolence—prevailed in every season. None of his early contemporaries could have known better than myself what he must have been at thirty, since at sixty he was no other than the same. In his youth he anticipated the results of experience by a premature development of the faculty of reflection. To the purity of his moral conduct, he owed the privilege of having preserved, in old age, the imagination and sensibility of youth.

Twenty years after his arrival at Paris, he married a woman of exemplary character and distinguished mental attainments. Her ancestors were in every sense of the word respectable; but the revocation of the edict of Nantz had deprived them of their patrimony, and my father had again to change poverty to affluence, and a second time restore the fortunes of a fallen family. From the first moment of their union to the last, my mother was the supreme object of my father's existence. Unlike other public men, his attention was not confined to a few measured forms at stated seasons, such as might have been deemed sufficient for the subordinate destiny of woman. His affection was demonstrated by all those tender assiduities, those delicate sentiments, those constant emanations of kindness and tenderness, which can only flow from a devoted heart. Warm and impassioned in all her feelings, my mother would have been miserable in what is commonly called a fortunate marriage. It was not enough that her husband should be simply a good or liberal man. It was necessary to her happiness, that she should discover in her first friend, that sublime sensibility which belongs but to superior intellect, but which the possession

of superior intellect, by producing tastes and habits unsuited to domestic life, too frequently destroys. It was necessary to her heart to have selected one only object of affection, and to concentrate in one point all its faculties of tenderness. Happy to have found that being whom she sought, she was still more happy in being permitted to dedicate to him her whole life;—pre-eminently happy, she was spared the agonies of surviving that felicity of which he had so largely tasted. Peace to her ashes! she was more worthy than her daughter, and deservedly more favoured.

Soon after my father's marriage, he was appointed minister to the republic of Geneva at Paris. In accepting the employment, he declined the emolument attached to it—a principle of disinterestedness from which, in the course of his political life, he never permitted himself to deviate. He did not, however, escape the imputation of pride, for having been the first minister in France, or perhaps any other country, who not only relinquished the perquisites of office, but even sunk a part of his own fortune to provide for the expenditure* which it necessarily exacted. In embracing this resolution, my father was not actuated by pride, but by a better sentiment. To repair the disorder in the finances he had abolished many sinecures, and delicacy concurred with prudence in determining him to put it out of the power of any ex-placeman to draw invidious comparisons between the stipend which he had forfeited, with the immense revenue which the minister was supposed to possess. My father felt more courage in reforming abuses when the purity of his principles had been attested by patriotic sacrifice. Such were the simple but correct motives for a conduct which might appear otherwise mysterious.

It was one of my father's peculiar characteristics, that nothing appeared to cost him an effort. Whatever sacrifice he made was impelled by a sentiment so sacred and sincere, that its merit was forgotten by himself, and rarely appreciated by the world; and as, in these instances, he betrayed no struggles, and expressed no regrets, it was commonly supposed that my father could not act

* M. Necker, though assuredly the best of fathers, purchased an annuity of a hundred thousand livres, which, with his ordinary revenues, was not more than sufficient to supply this expenditure.

otherwise, and that his goodness was rather involuntary than meritorious.

At first the king was astonished when M. Necker declined the perquisites annexed to the office of minister; but in a short time the king became so familiar with this self-denying peculiarity, that when M. Necker was declared minister a second and a third time, the subject was never alluded to, and the thing passed as a matter of course. The same peculiarity, in different relations of life, was frequently exemplified in my father's conduct. He pressed his services with such frank simplicity, that by many they have been wholly forgotten. There is a degree of delicacy in certain procedures, and even of refinement in certain expressions, which is not to be comprehended by an ordinary mind, and there are people so obtuse as not to be capable of conceiving the existence of any virtue which has not been literally expressed. I may with truth affirm, that a very inadequate idea of M. Necker's conduct in pecuniary transactions is to be conceived by those who simply observe, that he was a generous man. Another epithet must be invented to designate the character of one who totally forgot the good he performed not only in appearance, but in reality; not by effort, but simply by that dereliction of self, of which great minds alone are capable, the inimitable feature of their natural and transcendent beauty.

My mother, who was no less high-spirited than noble-minded, had brought my father no portion. Had her husband been only of the ordinary standard of goodness, she would never have permitted herself to use his fortune, but with extreme caution and circumspection. On his accession to the ministry he transferred to her all his property, not wishing, as he himself observed, to have any other care or occupation than *France*, his adopted country. From that moment he succeeded in persuading my mother that he thought no longer of his fortune, and that he wished for nothing so much as to be exonerated from its management: and it is a singular fact, that she finally came to consider it as a property of which she was the absolute mistress.

It would generally be mentioned as no common proof of delicacy to devolve on another the disposal of your fortune; but how exquisite was the delicacy of M. Necker, when, to satisfy his wife's

scrupulosity, he even assumed the appearance of a defect from which he was in reality wholly exempted. She often rallied him on his pretended incapacity for business: but from the moment of her death he entered with peculiar aptitude into those very details of domestic management for which he had previously affected an insuperable aversion.

The remark I have made is illustrated by the following passage, which I transcribe from the portrait of M. Necker, by his wife:—
“ The qualities of M. Necker are absolute and independent: I should not venture to pronounce them perfect, but they are integral and simple; and without alloy from any other sentiment: let me be permitted to explain myself.

“ It is often said of such a man, that he is not capable of malice, although he constantly breeds on the wrongs which he has received from his enemies, and at the same time, perhaps, persuades himself that he forgives them. Of another it is said, that he is disinterested, though he attaches importance to the benefits he has conferred, and requires that they should be properly acknowledged. If I ventured to define disinterestedness as exemplified by M. Necker, I should not expatiate on his noble conduct, the purity of his principles, or the delicacy of his sentiments: I should not enlarge on the magnanimity so repeatedly displayed in his contempt of wealth: nor even mention the sacrifices to which he has been prompted by patriotism or benevolence. These virtues are so perfectly appropriate to M. Necker, that I should blush to make them the subject of eulogium; for would it not be absurd to extol a vestal for the chastity of her deportment?

“ I should rather describe his disinterestedness by a whimsical trait of character, such as almost destroys its merit, or at least renders it equivocal, by evincing how completely the idea of wealth, with all its concomitant associations, was effaced from his mind. The following anecdote, selected from a thousand others, will illustrate my meaning:—Mr. Necker quitted business at a moment when he might have trebled his fortune, simply because he was grown indifferent to a pursuit which no longer possessed the attractions of novelty. His capital might have been doubled, but a sentiment too exquisite to merit the title of virtue, impelled him to divide it with his former associates.

"It was in vain that I urged him to remain in a situation for which he had conceived a distaste. He withdrew from the commercial house which he had established, and surrendered to it a sum of money to which he was legally entitled, without exacting interest, or even availing himself of the opportunity to employ his capital to advantage: in the sequel he transferred to me his whole property, not retaining a single paper, nor even the smallest sum, in his own possession. From this period his fortune was left to my sole disposal. I have bought and sold, built, contracted, conducted every thing according to my own pleasure, without ever consulting him on the subject—having learnt from experience that such appeals served only to produce impatience or disgust. On his property he never bestowed another thought, till the memorable moment when he was impelled by the noblest motives to place it in the royal treasury. In his retirement, and during all the various revolutions and appointments in the financial department, nothing could induce him to resume this deposit, for which he merely accepted an interest far inferior to what he would have received from the public funds. So sincerely had he renounced in my favour the management of his affairs, that he even forgot he still possessed the rights of property, and at present is not without diffidence in asking for money, which he even appears to receive as gratuitous obligation. Our interior exhibits the amiable and whimsical contrast of a great genius submitting to voluntary tutelage; of a statesman not inadequate to the government of a great empire, but whose carelessness for money is so notorious in his own family, that even his servants seem to consider him in a state of subordination; and from the highest department to the lowest, every thing is arranged, planned, and executed without his interference. M. Necker, in short, so eminently formed for supremacy in great things, resembles the mythological deity who was destined to reign in heaven and serve on earth. I have frequently had occasion to remark, in reference to Mr. Necker, that the perfection of moral qualities is not calculated to impress the vulgar mind, which has with them no common sympathies;—there are men who cannot duly estimate any particular virtue, unless they discover in the possessor some indications of an opposite vice.

"The very name of virtue implies effort. Nor is it in the nature of self-love to value that of which it has not ascertained the price. No one has given M. Necker credit for pardoning his enemies: no one ever thanked him for the immense sacrifice of money which he has made both in public and private life to patriotism and to principle. His fortune was measured by his munificence, and it was more natural to ascribe to him enormous wealth, than exalted benevolence. Nevertheless, when M. Necker superintended the finances, he became economical and severe in the management of money; and whilst he freely dispensed his own property, he held that of the royal treasury sacred, as a symbol of national prosperity—an instrument of good to the people."

A person, hostile to my father, has made a remark which happily illustrates his character.—"M. Necker," said he, "devoted twenty years to fortune, twenty years to ambition and glory, and he dedicated his last years to study and retirement."

To have disposed in this manner of three parts of his life, without permitting the pursuits of the one to influence the habits of the other, is, I believe, the most remarkable proof ever given of complete self-command and elevation of character.

It is obvious, that M. Necker, a citizen of Geneva, and a protestant, must have had many obstacles to surmount, before he could obtain the highest offices in the French monarchy. It was partly by his unblemished fame, and partly by his peculiar power of conciliating all whom he sought to please, that he arrived at a distinction almost unprecedented for a foreigner and a protestant—that of being elected at first prime minister, and finally of being admitted to the royal council.

It was by his eulogy on Colbert, and his work on the commerce of grain, that M. Necker first attracted notice, or acquired consideration. In 1777, at the instigation of M. Maurepas, who, from his conversation alone, had been impressed with respect for his talents, he was appointed to the superintendence of the royal treasury, the derangement in the finances having induced this deviation from the ordinary routine of preferment.

It has been pretended, that M. Necker understood not men, because it was constantly his aim to conduct them by the principles of justice and morality, and because since the French revolution

many people have been disposcd to consider such means as chimerical and absurd; but I can safely affirm, that this scrupulosity originated, not in any exaggerated esteem for mankind, but in habitual reverence for truth and rectitude. He was no stranger to the subtlties and refinements of Machiavelian policy, and possessed a thousand times more flexibility and address than was necessary to succeed in artifice and deception. It was impossible to discover more sagacity in fathoming the views, more promptitude in developing the character of those with whom he came in contact. Several of his thoughts and miscellaneous fragments, not only exhibit a perfect knowledge of human nature, but even a propensity to satire in describing its various peculiarities. Amongst the persons of talent who have lived with my father, none will hesitate to confirm my opinion, that though disarmed by the delicacy of his moral feelings, he possessed the adroitness, the flexibility, the insinuation; which must have invested, with the most pernicious influence, any man who was not too noble to use artifice, and too upright to connive at corruption.

He discovered character at a single glance: in a quarter of an hour he became as familiar with the mind as the countenance: his knowledge extended to the minutest details: he surprised the heart in those unguarded—those undefinable movements, over which art has no power, and which nature renders intelligible only to the exploring eye of genius.*

* In early youth my father composed several comedies, pregnant with that vis comica which is alone derived from the knowledge of human nature. At that period he was anxious to see them represented; but the avocations of business interfered with this design, which was finally laid aside. He has often remarked to me, that had his plays been performed, the whole tenor of his life must have been changed. In France, the choice of prime minister could not have fallen on a man who should have been avowedly the author of such compositions. It was almost paradoxical, that the man with manners the most imposing, dignified in his style, and serious in his sentiments, should have possessed a gayety of fancy, so original, so versatile, so poignant, that it might have excited mirth, even in a mixed assembly—which necessarily includes the lower orders of the people.

I have been so struck with the incongruous, or rather supplemental faculty developed in these comedies, that I was once tempted to hazard their publication; but I distrusted my competence to the preliminary labours of

I have already observed, that M. Necker never failed to captivate those whom he sought to please. His influence over mankind would have been still greater, had he not sometimes conceived a distaste for the real but limited objects of active life. As simple representative of the republic of Geneva, he inspired such esteem in M. de Choiseul, then the first minister of France, that when the government of Geneva had occasion to send to Paris some distinguished man to treat with him, M. de Choiseul wrote to M. Necker the following billet:—"Pray inform your compatriots that their envoy extraordinary shall not come within my doors—I will treat but with one man, and that is yourself."—My father confessed to me that his first success in public life afforded him more satisfaction than all his subsequent preferment. He was sure to become peculiarly interesting whenever he spoke of himself, and of those emotions of ambition and self-love which he had once experienced. Satiety was in him less the effect of a restless spirit of ambition than of that sensibility, that elevation of soul to which external circumstances are wholly inadequate.

After two interviews, Maurepas did not hesitate to recommend the nomination of M. Necker to the royal treasury. Shortly after, during a short indisposition of M. Maurepas, my father procured the nomination of M. de Castres to the marine department. The marshal, though generally esteemed, was scarcely known to the king, who but a quarter of an hour before would never have chosen him for that office. To the credit which my father rapidly acquired at court may be traced the jealousy excited against him. The queen, till influenced by the spirit of party, was singularly pleased with his conversation, and in general I have observed that, by ordinary men, he was liked when known, and by superior men, no sooner seen than loved. The attachment which he inspired in

revision and correction, and was completely checked by the reflection, that in France the children of a great man must have followed him to the grave before the public shall be disposed to decide on his relics with candour and impartiality. It is long since men and things were submitted to the test of truth. The question is not *what they have been*, but *what has been said of them*. It is necessary to present a serious aspect to that nation, apparently so gay, but whose gayety is rather an offensive weapon than a sportive salley of the imagination.

different individuals might be considered as a test of their moral and intellectual excellence; and uniformly, he who possessed the best understanding was most ready to do justice to his merit. To illustrate this remark, I shall cite the following examples:—One of the first judges of human intellect, but who certainly cannot be suspected of any extraordinary reverence for human virtue, M. de Mirabeau, in 1789, had an interview with my father, the object of which was to procure his interest in having him appointed to the ministry.

My father, without refusing homage to his talents, candidly stated that he could never be the colleague of M. de Mirabeau. “ My strength,” he observed, “ consists in my morality. You have too much understanding not to perceive, at some future day, the importance of this support. Till that period shall arrive, though it may be proper that his majesty should choose you for his minister, it will be impossible that he should elect us both.”

On returning home after this conversation, M. de Mirabeau committed to paper some observations respecting M. Necker, in which he declares how much he had been struck with his comprehensive mind and extraordinary attainments. Under the influence of these feelings, he gave orders for the bust of M. Necker, which he intended to place in his future retreat. This identical bust it was my fortune to purchase of the sculptor to whom Mirabeau had given the order; and it was assuredly no small satisfaction to possess this secret testimony of his real sentiments, which ambition so often tempted him to disavow in the public tribune.

I have insisted the more strenuously on my father’s peculiar talent for knowing men and governing mankind, since there were some so completely misled by the strictness of his moral principles, as to suppose him ignorant and unskilled in that important part of political science. I must again repeat, that the faculties of M. Necker had no other limits than his virtues. From the constitution of his mind, the versatility of his talents, and his captivating address, he must have been master of those arts of policy which his rigid principles condemned, and his dignified mind rejected. It cannot be doubted, that the sagacity which conducted him to power and preferment, might have enabled him to discover the worst means, and to make them subservient to the worst ends. How of-

ten have we seen ordinary men, even such as were incapable of comprehending a general principle or a generous sentiment; how often have such men displayed extraordinary adroitness in seizing the proper moment for promoting their particular interest. If M. Necker embraced not such opportunities, it must be attributed to excess of delicacy, not to a want of discrimination. The most plausible never deceived him. His penetration might have taught him to despise mankind, had it not been checked by that sublime candour, which traces actions to their source, and blends, in one expanded sentiment of humanity, ourselves and others, the individual and the species.

During his first administration, M. Necker had to offer violence to his native benevolence, by the suppression of offices and employments, from which many had derived support, who, by this abolition, were deprived of competence, if not of subsistence. In an administration, founded on the basis of order and economy, he was necessarily obliged to forego all the enjoyments attached to the possession of power, and he ventured not to advance to preference a relation or a friend, conceiving himself obliged to offer reparation to those whose incomes had been diminished.

Occupied from morning to night, he applied to his various avocations with unremitting assiduity, admitting no other visitors than the discontented duns who came to complain of his economical retrenchments. My mother, on her part, devoted herself with equal zeal to the prisons and hospitals. In the language of the world, it would be difficult to discover what were the pleasures, the honours, the profits, the advantages, which either of them could hope to derive from such an existence. They looked for no other recompense than the public esteem, which my father obtained in a degree that would scarcely be credited at the present moment.

In writing his political life, I shall have to cite examples of the enthusiasm which he inspired, and of the homage he received from his compatriots and contemporaries.

The provincial administration, established by M. Necker, had prepared all orders in the state for an acquaintance with political legislation. The abolition of the right of *main morte*, the public statement of the finances, the repeal of the imposts, which weighed most heavily on the people: all these beneficent schemes of an

enlightened mind, (for the first time realized,) produced a strong impression both in the intelligent and the indigent classes of society: extorting equally from the patriot who sought only the public good, and from the sufferer who had been involved in national calamity, the most fervent gratitude and unqualified approbation.

Nevertheless, from the clashing of personal interests, the cupidity of the courtiers, and the jealousy of M. de Maurepas, M. Necker became obnoxious to the hatred of the minor party, at whose secret instigation the most offensive libels were published. From the sensibility which my mother betrayed to this outrage, my father unfortunately attached to it too much importance. In the sequel, he took the prudent resolution, never to peruse any of these mischievous publications, of which the falsehood was more notorious to the authors than the readers: but at this moment my mother's grief, the only evil which was truly afflictive to her husband's heart, destroyed his equanimity. Madame Necker had written, unknown to him, to M. Maurepas, beseeching him to withdraw his protection from the libelists who had attacked M. Necker;—a false step, from which M. Maurepas learnt too well, that M. and Mad. Necker were exquisitely sensible to the variations in public opinion, and, at the same time, discovered that he had it in his power to inflict on them the most painful mortification. That nothing can be more injudicious than to teach your enemy how he may injure you, is an obvious truth, on which women seldom reflect with advantage. It appears to them sufficient to say to a persecutor—*you make me suffer*—to disarm the most inveterate enemy; but political relations are of a more austere nature; and my father soon became sensible of the error which my mother had inadvertently committed.

At the instigation of M. Maurepas, and several other persons of the court, who had been disgusted by M. Necker's rigid economy, new libels were published against him. My father never demanded that the authors should be prosecuted. There were amongst them some who even held places at his disposal; but in order to contend with success against the still increasing number of his enemies, he solicited some signal mark of royal approbation;—such as his admission to the council; an honour which was afterwards conceded to him. This application created new discus-

sions, which the enemies of M. Necker knew how to envenom; and, finally, when he offered his resignation it was accepted. In the sequel, my father bitterly reproached himself for not having stifled these disgusts, for the sake of accomplishing the salutary plans, of which he had so happily laid the foundation. In reality, it is not improbable but that had he remained in the ministry, he might have prevented the revolution, by restoring order to the financial system.

It will not be conceived at the present period, when, through a series of political convulsions, the liberty of speech is vilified and dishonoured in France, what importance was once attached by a minister to the publication of any invidious libel.

It should, however, be remarked, that in a country where the liberty of the press was not (as in England) previously established, and where public opinion had acquired an almost incredible degree of moral force, whatever might attaint the purity of a political reputation, was an evil of no trivial importance: and since my father's influence was founded on the high esteem which had been conceived for his character, it would unquestionably have been injurious to that esteem had he submitted too patiently to insults which were secretly encouraged by the members of the government.

The noble mind will surely suggest this excuse for that procedure to which he was prompted by delicacy, by dignity, and independence, though it should even be alleged, that, by this too exquisite susceptibility, he had forfeited that power which, in the estimation of ordinary men, cannot be too dearly purchased—a singular fault, perhaps, which might safely be permitted to pass unnoticed. It was not, however, always that my father rested in the consciousness of his integrity. Imagination conspired with conscience to render him severe on his past actions. In his private reflections he was often guilty of injustice to himself, and was certainly more unhappy during his first voluntary retreat from power, than in his last secession from the ministry, when he had lost every thing, but when he had not for a single moment to balance on his future conduct. In reality how illustrious was this first disgrace! when all France pursued M. Necker with acclamations of homage!

and the French have so much grace and vivacity and delicacy when they offer a generous tribute to unmerited misfortune.

The king of Poland, the king and queen of Naples, the emperor Joseph II, invited M. Necker to superintend the finances of their respective governments.

These splendid offers he refused without hesitation, since they militated against his love for France, which was the master-passion of his soul, and to his last moment formed the strongest interest of his life.

In his retirement he composed that celebrated work on the Administration of the Finances, by which three or four booksellers made their fortune, of which a hundred thousand copies were printed, and which is now considered the only classical book in France on the subject of administration.

In 1787, M. de Calonne having convoked the assembly of the notables, took occasion, in his preliminary discourse, to attack the veracity of the statement submitted to the king by M. Necker. It was easy to perceive that a man of M. Necker's character must repel the injurious assertion; and he delayed not to transmit to the king a memorial, with other satisfactory pieces, which incontrovertibly established the fidelity of his statements. The king read and was satisfied, but desired to keep the memorial from the world: and my father was assured by some of his friends who were daily admitted to the royal presence, that on this condition his sovereign was willing to recal him to the ministry; and to all human calculation it appeared unquestionable that my father must for ever renounce the hope of being reinstated in power, if in this instance he submitted not to the royal pleasure.

My father conceived his honour compromised in the affront, which had been publicly offered him in the printed discourse of M. de Calonne; and the greater the sacrifice of ambition annexed to a public exculpation, the more he felt his delicacy interested in exacting the reparation. I have already observed, that the strongest sentiment by which he was actuated, with reference to human interests, was self-respect, or the love of glory—a sentiment which he might sacrifice to a religious sense of duty, but which he never commuted for considerations of an inferior nature.

No sooner was the king apprized that the reply of M. Necker to M. de Calonne was printed, than he exiled him by *a lettre de cachet* to a distance of forty leagues from Paris. At this period I was very young. *A lettre de cachet and banishment* impressed my imagination as an act of the most atrocious cruelty.

When I learnt the sentence, I uttered a shriek of despair, and was unable to form a conception of a greater calamity. All the society of Paris who, from natural urbanity, and the mild manners acquired during a long interval of peace, were unwilling to witness human sufferings, collected round my father, and openly inveighed against his unmerited banishment. In this instance my father was the only person who judged the king with candour. He repeated, that his majesty had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with his obstinate resistance; and several years after he used to remark, as a proof of the amiable disposition of Louis XVIth, that he had limited his punishment to an exile of forty leagues from Paris, and that in four months he revoked this exile, and soon after, on the 25th of August, 1788, recalled to his court his refractory minister. I passed with my father the period of his banishment. How calm were his spirits! How serene his soul!

Sometimes he heard from his correspondents that he was to be reinstated immediately; sometimes that he should never be restored: now, that all was gained,—and eight days after, that all was lost. He awaited the course of events with a tranquillity, which I have always observed him to possess in every crisis of destiny, when he was neither exposed to the sorrows of the heart or the scruples of conscience. At the moment when M. Necker was recalled to the ministry, he had just published his work on the importance of religious opinions, a work which surely affords a striking proof of his internal tranquillity under circumstances which should have appeared most likely to agitate an ambitious soul. It is not unusual for men of the world to write on religion in the decline of life, when the only future that awaits them is eternity: but it is not often that, in the interval of two administrations, when exposed to all the agitations incident to a situation of conflict and suspense, that a statesman should have devoted himself to a labour so irrelevant to the pursuits of finance—to a labour

which will constitute his glory with posterity, but which could not be subservient to his worldly interests.

On the contrary, M. Necker, by this work, exposed himself to the chance of disobliging some of his warmest and most distinguished partisans, since he was the first, the only great writer who animadverted on the tendency to irreligion which prevailed at that period. This pernicious tendency succeeded to the real good which had been effected by the exposure of intolerance and superstition. Against this sinister and fatal spirit M. Necker had then singly to contend; and he contended not with that hatred for philosophy, which is but a change of arms in the same hands, but with that noble enthusiasm for religion, without which reason has no guide, and imagination no object; without which even virtue is without charms, and sensibility without interest.

In the number of superior statesmen, Cicero, the chancellor l'Hospital, and Bacon, are eminently distinguished for having, in the midst of political agitation, found leisure for solitary meditation and attention to the interests of the immortal soul. But my father published his work at a moment peculiarly unfavourable to the opinions which he maintained, and it required all his precision as a calculator to defend him from the stigma of having become a visionary.

In every age there is a degree of virtue which must be liable to the imputation of imbecility. This is always the most perfect virtue, since it is not that which can be rendered the object of selfish speculation.

The second administration of M. Necker from the 25th of August, 1788, to the 14th of July, 1789, is precisely that period which a powerful party in France have been most eager to vilify by malicious representation. Let me here repeat, that I pledge myself (when I shall write the political life of my father) to prove, from the history of the revolution, that this party has constantly laboured under misconception respecting its true interests; the progress of events, and individual character.

It is acknowledged by all who have studied the conduct and writings of M. Necker, that he never for one moment entertained the idea of producing the French revolution.

It was his favourite theory that the best form of government for a great state was a limited monarchy, similar to that of which England offers an example. The same thought pervades all his writings, and it must be admitted by the partisans of every political system, that the love of liberty and of order acquires double force from wisdom and magnanimity: but the political opinions of my father were, like himself, subordinate to moral principle. Conscious of his duties towards the king, as his minister, he dreaded the consequences of an insurrectional movement, which might endanger the safety and the life of human beings. His only fault as a statesman, in the vulgar sense of the word, was that of being equally scrupulous on the means and the end, that he pursued the moral not only in the object proposed, but in the very means which are proposed for its attainment. How was it possible, with such a character, and in the situation of minister to the king, that he should become the instrument of a revolution which must eventually subvert the throne? That he loved liberty cannot be doubted. To what man of genius and of principle can it be indifferent? But duty always appeared to him to possess more sacred authority than the noblest human sentiments. In the order of our duties, the most imperious are those which bind us individually as man to man; for the more distant the relation, the less precise is the obligation.

On assuming the helm of government, M. Necker represented to the king, that if such circumstances should ever occur as to render the severity and sternness of a Richelieu necessary, he should no longer be capable of filling the office of minister: so long as reason and probity were sufficient, he trusted he should not be found incompetent to his service. In reality, when the history of the French revolution shall become a subject of reflection to enlightened minds; when the men who took in it the most active part shall have ceased to exist, I am persuaded that the life and writings of M. Necker will recal the discussion of that ancient and interesting question, how far virtue is compatible with policy, and whether it can be advantageous for nations that the party by which they are governed, should ever deviate from the rigid principles of morality?

In the answer to this question is involved the censure or approbation of M. Necker. But admitting, that as a public man he should not escape blame, how glorious is the condemnation which is founded on an excess of virtue! How honorable to be cast in such a cause, with the privilege of appealing to the experience of future ages!—to that impartial testimony which is alone paramount to the sentiment on which it is to pronounce judgment, the conscience of an honest man.

M. Necker has constantly maintained, that the king was pledged to the convocation of the States-general, before he entered the ministry, and that the duplication of the third estate was imperiously enforced by the conviction, that the king, in resisting it, must hazard his safety, by incurring the suspicion of injustice:—but by what motive was M. Necker actuated in so strenuously disclaiming the gratitude and enthusiasm of a large portion of the French people? Was it to secure the love of the aristocratic party?—that party he had never courted when in the zenith of its power. In his banishment, it assumed a more formidable aspect: yet he had never compromised his independence by any of those irrevocable expressions, which alone accord with the violence and exaggeration of faction. He has uniformly maintained those temperate opinions which provoke hostility from men accustomed to rush into the extremes, and who are eager to support their opinions by a victorious standard.

“To what purpose, then,” I have often asked—“to what purpose should you lessen your merit with the popular party: you who pretend not at all to conciliate its antagonists?”

“It is my wish,” he replied, “to attest the truth, without reference to any personal interest: with regard to myself, I desire only to have it known, that whatever might be my individual opinions, I should never, as minister, have taken any step contrary to the obligations, which I had contracted towards my sovereign, by the nature of my office.”

Of my father's inviolable respect for those duties, what stronger proof can be adduced than his conduct on the 11th of July, 1789? It was well known, that in the council M. Necker opposed the order for collecting, at Versailles and Paris, the French and Swiss soldiers. It is notorious that he voted for an amicable accommo-

dation with the commons; a measure which, had it been followed, might, by concealing the insurrectional disposition of the troops have saved the annihilation of the royal authority; but this salutary counsel was overruled by that misguided party, whose temerity first betrayed to ruin, and who afterwards imputed to a few individuals the blame of those embarrassments which resulted from the whole order of things. By the instigation of this party, the king was persuaded, that in changing the minister, he should remove the difficulty; and to this inconsiderate measure, prompted by rashness without energy or consistency to sustain the inevitable consequences, may be attributed the 14th of July, and in that the subversion of the royal authority. It was on the 11th of July, as my father was sitting down to table, with a numerous dinner-party, that the minister of the marine came to his house, and, taking him aside, presented him a letter from the king, requiring him to resign his office, and to withdraw from France as *quietly* as *possible*. All was comprised in the word *quietly*. Such was the effervescence of the public mind, that had my father allowed it to be surmised he was banished for his attachment to the popular cause, there can be no doubt the voice of the people would have raised him to the pinnacle of power. Had he cherished in his soul one spark of a factious spirit—had he even surrendered himself to the justifiable feelings of the moment, his dismissal must have been discovered, and his departure prevented—he would have been brought back in triumph to Paris, invested with whatever could be flattering or attractive to human ambition.

It should be remarked, that the first cockade exhibited in France, even during his short absence, was green, in compliment to the colour of his livery. The name of M. Necker resounded from two hundred thousand men in the streets of Paris, whilst the object of their acclamations shunned every demonstration of enthusiasm with more care than a criminal employs to escape from the scaffold. The resolution which he had formed he did not communicate to his family, to me, or his most intimate friends.

My mother, though in delicate health, departing without a female attendant—without even a travelling dress, entered, with my father, the carriage in which they usually took their evening airing, and in this they travelled day and night till they reached Basle;

where, when I rejoined them four days after, they still wore the same full dress in which they had presided at the dinner party, from whence they withdrew, by stealth and in silence, from France, from their home, from their friends, from splendour, and from power. At the sight of this garb of fashion, covered with dust; at the sound of that foreign name, which had been assumed to prevent discovery and detention, I was overwhelmed with such deep emotions of awe and tenderness, that on entering (at the inn) the apartment in which I once more beheld my father, I threw myself at his feet, and thus, by an involuntary impulse, offered spontaneous homage:—this external act was but the symbol of that habitual veneration which he was formed to inspire in public and in private life, in the brilliant moment of his political career, and in the every-day details of the domestic circle, his truth and justice, his magnanimity and benevolence, were equally conspicuous and permanent.

It is a trite remark, that no hero exists for those with whom he is perfectly familiar. Experience proves, that almost all who have performed a public part, are without the qualities essential to the private man; but when you recognize in the same individual a character at once simple and sublime; when you behold the upright citizen in the eminent statesman, the philanthropist in the man of genius, the man of feeling in the man of exalted station, the nearer you approach to such a man, the more he becomes the object of admiration; the more you discover the image of that Providence who presides over the starry heavens, yet disdains not to clothe the lilies, and to watch over the life of a single sparrow.

My father, who has often received the tribute of praise from the pen of his wife and daughter, would have been happy to impose on us that conventional modesty which prevails in other families. But we discovered in him virtues so consistent, so uniform, so perfectly in harmony with the language which he maintained to the public, that we were compelled to relieve the full fraught heart with the expression of that domestic worship which consecrated our whole existence.—Oppressed by gratitude and affection, we learnt to despise that common-place raillery, which blunts the edge of feeling, and imperceptibly impairs the integrity of principle.

On his abrupt departure from Versailles, M. Necker had not even taken a passport, lest he should commit himself to some individual who might betray his confidence. He was careful to evade every pretext for deferring his journey: but reaching Valenciennes, the commandant of the town refused him permission to proceed without a passport. My father produced the king's letter, which he had no sooner read than the commandant, who had recognized M. Necker by his resemblance to the print, which was placed on the mantle-piece in his apartment, permitted him to proceed, not without breathing a deep sigh for the irreparable evils which he foresaw his departure must produce to France.

It had been proposed to the king to put my father under arrest, since it appeared incredible that he should take precautions to counteract the effects of that enthusiasm which he had excited; but the king who never ceased to do justice to his probity, insisted that it would be sufficient to request him to withdraw quietly. The event demonstrated that his majesty did not err in this calculation.

It was in the morning of the 12th of July that I received a letter from my father, announcing his departure, and desiring me to retire to the country, lest some expression of public homage should be addressed to him through the medium of my person.

In the morning I received deputations from every quarter of the city, who addressed me in enthusiastic terms on the departure of M. Necker, and on the steps proper to be taken to obtain his recall.

At such a moment, I scarcely know to what conduct I might have been prompted by youth and inexperience; but, in obedience to my father's letter, I retired to some distance from Paris, where, being apprized by a second courier of the route which he had taken, (and of which he had made a mystery in his former letter,) I set out, on the 13th of July, to rejoin him. My father had chosen Brussels, as a less distant frontier than Switzerland, and, as a further precaution, where he had less chance of being known. During the twenty-four hours that we passed together, preparing for the long journey through Germany, by which he was to return to Switzerland, he recollects that, a few days before his exile

Messrs. Hope, the bankers of Amsterdam, had asked him to lend security, from his own fortune, of two millions, deposited in the royal treasury, for a supply of wheat, which, in this memorable year of scarcity, was become indispensable to the subsistence of Paris.

Much as the disturbances in France had shaken the credit of its government with foreign states, the personal guarantee of M. Necker was alone sufficient to inspire confidence, and he hesitated not to accede to the requisition. On his arrival at Brussels, fearing that the news of his exile might excite alarm in Messrs. Hope, and consequently impede the expected supplies, he wrote to confirm the guarantee. Banished and proscribed, he hazarded the greatest part of the property still remaining in his possession, to preserve Paris from the calamity with which it was menaced, by the inexperience or embarrassment of a new minister.—O Frenchmen! O France! it was thus that my father loved you!

When the new minister, the ephemeral successor of M. Necker, was initiated in the business of his department, it devolved on M. du Fresne de Saint Leon, the first clerk of finance, to present, amongst the correspondence, the answer from the Hopes, accepting the first security, which my father had offered them. I know not whether the successor relished this mode of serving his majesty without emolument, and even at the risk of losing his private property, but what could be more noble, more consonant to the spirit of antiquity, than the conduct of M. Necker, who, in ratifying, during his exile, the generous sacrifice, must have risen superior to the sentiment most common to mankind—that of wishing his absence should be regretted, by refusing himself the satisfaction of being compared with his successor.

My father had proceeded, with M. de Stael, to Basle, through Germany. My mother and myself, who followed leisurely, were overtaken at Frankfort by a messenger, who brought letters from the king and the national assembly, which, for the third time, recalled M. Necker to the ministry. It was at Frankfort that I received the intelligence of an event that apparently raised my father to the summit of human prosperity;—at that same Frankfort to which I was recalled fourteen years after by a very different destiny.

My mother, far from being elated with this victory, was not even willing that my father should accept the triumph. It was at Basle that we rejoined him, and that he made his decision to return to Paris;—a resolution which I am authorised to state he did not embrace without extreme reluctance. The issue of the 14th of July convinced him that he should in future have to contend for the preservation of royalty; he foresaw, that though his popularity must be sacrificed, he might still fail to obtain that ascendancy with the government over its pernicious counsellors, which could alone save it from destruction.

At this moment he had a glimpse of futurity, which impressed him with a presage of those innumerable evils, too fatally attested by subsequent experience. These apprehensions, however, were combated by hope, and vanquished by a sense of duty. He trusted to his personal popularity to protect the partisans of the ancient régime from some of those tremendous evils with which they were menaced. He flattered himself he might prevail on the constituent assembly to covenant with the king for a limited monarchy; but this expectation was far from being sanguine. To himself and to us, he dissembled not the obstacles which opposed its accomplishment; but he dreaded the self-reproaches which might attend him in his retreat, if he refused to make any effort to avert those evils which he might vainly attempt to prevent.

It is easy to conceive, that to the man of genius, endowed with imagination and sensibility, the history of whose life is intermingled with the most fearful political revolutions, and whose ardent spirit is corroded even in solitude by painful retrospections; neither conscience, nor reason, nor the esteem of mankind, can always prove sufficient to insure tranquillity.

Let the envious ask for splendour, for fortune, for youth and beauty, all those smiling gifts, which serve to embellish the surface of life; but never let them cast an invidious glance on those eminent distinctions of mind and genius, which destroy the peace of their possessor. Let them rather deprecate than calumniate that perilous eminence, which finds its enemy in human destiny. Let them at least disclaim the injustice of hating those who are already the victims of persecution.

Yet, what a brilliant moment of happiness, of enjoyment, was that journey, or rather procession, from Basle to Paris, when my father decided to return to Versailles. I know not that history offers a parallel instance of triumph for any man, who has not been a sovereign. The French nation, so animated in the expression of its sentiments, surrendered, for the first time, to a hope which was wholly new, and of which it had not learnt, by fatal experience, to perceive the limits: at this period, when liberty was known to the enlightened class but by the noble sentiments which it inspires, and to the people but by ideas analogous to its necessities and its sufferings, M. Necker appeared as the precursor of that long expected deity: the most lively acclamations heralded his steps; the women prostrated themselves on the ground when his carriage approached: through whatever villages we passed, the most distinguished inhabitants displaced the postillions, to lead our horses along the road. In the towns, the people insisted on drawing the carriage through the streets. A general* in the French army, the bravest of the brave, was wounded in one of these triumphal entries:—in short, no man, who has not borne a sceptre, ever appeared to be so firmly enthroned in the hearts of the people. Alas! it was I who received this homage, and who enjoyed this triumph;—it was I alone who surrendered to the intoxication of that blissful moment, and never ought I to become ungrateful for having tasted these few precious moments, however bitter should be the dregs of life.

At this period my father was occupied in allaying that effervescence of feeling so formidable to the vanquished party. On arriving at Basle, his first step was to visit Mad. de Polignac, who had always been hostile to his interests, but who now being proscribed and unfortunate, engaged his attention.

In his journey he seized every opportunity to render essential service to the aristocrats, who were escaping in great numbers from Paris, and many of whom solicited letters from his hand to enable them to reach the frontier in safety. This assistance he freely granted, though perfectly sensible how much he compromised his own credit by his generous conduct. It should be re-

* General Junot.

marked, that my father was, both by nature and principle, endowed with a rare prudence, and that he acted not from impulse but reflection. His mind laboured under one defect, which was sometimes injurious to his capacities for active exertion—that of being susceptible of doubt and diffidence. He combined all the chances of success or defeat, and never overlooked the possibility of disappointment; but when once impressed with the conviction of an imperative duty, all the calculating powers of reason submitted to principle, that supreme arbiter of his conduct, and whatever might be the consequences of a decision which virtue dictated, in this single instance he decided without doubt or hesitation.

At every spot where my father stopt during his journey, he addressed the surrounding people on the necessity of respecting property and persons. He demanded from those who professed so much love, to evince their sincerity by the performance of their respective duties. He accepted his triumph with a sentiment religiously consecrated to virtue, to humanity, to the public good.

What then are men if such conduct does not merit their esteem and their respect?—What then is life if such conduct is not visited by the divine benediction?

When we had advanced within about ten leagues of Paris, he heard that the Baron Besanval—one of those most obnoxious to popular fury—had been overtaken and arrested, and was about to be reconducted to Paris, where he would inevitably be massacred in the streets. In the middle of the road our carriage was stopt; and my father was requested to write to the officers who were conducting the baron to the capital, requiring them, by his own authority, to suspend the execution of the order; transmitted from the Commune of Paris, and to keep their prisoner in safe custody. In exacting this requisition he took a bold step, and no one knew better than my father how fragile a thing is popular favour—a species of power which appears to be held on the condition of not using it: yet, he hesitated not to write as required, sensible that the least delay might prove fatal to the life of Baron de Besanval, and conscious that he should never obtain his own pardon, if he missed an opportunity of saving a human being from destruction. I know not what politicians may say to this respect for human life;

but it appears to me, that mankind in general ought not, even from considerations of policy, to reprobate the sentiment.

On arriving at Versailles, my father was obliged to present himself before the commune of Paris, to explain his conduct respecting M. de Besanval: my mother and myself still followed his steps: all the inhabitants of Paris were in the streets, at the windows, or on the roofs, and all shouted *Vive M. Necker*. Amidst these acclamations my father entered the hotel de Ville, where he pronounced a discourse, of which the sole object was to demand the pardon of M. Besanval, and a general amnesty for persons of his opinion. This address gained the hearts of his numerous audience; and a sentiment of pure enthusiasm for virtue and goodness—a sentiment independent of political interests or opinions—took possession of the two hundred thousand Frenchmen, assembled at the hotel de Ville and its environs.

At such a moment, who would not have loved the French nation with enthusiasm? Never has it appeared more great than on this memorable day; when it willed to be magnanimous;—never more amiable than at the moment when its native impetuosity was carried by an irresistible impulse to beneficence. During the fifteen years which have since elapsed, nothing has weakened the impression which that moment produced in my mind, and which must for ever remain among the most vivid—the most delicious of my life. Through a long course of subsequent events, my father preserved for the name of France that undefinable feeling, which Frenchmen alone can understand. It is not, indeed, to be dissembled, that there have been moments of the revolution which sully the glory of that happy France: but richly endowed by nature—municipitely favoured by Heaven, it is impossible not to look forward to the time when she shall become worthy of all the sacrifices she has demanded, and shall recompense all the bennictions she has received.

Few women are permitted to enjoy the privilege of hearing from a whole nation the name of him who is the cherished object of their tenderness. To those privileged few I appeal, whether any moment in human existence can be compared with that which has been sanctified by the acclamations of a whole community. Those eyes which seem animated by your feelings, those countless

voices which proclaim the secret aspirations of your heart, that name buoyant in air, which should seem to return to heaven, after having collected universal homage on earth—that electric impulse, which men communicate to each other—to sum up all, the inspiration of that mysterious principle, derived from nature and from society, *love*; which, whether filial or parental, is always love! and the soul sinks under emotions too powerful for its strength!

When I returned to myself, I felt that I had reached the utmost limit of human felicity, yet I foresaw not that this exquisite moment of bliss was to be solitary in my existence. I suspected not that my day-star was to decline so early in its morning. My father was at the summit of human glory—a glory consecrated to his most cherished object—to humanity—to concord—to mercy: but from this day, which has been eternized by his virtues—from this glorious day commenced the decline of his destiny.

In the history of all great men there is a certain epoch of prosperity, when fortune seems to be exhausted with her efforts; but for him who had never admitted to his heart one scheme of personal aggrandizement, one wish dictated by sordid egotism, it might have been expected that fortune should be more constant. This boon was denied. Providence conducted not the French revolution through the paths of justice; and my father, who pursued no other track, was overwhelmed in the common wreck of virtue.

On the very evening of his triumph, at the hotel de Ville, at the instance of M.^e de Mirabeau, the sections retracted the amnesty pronounced in the morning; and of this glorious day there remained to my father but the secret satisfaction of having rescued from massacre one old man, the baron de Besanval.* Even this was worthy of any price. We know so little what are the torments inflicted by a cruel death, that the consciousness of having snatched from it one human being, ought for ever to be considered as an inexhaustible subject of gratitude and consolation; and is it not a triumph of humanity, when history shall attest to future ages, that one statesman has caused it to be believed, that morality, tenderness, and benevolence, were not incompatible with the talents

* The majority of the Swiss cantons, Berne, Soleure, &c., wrote to M. Necker, thanking him for having preserved the life of one of their citizens.

and virtues necessary to the government of a great empire? Will it not be soothing to remember, that this man at least was accessible to generosity and to mercy; and that once his influence prevailed through the wide empire of France, where, whoever suffered unjustly, might then exclaim with confidence—"If he knew this, I should obtain redress; if it be possible he will administer relief." Is it not enough that we are all subject to the iron hand of destiny? And must men be equally hard and inflexible. All human beings have cause to ask compassion. For the most fortunate there is no other perspective than old age and death. How, then, can we cease to admire in the powerful, above all other qualities, the humanity that is eager to console, the clemency that is willing to pardon!

A year of famine, unexampled during a whole century, conspired, with partial troubles, to render 1789-1790 afflictive. To the honour of M. Necker, Paris and the departments were exempted from famine, by his constant vigilance and unremitting care; but it must be observed, that such cares attract no homage, and are solely dictated by humanity.

Occupied with this important object, he procured supplies of wheat from every corner of the globe, frequently lamenting that he was unable to devote to politics that attention which the momentous crisis demanded. But such was his anxiety lest Paris should be left destitute of provisions, at the moment when the factions were ready for open war, that he was attacked with a long and dangerous illness, which laid the foundation of that malady, which finally abridged his existence—so warmly did his heart enter into his political duties, and so tenderly did he love those whom it was his business to govern.

In revising his papers, I have found many letters addressed to him by the various communes of Paris, warm with acknowledgments for the parental care with which he had averted from them the horrors of famine. How many acknowledgments of a similar kind have been transmitted from every part of France! With what anguish have I reverted to these records of gratitude which perpetuate his glory, and eternize his memory! So abrupt is the transition, so painful the reflection, that where once was renown, there is now a mournful silence; since grief has usurped the place

of hope, and the blazon of pomp is exchanged for the garb of mourning! We learn to recognize death for the first time, when it falls on those we love. Hitherto, it has been but the terror of a phantom, from which our view was averted. Now it appears in open day—it obscures the half of life: and were happiness to be born again, it would seem to wither beneath its baleful influence.

During the last fifteen months of his administration, M. Neck-
er had constantly to maintain a struggle for the executive power,
either without or within the constituent assembly.

His position every day became the more difficult, as the intem-
perate men who surrounded the court infused injurious suspicions
of his sincerity, and he was not permitted to direct those whom he
was expected to defend.

Much has been said of his want of firmness; and firmness is un-
doubtedly an essential quality in those who preside over a great
nation: but it would not be difficult to prove, that in 1789 and 1790,
such was the fermentation of the public mind, that no moral force
could have arrested its violence. It is impossible to supply the
want of firmness in the chief of an empire. Talents may be lent,
activity borrowed, but there is something individual in the char-
acter or constitution of one mind, which never can be transferred
to another. The personal interference of the king is not necessary
in the constitutional government of England: but in other Euro-
pean monarchies, above all, at the moment of a political crisis, no
minister can ever atone for the absence of energy in his sovereign,
and even the public discourses which he composes for his use but
serve to aggravate the contrast which exists between what he
really is, and what he would appear to be.

It must be admitted, that my father, to whose nature nothing
was so repugnant as the resources of corruption, could employ
against the different factions no other arms than reason. But even
had his conduct been regulated by other principles, I firmly be-
lieve, that, under the then existing circumstances, it was for the
king alone to defend the king, and that the speeches of a minister,
who was known to possess no influence at court, could not have
the authority of a single word pronounced from the throne.

On the evening of that very day on which my father returned to
the hotel de Ville, M. Mirabeau and his partisans levelled all their

force against his popularity. In the journals and libels printed at their instigation he was loaded with obloquy, and, in effect, a regular attack was commenced against his reputation. Who does not know that the discovery of printing has furnished a tremendous engine of power, which, when *misdirected or ill-regulated*, must, in common with every principle of human society, tend to disorganization and destruction?

In spite of his enemies and their persecutions, M. Necker, however, continued to dispense partial good. The remains of his popularity still enabled him to snatch some individuals from destruction. He suggested a language for the executive power, which was still supported by popular opinion, but a double virtue diminished in a two-fold degree its force. The court, perceiving the decline of his popularity, attached less importance to his counsels, whilst the popular party, knowing that his credit was on the wane at court, no longer dreaded his influence. It was to his popularity alone that he owed his ascendancy in the cabinet; it was forfeited by his zeal in defending the throne. Had he possessed credit at court, he might have preserved or regained his influence with the popular party; and he missed this credit because he had at first maintained the rights of the people against the court. Let not the cause of morality be impugned by such a spectacle. It will appear from his works, that my father never withdrew his confidence from that virtue which had been his guide, because it had not made him triumph over his enemies. If success was the supreme object of human life, there would be no scope for virtuous effort—no aim for religious heroism; every thing must be reduced to a dull process of calculation. It is impossible not to perceive in the self-devotion imposed on delicate minds a principle which, however, mysterious or immutable, must unquestionably be the agent for operating some assured and important good.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE MAD HOUSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Chacun suit dans le monde une route incertaine,
 Selon que son erreur le joue et le promene;
 Et tel y fait l'habile et nous traite de fous,
 Qui sous le nom de sage est le plus fou de tous.

Boileau.

If it be true, as Erasmus asserts, that there is in each of the planetary systems, a world exclusively reserved for fools, I should sometimes be tempted to believe that we inhabit the mad house of the universe!

“Tous hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins,
 Ne different entr'eux que du plus ou du moins.”

But as it is understood that this title must only be given to those, whose folly is not in unison with that of other men, and who cannot consequently conform to received usages, I shall regulate myself accordingly, and speak only of the last class; it is in the history of society that we must study the others.

Certain physiologists have asserted, that madness was one of the privileges of human nature; that the instinct of animals, being surer than our reason, was likewise more solid, and that their brain was not so liable to get out of order. I answer this, by the anecdote of the parrot of M. de Bougainville, which was as completely convicted of lunacy, as ever was an inhabitant of Bedlam or Charenton. This bird, less remarkable for its plumage than its chattering, was for two years on board the ship of that celebrated navigator, and a great favourite with the officers, to whose amusement he very much contributed. Having one day had an engagement with an enemy's vessel, during which the cannonading had been extremely sharp, it was found that Kokoly, the parrot, had disappeared, and though the most diligent search was made for him, he was no where to be found. It was supposed he had fallen by the wind, if not by the blow of a bullet; but to the great surprise of the whole crew, he was seen, two days afterwards, coming out of the cable tier, where, it appears, he had hid himself. His re-appearance excited the greatest joy, and almonds and caresses were most

prodigally bestowed upon him; but Kokoly was entirely insensible to these demonstrations of kindness, and looking around him with the most stupid stare imaginable, answered all the questions put to him, only by an imitation of the noise that had so much frightened him;—poum!—poum—poum—were the only sounds he could pronounce! I myself saw this unfortunate bird twenty years after the combat, perched upon a stick, in an anti-chamber, repeating his eternal cannonade, and accompanying it with a beating of his head, and fluttering of his wings, in which his fright was still depicted.

Upon the strength of this well-established fact, I might commence a discussion more or less orthodox, and argue against Descartes, in favour of the souls of beasts; but I doubt whether my readers are very curious to know my opinion on this subject, and I do not wish to expose myself to the censure of Phædrus, that it is foolish to give advice to others, when we know not how to take it ourselves:

Sibi non cavere et aliis consilium dare
Stultum est.

I waive, therefore, the discussion of this metaphysical question, in which so many human beings are interested, and proceed on my intended visit to the fools who are confined, without troubling myself on the road with those who roam at large.

People in general feel the greatest aversion for this kind of man-lady, of which, however, the different species should not be confounded. I can easily conceive, that the sight of a maniac, chained to the stone which serves him for a bed, half covered with rags, which he tears to pieces, a prey to the most violent paroxysms of frantic rage, who experiences no calm, but in the entire exhaustion of his strength; I conceive, I say, that one must turn with grief and horror from such a spectacle. But, with as much feeling as other men, I must confess I do not see so great a cause of sorrow, in the image of that very common insanity, which, without any appearance of physical pain, only exhibits a derangement of the moral organization. No one laments over the man who has the misfortune to be a blockhead; why then weep for him who is a fool? Is the man who believes himself to be the Deity more de-

ranged than he who believes himself to be a Voltaire? The first occupies a cell in the mad house, and sometimes amuses those who listen to him, with disquisitions on his mystic visions; the other holds forth in a saloon, or an academy, where he wearies every body with impunity, because he has not yet been juridically stopped. I perceive an essential difference in the manner in which society treats and regards them, but I shall not venture to explain on what ground this difference is founded. If I show for madmen a little less pity, I, to make amends, feel for them much more respect than in general is awarded them. Madness is not within the reach of every one, for it pre-supposes the anterior existence of a faculty now lost. There are many people, of whom one might, with very little labour, make blockheads; but there are very few who would furnish materials for making madmen.

These reflections, which I made some days since on the road to Charenton, where I was going to visit the hospital, and which, perhaps, will appear to my readers very worthy of those who inhabit it, brought to my recollection the adventure of a dervise, preserved in the *Molomāat*, or collection of the sayings of the philosopher Saadi.

A dervise named Melick, presented himself at the court of *Nouschirvan Scha*, where he had been preceded by the reputation he had acquired, of recognizing, at first glance, and curing madmen. The monarch desired the first experiment should be made under his own eye, and gave orders, that the next day a certain number of madmen, chosen among those whose situation was the most desperate, should be brought to the palace. Melick appeared at the divan at the appointed hour, and while waiting for an audience with the prince, was introduced into a spacious hall, where many persons were already assembled. He examined them, one after another, with much attention; interrogated them, and took notes of their answers. When the sultan appeared, he approached the throne, bowed his head three times to the earth, and then spoke: "Sun of equity, the few moments I have passed with the madmen brought before me by thy order, have sufficiently enlightened me respecting the nature and cause of their malady, and I am ready to commence a regimen, by which they shall be cured." *Nouschirvan* could not restrain his anger, on seeing that those

whom the dervise took to be madmen were his courtiers, his ministers, and the principal officers of his palace. The pious hermit, however, without appearing surprised either at his mistake, or the passion of the monarch, answered: "PRINCE, remember this precept of Zoroaster;—*the man who acts without discernment ought only to be compared to the brute, and shall never have a place in the fields of light.* Deign to listen, and see whether I am the man Zoroaster condemns. I was commanded to appear at thy palace, to cure some madmen; the first person who presented himself was an old seignor, who, at this moment, occupies a place behind thy throne. Broken down by age and infirmities, his trembling hand sustains, with pain, the sword with which it is armed for thy defence. Twenty years ago his hour of retreat was sounded. The possessor of an immense fortune, and a delightful palace on the banks of the Euphrates, he might there find repose, the only happiness of old age, and leave to his son the honourable post he occupies, without fulfilling the duties it enjoins. According to his own confession, he sacrifices his pleasures, his comfort, the interests of his prince, and the public esteem, to miserable considerations, dictated by a puerile vanity, and to the vain appearance of a credit he no longer possesses. This man is mad; and I do not hesitate to repeat my first judgment.

"This other," continued the dervise, designating a personage whose pale face and feeble sight announced a man exhausted by study, "this other is, I know, one of the most renowned scholars in thy kingdom. He has acquired, by thirty years of assiduous study, the most extensive knowledge in the physical sciences, he receives from thy munificence a thousand purses every year, for applying the fruit of his labours to useful experiments. Thou supposest, magnificent sultan, that he seeks, in the application of new chymical processes, the means of causing thy manufactories to prosper; in the study of anatomy and botany, discoveries applicable to the art of curing diseases; and in astronomy, methods for regulating nautical calculations, and improving navigation; no,—his labours have a very different end: he will tell thee in what order the different strata of earths, which compose the mountains of Caucasus, are ranged; with what metal the scabbard of the sword of the conqueror Alexander was covered, what animals the island of

Japrohanes was peopled with, before the deluge; the composition of the bricks of Babylon; how many tons of salt water the ocean contains; and various other truths of the same importance. Seignor, it is for thee to judge if I am wrong, in ranking, among the madmen, one who dedicates his time, his genius, and thy favours to such employments.

“ What wilt thou that I think, great king, of this Houka-Berder,* who considers himself a personage of the highest importance, because his family has enjoyed, during four centuries, the honourable privilege of lighting pipes? who only talked to me of the petition he intends soon to present to thee, praying that he may rank, at the *Dorbar†* and public festivals, before the generals who command thy armies, and the first magistrates, organs of thy justice?

“ As for the chief of the Magi, who conversed with me so familiarly of his pleasures, his table, his horses, and the intrigues of the court, in the midst of which he sustains himself, by his suppleness and impudence, it is only on account of the respect I bear for the character that he is clothed with, that I rank him among the madmen, and he is also the only one whose cure I will not undertake,—the seat of the evil is in his heart, and I can offer for it no remedy.”

Nouschirvan did not deem it necessary to prolong the justification of the dervise. He had listened with attention, and far from being offended by his ingenious satire, whose truth he recognized, he wished to retain him near his royal person, and raise him to the highest honours. The dervise was penetrated with gratitude; but unmoved by the suggestions of ambition, he declined the favours of the monarch, whom he proclaimed, on quitting him, to be the wisest of men, and the greatest king of his age. History has confirmed this judgment; in proof of which may be cited the authentic testament of this prince, which the abbé *Fourmont* has translated from the original Turkish manuscript. The following are the last lines Nouschirvan addressed to his son Hormizdas:

“ My son, you are going to reign. Do you wish to render yourself worthy of the throne I leave you? Act justly, punish inso-

* Pipe-bearer.

† The court of the Persian monarchs.

lence, comfort the poor, love letters, protect the sciences, listen to old men, employ the young, and believe only your own eyes when you are in search of merit. If you follow this advice, heaven will prosper you; your enemies will fear you; your friends will be faithful; you will promote the happiness of your people, and they will be the source of your felicity."

While thus rambling from digression to digression, I travelled the road from Paris to Charenton, and arrived at the door at the same moment with Dr. N——, a particular friend of the director of the hospital, and one of those men who does honour to a profession, of which he does not make a trade, like so many of his brethren. After the usual compliments, enlivened by some local pleasantries, the doctor presented me to Monsieur C——, whose face might have been better formed, but whose mind could not have been better made. Before commencing our visit, and while breakfasting, the doctor commenced a little dissertation upon madness, which he does not believe, though I am by no means of his opinion, is seated in the brain, but which he defines to be "an error of understanding, which judges incorrectly when the person is awake, of things upon which all other persons coincide in opinion."

Once agreed upon the point, that this malady of the mind arrives, we know not how,—is caused, by we know not what,—and lodges, we know not where,—we discussed the means of curing it, the treatment adopted, and the experiments made for some time past by the most skilful practitioners. "I am astonished at one thing," said I to these gentlemen, after having listened very attentively, "which is, that means are used to cure madness, whose application to reasonable people would be enough to deprive them of their senses. If I may be permitted to have an opinion on this subject, in your presence, I do not fear to assert, that the constraint imposed upon deranged persons is the first and greatest obstacle to their cure." It was natural, that the general good, which demands their seclusion, should be opposed to my principle, but I had the authority of facts on my side, and I was thus enabled to rebut all their reasoning.

"You do not perhaps know, gentlemen," continued I, with the satisfaction of a scholar who teaches something to his masters,

"that there exists in France, in the department 'Deux-Nèthes,' a borough called 'Gheel,' four-fifths of whose inhabitants are madmen, and madmen in every sense of the word, like those confined in this house; that they enjoy, without any evil consequence, the same liberty as the other citizens. This extraordinary fact has need of some explanation.

"Nearly half a century ago, a magistrate of Antwerp observing the evils which resulted to madmen, from their reunion in the same hospital, obtained permission to transfer them to the borough of *Gheel*, and distribute them among its inhabitants, who received for each patient a sum sufficient to indemnify them for expenses and care. The choice of this little borough was not made by chance. Placed in the middle of a vast heath that insulated it on all sides, they were very easily guarded, and two or three men sufficed to look after this flock of madmen, who were recalled to their homes at the hours of repast, and the close of the day, by the sound of a bell. Wholesome food, a pure air, habitual exercise, and the appearance of entire liberty, was the only regimen prescribed them, and to which the greater number were indebted for their cure, at the end of the year. I passed two entire days in the midst of this colony of madmen. Perhaps more foolish things were said there than elsewhere; but, on the other hand, much fewer were done; and therefore I was not astonished that a sage (Monsieur le R——e) had fixed his residence among them." As these gentlemen appeared to doubt my word, I read them the following paragraph of a memoir,* published by the count de Poutecoulant, then prefect of the department of the Dyle; whose administration has left so many honourable recollections in the minds of its inhabitants.

"The madmen were formerly crowded together at Brussels, in a confined and unhealthy place, whose incommodiousness alone was enough to render incurable the malady that conducted them to that place.

"Being informed that in the borough of Gheel there was an asylum opened for this species of infirmity, I transferred all the patients from the hospital of Brussels to that place, where they enjoy a degree of liberty which does not prevent every care being taken that their case demands."

* *Exposition de la Situation Administrative du Département de la Dyle, au premier Germinal, an. 13, par M. de Poutecoulant. Bruxelles, chez Weissenbruck.*

Commissaries, appointed by the council general of the hospitals, repair, periodically, to the spot, to assure themselves that the inhabitants fulfil the obligations they have contracted to perform."

It was not until he had taken notes of these details, that Monsieur C—— gratified my desire of inspecting an establishment which he governs with a zeal worthy of the highest eulogium.

"Madness," said he, as we traversed the first court, "is, when well considered, only an excessive development of the vices, the caprice, and the follies which exist in society. The world presents an infinite number of species, which may, however, be classed under three heads: *threnzy, mania, and imbecility*. To the first, belong all the violent passions, and the numerous family of vices, crimes, and excesses which they produce; in the second, may be ranged the most prejudicial defects, and most marked follies; the third comprehends the innumerable varieties of this malady of the human mind, which reduces man to the state of a plant, from whence it arises, (said the doctor, laughing,) that society is sometimes compared to a *flatte-band*."

We approached the quarters of the furious, whose howlings redoubled when they saw us through the bars of their cells. I stopped for a moment to look at a man of an attenuated form, whose looks were more wicked than fierce, and who menaced us with a smile; whose cruel expression could never be imitated, except by the first of our tragedians.* "This wretch,"† said our guide, "is a man of distinguished birth, to whom nature gave the heart of a tiger, and the genius of an ape; the days of his youth were marked by crimes, which he dared publicly to apologize for in more advanced years. As a punishment, he was deprived of the power of doing mischief; he became mad, and for want of other victims, it is now on himself that he vents his fury. His existence accuses the justice of the laws; his madness has avenged the public morals." We speedily left this miscreant, who took leave of us with this charitable warning—"make yourselves easy! I will take upon myself the trouble of having you fleaed alive."

* Talma.

† The marquis de Sade, the infamous author of the infamous "Justine," is here alluded to;—he is since dead.

His neighbour did not appear less agitated, though more an object of commiseration. He articulated, in a low voice, phrases without connexion; the burthen of which, however, was, the words "*wife*," "*rival*," and "*false toufee*." This last word figured so singularly in his tragical plaints, that I demanded an explanation of it from the doctor. "There is, in truth," said he, "something very risible, if not in the misfortune of this poor man, at least in the cause of it. He is very ugly, as you see, but he was also very rich; and therefore it was not astonishing that he married a very handsome woman, of a rank above his own. Naturally jealous, the levity of his wife furnished him with frequent occasions of giving way to this failing. He had, or fancied he had a rival, a young man on whom nature had prodigally bestowed every physical advantage, except on the head, some parts of which were so ill provided with hair, that he was obliged to have recourse to the industrious hand of Harmand, or Michalong. In a word, he wore those fragments of a peri^{ke} known by the name of '*mouches*.' I will not tell you how, or in what place this suspicious husband found the sample of a coiffure, which disturbed him so much respecting his own; but from this moment hell was in his head, his jealousy became a delirium, and his reason evaporated in the most furious paroxysms. The very sight of a woman raises him to a pitch of rage, of which it is difficult to form an idea." It was impossible for me to support the sight of these torments, and we entered the quarter of the maniacs; some of whom Monsieur C—— described as he passed their chambers.

"This one," said he, pointing out a man who walked backward and forward, with a speaking-trumpet of paste-board in his hand, "was the captain of a privateer; after a brilliant cruize he was taken in sight of port, with all his prize-money, by a frigate, which he fought for two hours, with the greatest intrepidity. This misfortune deprived him of his reason; he believes he is still on board his vessel, engaged in the combat that was so fatal to him; and he calls out incessantly, "*fire the magazine!*!"

The chamber adjoining was grotesquely ornamented with strips of tinsel, and was occupied by poor T——, whom I knew formerly in society, attacked by a mania of a different kind, and much more ridiculous. When he passed for a reasonable being, he was

persuaded that the soul of man resided in his heel, and that dancing, in which he excelled, was, of all perfections, the one that brought us nearest the Divinity! At present, he believes himself ambassador of the Great Mogul; adorned with *ribands* of all colours, he pleases himself with his chimerical grandeur, and gave audience in his cell at Charenton, with a dignity very amusing, and not altogether without model. What would he gain by being cured? He is no longer of an age for dancing, and, with the return of reason, would lose his embassy.

A little farther on dwelt a philosopher, become mad from frequently repeating, at his own expense, the experiments of Spallanzani upon frogs. His lodging place communicated with that of an old commentator, whose reason was extinguished, in profound researches to discover whether the ancients wore perukes.

Their neighbour was the footman of a man of quality, whose brain got out of order, because he was not admitted to the honour of a place behind the carriage of his master on a day of ceremony.

In passing across a corridor, to go to the quarter of the women, we saw a maniac on whom they were putting the strait waistcoat — “that man,” said Monsieur C —, “was formerly a satirical writer; that trade is not without danger, and people in anger do not always look where they strike. In the last assault he had to sustain, his head came in contact with a cudgel, and moral alienation was the consequence; since he is mad, he has changed characters: he no longer writes against any one, but wishes to cudgel every body.”

Madness, among the women confined in this place, appeared to me to have, as in society, two characters, very distinct—*love* and *vanity*.

The first we visited was a species of *Aunt Aurora*,* whose brain had been bewildered by melancholy romances. Seated on the foot of her bed, an old guitar, without strings, in her hand, she believed herself on the banks of a torrent, or the point of a rock, and thrilled, with an almost extinguished voice, a song, in which the “*Bird of night*” and the “*Wind of the desert*” were not forgotten.

This maniac had, as a neighbour, a young girl, whose misfortunes interested me much more deeply. Abandoned by an un-

* Alluding to a character in the French play of *Ma Tante Aurore*. Tr.

faithful lover, the evening of the day fixed for her marriage, her heart was broken by mortification, and the loss of reason kindly restored the pleasing illusions which she had lost.

I expressed to these gentlemen the astonishment I felt at seeing in that place, a woman who exhibited no other mark of madness than that of believing herself thirty years younger than she really was, smiling graciously at all the young men, and being convinced that no one could see her without falling in love with her. "If these are proofs of madness," said I, "where could we find room to lodge all who are afflicted in the same manner?"

I stopped a moment to behold a woman, whose madness is directly opposed to the cause that produced it. This lady, deprived of her reason by an excess of mystic devotion, now experienced a delirium of a very different nature; it is impossible to divine to what suggestions she owes the ideas and images that necessarily present themselves to her mind, for the first time, and which she announces in a language she could never have had an opportunity of hearing.

I was informed that Monsieur C—— had sought, in concerts and scenic exhibitions, executed by his patients, a means of operating or preparing their cure. I witnessed this double experiment; but it did not appear to me that he had any just grounds for the hopes of success which he still appears to entertain.

I returned to Paris to dine, and passed the evening in a very brilliant assembly, where I continued my remarks on fools, almost without perceiving that I had changed the place of observation.



SELECT SENTENCES.—In proportion as we have loved, the heart is wounded and afflicted at being obliged to complain of the objects of its affection to another.

There are occasions when *nothing* can repair the effect of a word rashly uttered!—The lover can *fardon*, but not *forget*. An heart deeply wounded is never again completely restored. Tenderness and sensibility may preserve from *resentment*, but not from *suffering*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.—DEDICATION BY DR. JOHNSON.

No writer has excelled Dr. Johnson in the courtly style of a dedication. Without descending from the dignity of learning, he unites the elegance of Addison with the politeness of Stanhope. The following commendation of an innocent amusement, is not included in *Murphy's collection*; but Boswell mentions it among those pieces, which the great lexicographer acknowledged. Few would presume to call the attention of one of his majesty's privy counsellors to a book on so trifling a subject; but it is one of the prerogatives of genius to impart dignity to the most insignificant objects. The design of Johnson is to solicit the patronage of the earl of Rochford in behalf of Payne's *Introduction to the Game of Draughts*—1756.

My Lord,

When I take the liberty of addressing to your lordship *A Treatise on the Game of Draughts*, I easily foresee that I shall be in danger of suffering ridicule on one part, while I am gaining honour on the other, and that many who may envy me the distinction of approaching you, will deride the present I presume to offer.

Had I considered this little volume as having no purpose beyond that of teaching a game, I should indeed have left it to take its fate without a patron. Triflers may find or make any thing a trifle; but since it is the great characteristic of a wise man to see events in their causes, to obviate consequences, and ascertain contingencies, your lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to cautious foresight and circumspection. The same skill, and often the same degree of skill, is exerted in great and little things, and your lordship may sometimes exercise on a harmless game, those abilities which have been so happily employed in the service of your country.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM PAYNE.

SELECT SENTENCE.—Those who outlive their income by splendour in dress or equipage, are well said to resemble a *town on fire*, which *shines* by that which *destroys* it.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon. By Claudio James Rich, Esq. Resident for the Hon. East-India Company at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdad. With three Plates. 8vo. pp. 71. 1815.

IT was remarked by Major Rennell, in his work on the Geographical System of Herodotus, that the curiosity of the learned might in all probability be amply gratified respecting the antiquities of Babylon, if researches were diligently pursued for that purpose; and he justly added that the description of the site and remains would prove one of the most curious pieces of antiquity that had been exhibited in our own times. The major's own disquisition on the subject is as satisfactory as a fair and laborious comparison of ancient writers and modern travellers could possibly have made it: but personal observation was still wanting; and, indeed, from those modern travellers who had visited Babylon previously to the publication of his book, he was enabled to glean much less accurate information than he might have hoped to gain. A French writer, M. Beauchamp, (whose correspondence was translated and published in the European Magazine for 1792,) had the fullest opportunity of observing these ruins with undisturbed attention; yet there is little doubt that his personal survey extended only to the division of the city to the east of the Euphrates, by which river, Herodotus states that it was equally divided. This was also, according to major Rennell, beyond a doubt the extent of M. Della Valle's observations. The Père Emanuel, whose communications on this subject are detailed by D'Anville, cannot, if we form our judgment from Mr. Rich's memoir now before us, have been a very accurate examiner of the scenes around him. Niebuhr, the most celebrated of these foreign travellers, was prevented from making any very close inspection of these regions by his fear of the Arabs. M. Otter, another foreigner, is either incorrect himself, or has been rendered so by his translators, since he describes large spaces of ground as covered with coppice-wood, and rendering undistinguishable the ruins which they conceal, whereas Mr. Rich positively states that the only wood discoverable near this place consists in the date gardens of the town of Hellah. In addition to these modern authorities, major Rennell had the travels of Messrs. Ives and Evans to

compare with the ancient descriptions; and the results which he has drawn from such a comparison have satisfied the literary world; and will probably continue to be decisive with that portion into whose hands Mr. Rich's unambitious memoir may never fall. From the premises before him, indeed, the major made the only fair conclusions that could be deduced; and it did not seem very likely that these would be shaken by the accounts of travellers still more recent, when we read in a late publication that two such travellers remained a week at Hellah, in the immediate vicinity of which is the undisputed site of Babylon, without making any discovery that could even lead them to the certain conclusion that they were then treading on the ruins of the earliest and one of the most stupendous works of civilized man.

The geographical position of ancient Babylon has been settled by major Rennell, first, on a comparison of the traditions of oriental writers in general; 2dly, by notices found in ancient authors, such as Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Q. Curtius, and others, corresponding with those traditions; and 3dly, from the description of its remains by modern travellers, compared with these earlier accounts:—and, however the latter may have erred in their theories respecting some of the ruins, they agree in the only point that is essential to the geographical question, that such ruins do exist in a space corresponding to that which is represented by the authors of antiquity. Mr. Rich considers the site of Babylon to be thus satisfactorily established in the environs of Hellah; a town, as most of our readers know, in a district still called *Babel* by the natives, on the *western* side of the Euphrates; and containing, according to Mr. Rich, about 7000 inhabitants, consisting of Arabs and Jews, and such Turks only as are employed in the government.

This unassuming and sensible memoir was originally published, as the preface informs us, in a literary journal at Vienna, entitled "*Mines de l'Orient*," and is now republished without any instructions from the author, and without the benefit of his correction. It is modestly described as only the first fruits of imperfect research: but the writer's residence at Bagdad, and his consequent familiarity with the customs of the neighbouring countries, have undoubtedly afforded him more facilities in the prosecution of his

inquiries, with less chance of interruption from casual and external circumstances, than can fall to the lot of the general traveller; and we regard the result of these investigations as sufficient to redeem the expectations which might be naturally engendered by such opportunities.

It will be our object, 1st, to notice a few of Mr. Rich's remarks on the country in his progress from Bagdad to the scene of his researches; 2dly, to state the points on which his personal observations have led him to differ from the conclusions of Major Rennell, or rather from those modern travellers from whose writings that gentleman made his deductions; and, lastly, to examine very briefly how far those of the present writer's statements, which are contradictory to the now generally received opinions on the remains of Babylon, are consonant to the accounts of ancient authors, some of whom undoubtedly saw that city while it still possessed no inconsiderable share of magnificence.

Mr. Rich describes the whole country from Bagdad to Hellah as perfectly flat, and, with the exception of some small environs of the latter place, as an uncultivated waste. This contrast to its former state he fully ascertains by traversing the lines of many canals now dry and neglected, the sure signs of former cultivation; and by the observation of mis-shapen masses of earth strewed with broken brick and other building materials, the equally indisputable traces of former population. The only inhabitants of the region through which he passed were Zobeide Arabs, and at convenient distances he found khans for the accommodation of travellers, to each of which was attached a small colony of Fellahs. The general direction of the road was north and south; the whole distance about forty-eight miles, estimated by the ordinary pace of a light caravan, in which Mr. R. could not be much deceived; and the greatest distance of these khans from each other was between eight and nine miles, and the shortest about four. Between the second and third of these stations he passed the Naher Malcha, or *fluvius regius*, said to be the work of Nebuchadnezzar; which he found quite dry, although it could be proved that it had been used for the purposes of irrigation as late as the times of the Bagdad Caliphs. At somewhat more than half the distance of his journey, he arrived at Iskenderia, a large and handsome

khan, all around which the vestiges of ancient buildings were very clearly distinguishable: indeed the caravansera itself was built of bricks dug up on the spot; and the whole scene indicated the former existence of a large town on the site. When he had gone nine miles from Hellah, and was proceeding in a direction due south, every thing, says the writer, announced the approach to the remains of a large city. Lest, however, any of our readers should misconceive the nature of the remains of Babylon now exposed to the eye of the traveller, we will quote the few lines by which Mr. Rich obviates the possibility of such error. ‘Before entering into a minute description of the ruins, to avoid repetition, it is necessary to state that they consist of mounds of earth, formed by the decomposition of building, channelled and furrowed by the weather, and the surface of them strewed with pieces of brick, bitumen, and pottery.’

It seems scarcely necessary to remind the reader, especially if he be acquainted with major Kennell’s celebrated work, that the cause of this decomposition of materials is to be found in the nature of the substance of which they were formed. We have the testimony of antiquity that much of Babylon was built of *sun-baked bricks*; a material not more durable than those hard mud walls much used in cottage-buildings in the west of England, which, however strong when secured from wet descending vertically, are soon resolved to their original earth when exposed in that direction. The Euphrates at Babylon is said by Strabo to be a *stadium* in breadth. Modern writers have varied in their opinion of the extent which this term comprehends: but Mr. Rich found the river at Hellah about 450 feet wide, which is less by forty feet than the scale of Strabo as explained by major Kennell: the depth he states to be two fathoms and a half, and the current to run at the medium rate of about two knots: ‘when lowest being probably half a knot less, and when full a knot more.’

As we have thus accompanied Mr. Rich to Hellah, let us now follow him in his researches in its vicinity. In the first instance, he contradicts the statement of ruins still existing in the gardens of that town, which preceding travellers, Niebuhr in particular, had described as visible; and he accounts for their error by presuming that they mistook the high embankments of some ne-

glected canals for the remains of former buildings. The ruins of the eastern quarter he found to commence about two miles above Hellah, and to consist of two large masses or mounds, connected with, and lying north and south of each other; many of less magnitude crossing the plain at different intervals. At the northern extremity of these remains, or about five miles from Hellah, is the last mass, which Rennell, on the authority of Della Valle and others, concludes to have been the tower of Belus: an opinion which, as it is the main point of difference between Mr. Rich and his learned predecessor, we will notice in a subsequent part of our remarks. The whole area occupied by these remains, or rather by the occasional recurrence of them on the eastern side of the Euphrates, is said to be two miles and six hundred yards in breadth from east to west, and about six hundred yards more in length from north to south; and if some land apparently gained from the river, since the existence of Babylon as a city, be added to the width, this area will be nearly a square. In ascending it from the south, and passing through the centre, the traveller leaves the two chief longitudinal mounds on his right hand, they forming the eastern boundary. They have been dug open in various parts, but have yielded few or no fine whole bricks; whence it would appear that the buildings which occupied this portion of the city were not formed of the *furnace-baked brick*, which was the material employed in the edifices of consequence, and from which, procured by mining in other portions of the ruins, Hellah is stated to be almost entirely built. On his left hand, between himself and the river, the traveller finds another mound running parallel with those already mentioned; which Mr. Rich terms the embankment, although he does not believe that it was raised for any such purpose. These mounds may be considered as the outline of the area under consideration. In a progress from the south, the first grand mass of ruins which occurs is one thousand and one hundred yards in length, and eight hundred in its greatest breadth; rising at its utmost elevation to about sixty feet above the level of the plain; and this, in compliance with an absurd Turkish tradition, may be distinguished by the name *Amran*. Proceeding in a northwardly direction, the traveller arrives at the second grand mass, of a much more interesting nature than that of

Amran, the description of which will best be given in the author's own words.

' To this succeeds the second grand heap of ruins, the shape of which is nearly a square of seven hundred yards length and breadth, and its S. W. angle is connected with the N. W. angle of the mounds of Amran, by a ridge of considerable height, and nearly one hundred yards in breadth. This is the place where Beauchamp made his observations, and it is certainly the most interesting part of the ruins of Babylon: every vestige discoverable in it declares it to have been composed of buildings far superior to all the rest which have left traces in the eastern quarter: the bricks are of the finest description; and notwithstanding this is the grand storehouse of them, and that the greatest supplies have been and are now constantly drawn from it, they appear still to be abundant. But the operation of extracting the bricks has caused great confusion, and contributed much to increase the difficulty of decyphering the original design of this mound, as in search of them the workmen pierce into it in every direction, hollowing out deep ravines and pits, and throwing up the rubbish in heaps on the surface. In some places they have bored into the solid mass, forming winding caverns and subterranean passages, which, from their being left without adequate support, frequently bury the workmen in the rubbish. In all these excavations, walls of burnt brick laid in lime mortar of a very good quality are seen; and in addition to the substances generally strewed on the surfaces of all these mounds, we here find fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthen ware, marble, and great quantities of varnished tiles, the glazing and colouring of which are surprisingly fresh. In a hollow near the southern part I found a sepulchral urn of earthen ware, which had been broken in digging, and near it lay some human bones which pulverized with the touch.'

Having been told that an Arab, in digging, had discovered a large *idol* in this mass, (an appellation given by the natives to most stones carved with figures or letters,) and had afterward covered it up again, Mr. Rich ascertained the spot; and one day's labour of a few men disclosed the figure of a lion, of colossal size, of coarse granite and rude workmanship, with a circular aperture in the mouth, into which a man might introduce his fist.

About two hundred yards to the north of the ruin last mentioned, is a ravine formed by miners for bricks; on one side of which Mr. Rich found a few yards of wall, the face of it clean and perfect, and all the bricks having writing on them. Near the same spot is a subterraneous passage, the roof of which was con-

structed of bricks laid in bitumen, of the application of which we are informed by Herodotus and others; but in adjoining places they were laid in mortar cement. A little to the west of the ravine that has been noticed, occurred the next conspicuous object, called by the natives *Kaer*, or the palace; which, unlike most of the other remains, disclosed several portions of walls and piers not obstructed with rubbish, built of fine burnt brick 'still perfectly clean and sharp, and laid in lime cement of such tenacity, that those whose business it was had given up working for bricks, on account of the extreme difficulty of extracting them whole.' Mr. Rich imagined that he could trace, in some portion of this ruin, the effects of an earthquake. Omitting any notice of inferior mounds, the traveller reaches the most northern, called by the natives *Mujelibè*, or *overturned*; the building which Della Valle considered as the far-famed tower of Belus, and whose opinion, as we have already said, has been adopted by major Rennell. M. Beauchamp called this place *Makloubè*, giving a similar interpretation; and Niebuhr was told that the greatest remains were to be found in this position, but did not visit them. It somewhat surprises us, however, that Mr. Rich did not observe the discrepancy between these writers on the one hand, and himself on the other, as to the distance from Hellah at which the *Mujelibè* is said to stand. Mr. R.'s statement is 'full five miles;' while Della Valle and those who followed him called it "about three miles." If the identity of the place visited were to depend on measurement of distance only, the *Kaer* of Mr. Rich would correspond most nearly with the *Makloubè* of Beauchamp, since the *Kaer* is one mile less to the north: but there are, we think, other points sufficient to establish the fact that the *Mujelibè* of the present author is the building intended by the former writers. The ensuing passage contains an account of the general appearance of this mass.

'It is of an oblong shape, irregular in its height and the measurement of its sides, which face the cardinal points; the northern side being two hundred yards in length, the southern two hundred and nineteen, the eastern one hundred and eighty-two, and the western one hundred and thirty-six; the elevation of the southeast, or highest angle, one hundred and forty-one feet. The western face, which is the least elevated, is the most interesting on account of the appearance of building it presents. Near the summit of

it appears a low wall, with interruptions, built of unburnt bricks mixed up with chopped straw or reeds, and cemented with clay mortar of great thickness, having between every layer a layer of reeds; and on the north side are also some vestiges of a similar construction. The southwest angle is crowned by something like a turret or lantern: the other angles are in a less perfect state, but may originally have been ornamented in a similar manner. The western face is lowest and easiest of ascent, the northern the most difficult. All are worn into furrows by the weather; and in some places, where several channels of rain have united together, these furrows are of great depth, and penetrate a considerable way into the mound. The summit is covered with heaps of rubbish, in digging into some of which, layers of broken burnt brick cemented with mortar are discovered, and whole bricks with inscriptions on them are here and there found: the whole is covered with innumerable fragments of pottery, brick, bitumen, pebbles, vitrified brick or scoria, and even shells, bits of glass, and mother of pearl.'

Thus much for the remains of Babylon on the eastern side of the Euphrates. Major Rennell regretted that the western has been little explored by European travellers; and D'Anville imagined that very considerable remains might be found there also: but this is not the case. Mr. Rich describes it as a flat tract of ground, intersected by canals, containing no vestiges of ancient buildings, but two small mounds at right angles with each other, no: exceeding a hundred yards in extent: with a few small villages on the river side. Though, however, Mr. R. failed in discovering ruins in the vicinity of the river, at the distance of about six miles from Hellah, to the southwest, on the same side, he visited by far the most stupendous remain of all that appertained to Babylon; called by the Arabs *Birs Nemroud*, and by the Jews *Nebuchadnezzar's Prison*. The missionary Père Emanuel saw this ruin, and his remarks were communicated to D'Anville through some intermediate persons, who would have supplied the word *palace* for *prison*, in the Jewish name. Niebuhr likewise saw a ruin on this side of the Euphrates. Major Rennell imagined that the places seen by these two travellers were not the same, but Mr. Rich treats them, and on satisfactory grounds, as the same spot. He visited the *Birs* under the most favourable circumstances. The morning had been very gloomy, but, as he approached the object of his research, the clouds rolled away, and

presented to him the ruin frowning over a vast extent of plain, bearing the appearance of a circular hill, crowned by a tower, with a high ridge extending along the foot of it. He thus describes this mass:

'The Birs Nemroud is a mound of an oblong figure, the total circumference of which is seven hundred and sixty-two yards. At the eastern side it is cloven by a deep furrow, and is not more than fifty or sixty feet high; but at the western it rises in a conical figure to the elevation of one hundred and ninety-eight feet, and on its summit is a solid pile of brick thirty-seven feet high by twenty-eight in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular, and rent by a large fissure extending through a third of its height. It is perforated by small square holes disposed in rhomboids. The fine burnt bricks of which it is built have inscriptions on them; and so admirable is the cement, which appears to be lime mortar, that, though the layers are so close together that it is difficult to discern what substance is between them, it is nearly impossible to extract one of the bricks whole. The other parts of the summit of this hill are occupied by immense fragments of brick-work of no determinate figure, tumbled together and converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had undergone the action of the fiercest fire, or been blown up with gunpowder, the layers of the bricks being perfectly discernible,—a curious fact, and one for which I am utterly incapable of accounting. These, incredible as it may seem, are actually the ruins spoken of by Père Emmanuel, who takes no sort of notice of the prodigious mound on which they are elevated.'

'It is almost needless to observe that the whole of this mound is itself a ruin, channelled by the weather, and strewed with the usual fragments, and with pieces of black stone, sand-stone, and marble. In the eastern part layers of unburnt brick are plainly to be seen, but no reeds were discernible in any part: possibly the absence of them here, when they are so generally seen under similar circumstances, may be an argument of the superior antiquity of the ruin. In the north side may be seen traces of building exactly similar to the brick pile. At the foot of the mound a step may be traced, scarcely elevated above the plain, exceeding in extent by several feet each way the true or measured base; and there is a quadrangular inclosure round the whole, as at the Mujelibé, but much more perfect and of greater dimensions.'

As the other vestiges of antiquity in the vicinity of Hellah were neither numerous nor important, nothing remains to detain us from what may be called the second part of Mr. Rich's me-

moir; his inferences from the examinations which he had prosecuted.

The temple and tower of Belus, and the palace, citadel, or castellated palace, according to Herodotus, were the two most stupendous structures in ancient Babylon; and it is therefore to be supposed, more especially as Babylonian magnificence consisted greatly in extent, that the ruins of two such edifices would be more easily distinguishable than those of any others. Major Rennell has decided, from a comparison of ancient authors with modern travellers, that the Mujelibè, the most northern remain on the eastern side of the Euphrates, is the tower of Belus. This building is described by Herodotus, who states (Clio, 181.) that the palace was in the centre of one division of the city, and the temple of Jupiter Belus, as he calls it, in the other: but in which division they respectively stood, he does not say. Diodorus, major Rennell thinks, implies that the tower of Belus stood in the eastern division, because he asserts that the palace was on the west; and consequently, if Herodotus be correct, the other must have stood in the east. Now, on reference to the second book of Diodorus, we do not find that he places the palace so decidedly in the eastern quarter. He mentions two palaces, one on each side of the Euphrates; under which river, he adds, Semiramis caused a tunnel to be made, for a communication from one of those buildings to the other; but it is difficult to decide which of these two castellated palaces should be called καὶ ἐξοχὴ the palace, since Diodorus says of them, ἀμφοτερα πολύτελας κατεσκεύασε. In his account of the site of the temple of Belus, he is very vague when he describes it as standing *ἐν μεσῃ τη πόλει*. This edifice had been in ruins long before the age of Diodorus, and he professes to speak on the subject from tradition only; observing that historians differed much in their descriptions of it. He adds: ὁμολογεῖται ύψηλὸς γεγενεθεὶς καὶ ὑπερβολὴν, καὶ τας Χαλδαίας ἐνιφτας τὰν ἀερὸν πεποιηθεὶς παρατηρήσεις. This latter fact, although generally known, is not without some interest on this occasion; because, from the description of the Birs Nemroud given by Mr. Rich, we can scarcely doubt that the building which that ruin represents must have been excellently adapted for the purpose of an observatory, whether it was ever applied to that purpose or not. Major Rennell conceives

that Diodorus draws a sufficiently strong distinction between the two palaces, to allow us to consider that which stands on the western side of the Euphrates as the greater palace or building to which Herodotus referred: but, though such an *impression* is doubtless to be received from Diodorus, yet, after having analyzed the passage, we do not think that we can apply a stronger word;—taking Herodotus in conjunction with Diodorus, this impression is much strengthened. Notwithstanding this obstacle, Mr. Rich is greatly inclined to believe that, in viewing the enormous mass of the Birs Nemroud, he was contemplating the remains of the celebrated tower of Belus; and, if this were the only topographical difficulty, it needs not be considered as insurmountable. A general agreement prevails among the authors of antiquity, that the temple of Belus stood in a central situation; that is, central to one half of the city according to Herodotus, and to the whole according to Diodorus: now the position of the Birs at so great a distance west of the Euphrates, and so very far to the south of all other ruins on either side of that river, renders the idea at least very improbable that it had ever stood in the centre of the city. Mr. Rich fairly allows the weight of this objection; confessing that it would be necessary to extend the enormous area of eighty square miles assigned to Babylon by Strabo, (according to Rennell's computation of the stadia) if the Mujelibé and the Birs Nemroud were each to be inclosed even within the extreme precinct; but the difficulty would not end here, since, if these buildings are to be made to occupy central positions in deference to the descriptions of antiquity, we must increase the area of Babylon, at present almost incredible, allowing portions of it only to have been covered with buildings to an amount absurd even in imagination.

The present author does not combat these geographical difficulties with any effect; nor do we see how it is possible to overcome them, but by discrediting the writers of antiquity on whom they rest. If, however, we were to disregard these weighty objections, very strong grounds indeed might be urged for the presumption that the Birs is in fact the supposed building. First, for the plain question: If this monstrous pile be not the tower of Belus, what, in the name of wonder can it be?—It cannot be the pa-

lace or citadel, because neither the form nor the vicinity to the river, nor the supposed site of the hanging gardens, described by Strabo as near the river, will permit such a supposition. The very appearance of this immense mass, while it accords in many points with such as we might presume the remains of the tower of Belus to be, throws discredit on any surmise of the opposite tendency. If it were never included within the area of Babylon, the Birs must have been in the immediate vicinity of that city, and, from the flatness of the country, always visible from at least those quarters of it that were on the western shore of the Euphrates: it must have been an edifice of vast dimensions, and of very extraordinary elevation; and of its antiquity we can have no reasonable doubt, the vestiges in proof of this point being as incontrovertible as in the Mujelibè and other remains, if not more so. Does it not, therefore, under all these circumstances, appear highly surprising that no author of antiquity, among those who visited or described the wonders of Babylon, has made the slightest mention of so stupendous a work of man, as the Birs Nemroud clearly must have been? Yet, unless this was in truth the tower of Belus, (a presumption much at variance with the generally received chorography of the site of Babylon,) it passed without any notice from the writers of antiquity who have descended to us; although we cannot doubt that it existed in their times, and was, if we may judge from the ruins, the most likely object to have attracted the notice of even an incurious traveller.

This is in reality a question so beset with difficulties, that it would be highly presumptuous in us to offer any decisive opinion respecting it. Our readers may form their own judgment by comparing Mr. Rich's memoir with Major Rennell's work, and with those passages in Herodotus, Diodorus, &c. to which his investigation led that gentleman to refer. We are not, however, without hope, that, as Mr. Rich viewed his essay only 'as the first fruits of imperfect research,' he may have future opportunities of adding to the present very deficient data for forming any satisfactory hypothesis on the subject. No gentleman, we are convinced, possesses the requisites of patience, accuracy, and modesty in a higher degree; and, should he, in any other visit to the same spot, be able to find vestiges of the exterior walls of

Babylon, (for one wall appears to have been contained within another,) the discovery might not only be conclusive in settling the question about particular masses of ruin, but might lead to ascertain the contested extent of the area of this once famous city.

The general supposition, that the tower of Belus recorded by the Greek historians is the same structure with the tower of Babel, which, we learn from Genesis, (ch. xi.) was built in a plain in the land of Shinaar, has greatly augmented the interest of the scholar in discovering the site of a fabric allied to so many of the recollections of mankind: but we are not aware that the identity of these two buildings rests on any other grounds than general probability, similarity, or vicinity of the site, and strong coincidence in point of name; and evidence such as this cannot be deemed conclusive, although certainly founded on very plausible conclusions. In the present instance, we submit it to the reader, whether the separation of these two structures would not tend to elucidate the question relative to the Birs Nemroud. Could we suppose the Birs to be in reality the remains of the tower which the descendants of Noah constructed, and the temple of Belus to have been altogether a distinct fabric, we should have no difficulty in finding a site for this latter in a quarter of Babylon correspondent with the writings of antiquity; and some presumption would be entertained as to the original purpose of those stupendous ruins so far to the west of the Euphrates.* Nevertheless, such a speculation as this has endless difficulties to encounter, independently of the strong reasons for arguing the identity of these buildings. We find from Genesis that a city was connected with

* Diodorus says that Semiramis built the temple of Belus, to whom the foundation or re-edification of Babylon (it is doubtful which) is assigned by ancient authors. It is scarcely possible to fix the era of this wonderful woman, but we may easily conclude it to have been subsequent to the erection of the tower of Babel by the descendants of Noah. If, therefore, she really did found the tower of Belus, and in the age in which she is usually placed, the presumption of the identity of the two buildings would be weak indeed. We must allow, however, that the age of Semiramis is removed into the regions of fabulous history; and that probably many works were attributed to her with as little reason as to Hercules, or any god, demigod, or hero of fabulous ages.

the tower of Babel, and we have our old obstacle to surmount in the absence of all notice of any such fabric in the more ancient classical authors.

We have dwelt so long on this interesting memoir, in proportion to its extent, that it will be impossible for us to follow the author into the few remaining topics of his pages. They refer to the materials of which Babylon was built; and which consisted exclusively of timber, and the two species of brick already noticed. An Englishman, accustomed to brick built cities, will readily imagine that a city so constructed, whatever masses of building it may have contained, could have exhibited but few specimens of refined or delicate architecture. The cement was of more kinds than one. At the Birs the best mortar had been used, and of so durable a nature as to render it impossible to detach the bricks without breaking them. Specimens of clay and bitumen are still visible; the former had layers of reeds laid between it and the brick; the latter appears to have been difficult in the preparation, of very inferior utility when applied, and more used in the interior than the exterior of building.

Mr. Rich's knowledge of the Chaldee, and of some modern oriental languages, gives him advantages over the majority of other travellers in researches of this nature, and we therefore confidently anticipate much future amusement and instruction from his exertions.

COAT FOR BRICK HOUSES.

The following is the discovery of an ingenious gentleman at Washington for coating houses. It is said to be superior to stuccoing:—" Rosin dissolved in spirits of turpentine till fluid like oil. This mixed with or put into paint first made up thick with linseed oil until of sufficient liquidity to lay on easily. One or two coats of common oil paint over that is vastly superior to rough-casting."

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WOMAN.

THE following account of the sacrifice of a Hindoo woman on the funeral pile of her husband, is an extract of a letter from Mrs. S. T. Newton, a resident in Calcutta, to her friends in this country, one of whom has politely favoured us with a copy for publication. Mrs. Newton is a native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where her parents now reside.

"Calcutta, June 18, 1817."

"I OPEN my letter, my dearest friends, to tell you I have witnessed one of the most extraordinary and horrid scenes ever performed by human beings; namely, the self-immolation of a woman on the funeral pile of her husband. The dreadful sacrifice has made an impression on my mind that years will not efface. I thank my God that I was born in a Christian land, and instructed in the Christian religion.

"This event is so recent, I can hardly compose myself sufficiently to relate it. Last night I could not close my eyes, nor could I drive this martyred woman from my recollection. I am almost sick to-day, and I am sure you will not wonder at it. But this ceremony is so much celebrated, and by my countrymen so much doubted, that I was resolved to see if such 'deeds could be.' I have seen: and the universe would not induce me to be present on a similar occasion. I cannot realize what I have seen—it seems like a horrible dream.

"Yesterday morning at seven o'clock this woman was brought in a palanquin to the place of sacrifice. It is on the banks of the Ganges, only two miles from Calcutta. Her husband had been previously brought to the river to expire. His disorder was hydrophobia—(think of the agony this must have occasioned him.) He had now been dead twenty-four hours, and no person could prevail on the wife to save herself. She had three children, whom she committed to the care of her mother. A woman called to be undertaker, was preparing the pile. It was composed of bamboo, firewood, oils, rosin and a kind of flax, altogether very combustible. It was elevated above the ground, I should say, twenty inches, and supported by strong stakes. The dead body was lying on a rude couch, very near, covered with a white cloth. The oldest child, a boy of seven years, who was to light the pile, was standing near the corpse. The woman sat perfectly

unmoved during all the preparation; apparently at prayor, and counting a string of beads which she held in her hand. She was just thirty years old; her husband twenty-seven years older.

"The government threw every obstacle in the way of this procedure. They are not strong enough to resort to violent measures, to prevent this abominable custom. Nothing but our religion can abolish it, and I do not believe there is a single particle of Christianity in the breast of a single native in all India.

"These obstacles delayed the ceremony until five o'clock, when the permit from one of the chief judges arrived. Police officers were stationed to prevent any thing like compulsion, and to secure the woman at the last moment, if she should desire it. The corpse was now placed on the ground, in an upright posture, and clean linen crossed round the head and about the waist. Holy water was thrown over it by the child, and afterwards oil by the Brahmins. It was then placed upon the pile, upon the left side. The woman now left the palanquin, walked into the river, supported by her brothers, who were agitated, and required more support than herself. She was devested of all her ornaments: her hair hanging dishevelled about her face, which expressed perfect resignation. Her forehead and feet were stained with a deep red. She bathed in the river, and drank a little water, which was the only nourishment she received after her husband's death. An oath was administered by the attending Brahmins, which is done by putting the hand in holy water, and repeating from the Shaster a few lines. This oath was given seven times. I forgot to say the child received an oath before the corpse was removed. The brothers also prayed over the body, and sprinkled themselves with consecrated water. She then adjusted her own dress, which consisted of long clothes wrapped round her form, and partly over her head, but not so as to conceal her face. She had in her hand a little box, containing parting gifts, which she presented to her brothers, and to the Brahmins, with the greatest composure. Red strings were then fastened round her wrists—her child now put a little rice in her mouth, which was the last thing she received. She raised her eyes to Heaven several times, during the river ceremonies, which occupied ten or twenty minutes. She took no notice of her child; having taken leave of her female friends and children early in the morning. A little cup of consecrated rice was placed by the child

at the head of the corpse. She now walked to the pile, and bent with lowly reverence over the feet of her husband; then, unaided, she passed three times around the pile. She now seemed excited by enthusiasm; some said of a religious nature, others by affection for the dead. I do not pretend to say what motive actuated her, but she stepped upon the pile with apparent delight, unassisted by any one, and threw herself by the side of the body, clasping his neck with her arm. The corpse was in the most horrid putrid state. She put her face close to his; a cord was slightly passed over both; light faggots and straw, with some combustible rosin, were then put on the pile, and a strong bamboo pole confined the whole: all this was done by her brothers. The child then applied the fire to the head of the pile which was to consume both parents. The whole was instantly on fire. The multitude shouted, but not a groan was heard from the pile. I hope and trust this poor victim expired immediately. She undoubtedly did, without one struggle. Her feet and arms were not confined; and after the straw and faggots were burnt, we saw them in the same position she had placed them.

"This was a voluntary act. She was resigned, self-collected, and perfectly herself. Such fortitude, such magnanimity, such resolution, devoted affection, religious zeal, and mad delusion, combined, I had not conceived of, and I hope never to witness again. Hundreds witnessed this scene. Some admired the heroism of the woman—some were ready to tear the Brahmins to pieces—for myself, I was absolutely stupefied with pity and horror at this dreadful immolation. I am grieved to say, this is not an uncommon instance.

"I believe I have given you all the particulars: put them in a better form, and tell this almost incredible story to some of my friends. There were present about forty Americans, and a few English. I do not know the number of natives, but may safely say many hundreds.

"Yesterday was also one of the feasts of Juggernaut. In returning home, we passed through a street, two miles in length, entirely filled with temples, consecrated to that god, drawn by worshipping thousands, and myriads striving for that honour; they were offering gold, fruits, and the most beautiful flowers, to the

different idols placed within these temples. The air was perfumed with the most precious odours. The house tops were covered with people dressed in the most expensive and fantastic manner, and children covered with jewels. Bands of native music preceded and followed each temple, making the most discordant sounds. People who had nothing to give, screamed and prostrated themselves before the innumerable idols that were standing in the streets. The horses were stopped twenty times at least, by the crowds gathering to offer sacrifices to these images. Guards were placed in all directions to keep order.

"I can give you no idea of this country—I am awe-struck, but feel no inclination to worship. I thank God we are not Hindoos—and for all his mercies praise him.

"Farewell, once more, my dearly beloved friends."

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Alexander Anderson, and Harrison Hall, (the publisher of this Journal,) have made a new application of the power of steam, by rendering it subservient to the purposes of a distillery and mill, connected. Their address to the public, together with the plate, in this number, afford all the information which the inventors propose to give at present.

For the following articles of intelligence we are indebted to Philips' (London) Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Prince Hoare is engaged on a Life of the late illustrious patriot and philanthropist, Granville Sharpe,—a man whose deeds deserve to be recorded as examples to good men of all ages and countries.

Mr. Robert Bloomfield is engaged in a descriptive poem of the splendid mansion and that enchanting spot, the seat of the late Mr. Whitbread.

Zelix Albarez, or Manners in Spain; interspersed with poetry, by Alex. R. C. Dallas, esq., is printing in three volumes.

Mr. Woodley, editor of the Cornwall Gazette, is preparing an Account of his Literary Life, with anecdotes of many distinguished literary characters.

Mr. Coleridge intends to give a course of Literary Lectures, which, if filled up according to his outlines, cannot fail of being, to a large portion of society, of considerable interest and attraction.

Most flowers begin to droop and fade after being kept during twenty-four hours in water; a few may be revived by substituting fresh water; but all (the most fugacious, such as poppy, and perhaps one or two others excepted,) may be completely restored by the use of hot water. For this purpose place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the length of the stem; by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh; then cut off the coddled ends of the stems and put them into cold water.

It has been long known, that the temperature at which water boils is diminished in proportion to the diminution of the weight of the atmosphere; and this principle had been pointed out by Fahrenheit, and more lately by Cavallo, as a means that might be employed for measuring altitudes. M. Wollaston, by a paper just published in the Philosophical Transactions, has contrived an apparatus by which this may be accomplished,—even with more accuracy and convenience than the common barometer. The two great objects were,—first, that very small portions of heat might be rendered perceptible; and, secondly that the instrument should be portable. Both these objects are attained by having the thermometer with a large bulb, and a very fine stem, and this only extending for a few degrees,—corresponding to the range which may be supposed likely to be ever required.

M. Humboldt has lately published at Paris, a work on the geographical description of plants, according to the temperature, latitude, elevation of the soil, &c. He offers some interesting views with regard to vegetable forms. On comparing, in each country, the number of plants of certain well-determined families with the whole number of vegetables, he discovers numerical ratios of a striking regularity. Certain forms become more common as we advance towards the pole, while others augment towards the equator. Others attain their maximum in the temperate zones, and diminish equally by too much heat and too much cold; and, what is remarkable, this distribution remains the same round the old globe, following not the geographical parallels, but those which Humboldt calls *isothermic*—that is, lines of the same mean temperature. These laws are so constant, that, if we know in a country the number of species of one of the families, we may nearly conclude from it the total number of plants, and that of the species of each of the other families.

ANECDOCE OF SHERIDAN.

THEY tell a comical story of Mr. Sheridan, which I do not assert as a fact, only because I did not see the circumstance. Mr. S. happened to buy a horse, but did not happen to pay for it. One day as he was riding his new purchase along Park-lane, he met his creditor on a pretty pony. The poor man, anxious to touch the treasurer on the tender point of payment, and yet wishing to manage the matter handsomely, began by hoping his honour liked the horse, and said he could also recommend the nag he was then riding. "Let me see," says the *manager*. "Upon my honour, a nice little animal enough; and, I dare say, an excellent trotter. Pray let me see his paces up the street."—"By all means, your honour." Accordingly, up the street trots the simple jockey, and down the street trots the right honourable minister, excessively well satisfied, it seems, with the pretty little pony's performance!

Οὐας εστι γαλεωτος γέρω!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO TIME.

Monarch of the fleeting hour,
Whom subject realms obey—
At whose resistless call
Impending fate, with ruthless sway,
Shall level all!
Beneath thy dreaded arm, and tyrant pow'ry,
The chain of life shall burst;
While God's best work must fail,
And crumble into dust.

Borne on thy wing in flight sublime,
What magic can impede thy course?
What mortal can elude thy force,
As speeding swift from clime to clime?
No place of rest,
In all the world,
Thy shaft is hurled.
And all creation bends at thy behest.

Triumphant beauty! like a painted flower,
Which owes to youth its fairest bloom,
Too soon shall mourn the early hour,
Thy ravages shall seal its doom.
Then what avails the blushing rose,
That o'er the cheek transparent glows?
The fairy dimple's magic wile,
The ruby lip's enchanting smile?

Ah! what avails the heavenly light
From beauty's eye, so soft and bright?
The golden locks that careless flow,
And veil the neck of living snow?
Ah! what avail those matchless charms,
When clasped within thine icy arms?
Chilled by thy frost, they wither in decay,
Whilst thy destroying hand shall snatch their
bloom away.

Then say! though all that's fair must be
A living monument of thee,
Thou ever watchful enemy!
Yet why are all thy boasted treasures,
Honied poisons—transient pleasure?
E'en thy best blessing, sprung to light,
Soon do the mildews blight,
And cast them back in endless night.
Vain are the sweets that life bestows,
And vain the joys that friendship knows,
The glow of hope—the ray divine,
Poured through the tear at pity's shrine.
All, all are thine, and quickly fade,
And perish in an empty shade.

Yet thou, oh Time!
With thy uplifted and destroying dart,
In life's full prime
I woo thee to my aching heart!
And know, stern tyrant of this feeble frame,
Thy threatening horrors I defy,
"Tis not thy frown severe,
Can draw the unavailing tear,
Or force, from this firm breast, one mournful
sigh.

There is a spark, from the ethereal flame,
The soul divine! thou canst not claim.

I court thee still, though doom'd to see
The bud of hope destroyed by thee;
I gaze upon thine haggard eye,
More clouded than a winter's sky;
Still, still I hang upon thy breast,
Though never by thy smiles caressed.

Then, friendly foe!
Welcome, thy scythe's fell sweep—
Nor will I shudder, when thy stroke I see;
For well I know,
Thou canst not wound so deep
As silent injury.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RETIREMENT.

Far from the cares that vex the world's repose,
Here on my mossy couch I rest;
Reflection's limpid tide serenely flows,
And no rough passions riot in my breast,

The vernal bloom, that purples o'er the vales,
This flowering arbour, fann'd by cooling gale,
The groves' wild warblings, and the chiding
shril,

Of the rude streams, that wander at the will,
And hill, and dale, and forest, lake and lawn,
And light and shade, in sweet confusion
thrown,—

Delight the soul to pensiveness inclin'd,
And soothe to solemn thought the musing
mind.

Here, in these peaceful scenes,
Daughter of God, indulgent Nature reigns,
Divinely fair! as when her infant brawns,
From the wild waves of teeming chaos rose,
When choral angels with a plead surprise,
Hail'd the young lustre sparkling in her eye,
And in her radiant form, and lovely face,
Saw their own heaven with full reflected grace.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

Oh! dry not 't the teardrop that hangs in your
eye,
For it richer appears than a ruby to me;
It tells me I've gain'd what no jewel could buy,
The heart that was lately so lively and free.

Oh, moment of rapture—that richly repays,
For hours—aye ages—of anguish and toil;
'Tis a victory worthy of lauris and bays,
A tear the expense—and a sweet kiss the spoil.

Then dry not the tear—may it never remove,
For 'tis richer by far than a ruby to me;
It declares that a heart may be melted to love,
Although independent, and playful, and free.

ORLANDO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA SENTINELLE.

"One of our fair friends, whose "Sentinelle" proclaims that mirth and melody love to tarry where she presides, has requested a translation of the following. The authors of some of our rejected addresses having complained that the "manager writes himself," we now offer an evidence of our disposition to gratify all who are sedulous to please the fair.]

L'Astre de nuit dans son paisible éclat
Lance ses feux sur les tentes de France,
Non loin du camp, un jeune et beau soldat
Ainsi chanteoit, appuyé sur sa lance:
Allez, voiez, Zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes vœux vers ma patrie,
Dites que je veille en ces lieux;
Que je veille en ces lieux,
Pour la gloire et pour mon amie.

L'Astre du jour t'anime le combat,
Demain, il faut signaler ma vaillance;
Dans la victoire on trouve le trésor,
Mais si je meurs, a cote de ma lance,
Volez encore, Zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes vœux vers ma patrie,
Dites que je meurs dans ces lieux;
Que je meurs dans ces lieux,
Pour la gloire et pour mon amie.

MATRIMONY.

[The substance, at least, of the following, is said every day in this vast metropolis; those who would *preserve appearances*, and have an ear for "the concord of sweet sounds," may quarrel and sing at the same time, to the air of "Evelyn's Bower."]

MR. AND MRS. JOHN PREVOST;

*A Matrimonial Duet.**He.*

When we first were man and wife,
And you swore to love for life,
We were quoted as a model, we were quite a
show:
Yes, we tete-a-tete were seen,
Like king William and his queen:
What a jewel of a wife was Mrs. John Prevost!

She.

Ay! then I clove to thee, man,
Like Baucis to Philemon—
Now, if I go to Brighton, you're at Bath, I
know;
Like the pair who tell the weather,
We are never out together—
One at home, t'other gadding, Mr. John Prevost!

He.

If a lion's to be seen,
Old Blucher, Mr. Kean,
You order out the carriage, and away you go;
With that gossip, Mrs. Jones,
How you rattle o'er the stones:
You've no mercy on the horses, Mrs. John Prevost!

She.

With Madeira, Port, and Sherry,
When you make what you call merry,
And sit in sober sadness, are you sober?—no!
With that horrid major Rock,
It is always twelve o'clock,
Are you tumble up to coffee, Mr. John Prevost?

Bath.

Our vicar, Dr. Jarvice,
When he read the marriage service,
United us for better or for worse, heigh-ho!
That the worse may turn to better,
Since we cannot break our fetter,
Let us say no more about it (Mr. and Mrs.)
John Prevost!

SHERIDAN'S DEBT OF NATURE.

[Poor Sheridan's extravagance and imprudence made him a butt for all the jokers of the day; so that, like Falstaff, he was not only witty himself, but the cause of it in others. The following would be pronounced "a palpable hit," before any club at Rubicam's.]

"Dick, pay your debts," a fellow roar'd one day.
"I will," replied the limb of legislature.
"Then tell me, Dick, what debt you first will pay?"
"Why, first I'll pay—I'll pay the debt of Nature!"

LOVE AND FOLLY.

From the Spanish.

Love disagreeing once with Folly,
Folly treated him unkind,
For 'tis a fact, most melancholy,
That she beat the urchin blind.

For vengeance, Venus sighed to heaven,
As she sought the courts above;
Into the chancery she was driven,
On her breast lay little Love.

"Behold," she cried, "great justice-giver!
"Cupid now how blind and dark,
"What use, henceforth, shall be his quiver
"What his hope to hit the mark!"

"His wings in vain his body raising,
"He more can take a flight;
"His torch however brightly blazing,
"Gives to him no ray of light!"

Silent at length, for Justice waiting,
Venus hung o'er hopeless Love;
The court concluded soon debating,
And the sentence came from Jove:

"It is decreed that Folly never
"Shall in future quit his side,
"But from this instant, and for ever,
"Be to Love a constant guide!"



OF A NEW MARRIED STUDENT

THAT PLAYED FAST OR LOSE.

From Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1585.

A student at his book so placed,
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did fleet in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a fester cast,
Since ingling first begonne,
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

WOMAN—From the Latin of Claudian.

What is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in dryest weather;
What's lighter than the dust I pray?
The wind, that wafts it far away;
Pray what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind;
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay, now my friend, you have me fast.

THE PEASANT.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all:
Sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed:
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
At night, returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

IMPROVEMENT OF PHILADELPHIA.

It must be gratifying to every liberal minded man to see the gradual improvement of our city. The buildings which have been erected, and the streets which have been paved, during the past ten years, by far surpass the most sanguine calculations of former days.

Vine street is built and paved as far as Ninth street.

Race st. is built and paved as far as Broad st.

Arch st. is built out entirely to Twelfth st., with beautiful houses, and is paved to Eleventh st.

Market st. is paved to Schuylkill Sixth st., and is entirely built up as far as the Centre Square, and is partially built up on all the squares between Broad and the river Schuylkill.

Chesnut st. is entirely built up, nearly as far as Twelfth st., and is paved and partially improved as far as Schuylkill Seventh st., which is two squares west of Broad st.

Walnut st. is nearly built out to Eleventh st., is paved as far as Twelfth, and will shortly be paved up to Thirteenth st.

Spruce st. is built up to Eleventh st., and is paved to Broad st.

Pine st. is built and paved up to Ninth st.

South st. is partially improved as far as Broad st., and is paved to Ninth st.

Broad st. is paved from the Centre Square to Vine st.

All the streets running north and south, as far west as Eleventh st., and most of the intermediate and secondary street, are paved in whole or in part, according to the extent of the improvements.

What has very much contributed to the great extent of pavements within the last few years, has been, the enterprise, or, if you choose, the calculating spirit of some of our citizens, who, in order to procure pavements in front of their property, before the regular period arrived, at

which they would be made by the public, have loaned the money to the councils, free of interest, for such a term as would be likely not to make them a public burthen before their regular turn.

Thus, for the pavement of Chestnut st., west of Broad st., the money was loaned by the owners of the property interested, for fourteen years, without interest.

For the pavement of Walnut st., between Eleventh and Thirteenth streets, the money was loaned, without interest, for seven years, and so of other streets.

It is probable that further extensions of the pavements may be called for in the present and ensuing years, upon the same principles of anticipation, and we hope that the councils will act upon a liberal system, and grant them, whenever the loan is for so long a period as to make it an advantagaeous contract for the city. It would not be difficult to show, that where a loan is for a long period, the increase of taxes upon the property paved, arising from improvements and its increased value, would produce an extra revenue to the city, more than sufficient to clear the city, the whole cost of the pavement. Should this be the case, what motive could there be for refusing so reasonable a request, as an offer to put money into the city treasury?—which unquestionably would have been the case in several late arrangements.

RAFFLE.—Mrs. Sawyer respectfully informs the ladies of Washington, Georgetown, and the vicinity, that she intends raffling off the following French Goods, Garniture, Muslins, &c.—Mrs. S. will esteem it a favour if those ladies who may be disposed to enter their names, would call and gratify themselves by examining the articles previous to the time they will be raffled for.

* * * Each chance will be FIVE DOLLARS.

Ohio Paper Currency.—Frequent inquiries are made by people who have more paper of a certain kind than they know what to do with, as to the standing of the banks. The following is the best account we are able to give at present.

Parkersburg Notes.—Good—for nothing, as they have been, and probably ever will be. A saddle-bags load of paper was distributed by two or three people, not a dollar of which, we believe, has ever been paid.

New Salem, (Penn.)—Gone, "hook and line," and with it the reputation of all those concerned in it; and in fact the persons of some of them.

Granville.—The key lost! at least such was the report a few weeks since. It is hoped it will soon be found, as many good people have large quantities of paper, which they are desirous of returning to the bank for safe keeping. Though the credit of these notes is lost, for a while, we trust the directors have not lost their honour.

New Philadelphia Bank.—Rather short for cash at present, but expecting a supply soon.

Owl Creek.—This respectable institution still exists. We understand some of the stockholders generously offer fifty cents of good money for one dollar of Owl Creek—to pay their installments.

Canton.—Not chartered by the legislature, but maintaining its credit against all attacks.

Mansfield.—Very scarce, and for a good reason too. A supply of paper is on its way from New York soon, when doubtless the public can be "accommodated" if they wish to be.

Virginia Saline.—As it was six months ago.

Perryopolis, or Glass Bottle Bank—Broke! not even the pieces saved.

New Salem, (Ohio.)—Down, and we hear of no effort to raise it.

Steubenville, Farmers and Mechanics.—Few in circulation.

German Bank of Wooster.—Of "questionable" stability at present. A few days will determine its real character. —

A singular project has been under newspaper discussion in the state of Delaware. It is nothing less than the dissolution of that state, and the annexation of her present territory to one of her adjoining sister states. A writer in the *Delaware Watchman* pronounces that the people are very generally agreed in the affirmative of the proposition; and calls on some able and influential men to step between him and his subject, "and give not only a bare assent to the propriety of the measure, but be the means of carrying it into effect."

The Indian Trade.—The *Detroit Gazette* mentions the receipt of a communication by governor Cass, from the secretary of war, expressing the determination of the president, that the Indian trade, within the territory of the United States, shall hereafter be enjoyed exclusively by the citizens of the same. This arrangement, involving as it does the peace and security of our whole north western frontier, will prove of great benefit to the United States, even in a national point of view. Hitherto the British North West Company have carried on this trade almost entirely; and the influence of the British government, through this Company, was of extent equal with the limits of the traffic. This important branch of commerce, being in future in the hands of our own citizens, will, without doubt, have a most beneficial effect on the minds of the Indians, by infusing into them just ideas of the views of our government, and of the extent of our power and resources.

The legislature of New Jersey has abolished the imprisonment of females for debt.

The legislature of Maryland has virtually abolished imprisonment for debt in that state.

Mineralogy.—A lecture, introductory to a course, on mineralogy, was lately delivered by professor COOPER, at the University of Pennsylvania, to a very respectable audience. We do not mean to use the word *respectable* in the sense in which it is usually introduced into notices of this sort. But rather apply it to the *quality*, than to the *size*, of the assembly.

We should have been glad that a greater number of our fellow citizens had partaken of our entertainment. But we were gratified in observing ladies and gentlemen of the first rank in the community—manifesting their claim to a place in the first rank of intelligence, by a profound attention to a discourse on science. To those who can look back on the days that are gone by, it is a delightful prospect to see philosophy unlocking her cabinets to women as well as men, and both admitted to the same classical ground. A few years ago, a modest woman would almost blush to listen to technical language, lest she should be charged with pedantry: in this happy day it may issue from her own lips, without provoking a sneer. We rejoice in the change, and are perfectly sure that knowledge will not make women less expert housekeepers—less attentive nurses—or less dutiful wives.

Believing all this, we shall be highly pleased to see the talents and industry of professor Cooper rewarded by the attendance of a numerous class. We do not mean to insist on the very great utility of mineralogy to all classes of society: but none will deny that every species of knowledge is useful; inasmuch as it affords abundance of rational pleasure for the present, and provides a resource against a multitude of evils. And of this interesting science especially, it may be suggested, that it has one advantage over many others that are daily offered to our notice—it has novelty to recommend it.

Breach of Promise of Marriage.—An action was tried before the supreme court in Boston lately, for a breach of promise of marriage. The lady was plaintiff. Numerous letters of the defendant were read as evidence of the promise, and his subsequent marriage with another, was the proof of the breach. The intimacy of the parties had lasted three years. Both were of age at its commencement. The character of each was perfectly fair. The property of the defendant from 8 to 13,000 dollars. The trial lasted a day. Verdict for the plaintiff, 1600 dollars damages. —

M. Levrat, a celebrated French chymist at Chatillon, has discovered that the seed of the yellow water flag of marshes, known to botanists by the name of *Iris Pseudoceras*, when dried by heat, and freed from the friable shell which envelops it, and then infused like coffee, produces a beverage similar to coffee, but much superior in taste and flavour.

Merchants at the City of Washington.—In an advertisement in one of the papers published at this splendid metropolis, the “city merchants” are informed that they can be supplied with any quantity of band-boxes, &c. —

Connecticut Anecdote.—The following anecdote occurred in one of the small cities of Connecticut. A worthy magistrate observing one of his neighbours profaning the Sabbath, by walking back and forth before his own house, very politely sent his little son with the laws of the state, requesting him to read a certain passage therein; but the neighbour directed the lad to inform his father he could not break the Sabbath by the study of the law on that day. —

Dean Swift had a great aversion to angling. Being asked by a little girl what a fish rod was, he replied, “It means, my dear, a long stick, with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.”

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JUNE, 1818.

Embellished with an engraved Title-page for the Volume.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence,	402	MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Life of Pascal,	403	Cheap method of fattening Cat- tle, 486—Patent Harvester, <i>ib.</i> —Commerce of Austria, <i>ib.</i> —Proposal to change the names of days, <i>ib.</i> —Jewish Nuptials, 487—The Horse- leach, <i>ib.</i> —New York Canal, 488—Luther Martin, <i>ib.</i> — Pun,
Necker,	429	<i>ib.</i>
Etymology of the word <i>Wig</i> ,	461	
Remarks on a Review of Dr. Wilson's <i>Essay on Grammar</i> ,	461	
Review of Brister's <i>Resources of the United States of America</i> ,	469	
Poetry—Ornaments of Ladies,	484	
L'Ermite, Di Beattie,	485	
The Scholar married,	ib.	

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 193, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
Agent for the sale of American Publications in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from *Col. Putnam* to *Gen. Dearborn*, arrived too late for this number. It shall certainly have an early insertion.

An obituary notice from Boston is in the same predicament. We should greatly prefer a biography.

An *Index* to this volume accompanies this number. The *Proceedings of Congress* are to be placed at the end of the book; or they may be reserved for a separate volume.

There are few names in the history of our literature, which will redound more to its honour, than that of the author of the learned and ingenious *Essay on Grammar*; and yet in passing through the ordeal of public criticism, it has been his fate, too often, to fall into the hands of the most shallow of the fraternity. His *Hebrew Grammar* was reviewed in a Boston Journal with much parade of learning, and a sufficient demonstration that the writer had entirely mistaken the object of the author. We have already noticed two articles purporting to be reviews of the *Essay on Grammar*, and we think our readers will agree with us, that if their authors had understood what they pretended to discuss, they would not have written the worse. One of these critics soon discovered that he should get beyond his depth, if he "followed the author through his *Essay*," and he prudently shut it up for the amusement of baiting Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Dufief, and Mr. Varin. The first of these gentlemen, however, turned upon his assailant, and it is affirmed, that the critic was terribly gored. Not intimidated by this warning, another critic has entered the lists against the *Grammar*; and he comes, like his predecessors, unprepared for the contest. He pleads the narrow limits of the grounds which he himself has selected; and though a voluntary combatant, he presses old Time into his service, to prove that if he had not been so hasty, he might have made "a more regular appearance." The *Remarks* of this critic, confessedly so imperfect, conclude in the following words: "On the whole, we believe that no elementary work on Grammar was ever offered with so little claim to public patronage, and so replete with palpable errors and failures." This decisive sentence is issued from the same place, at which we understand there is a machine, by which the principles of grammar are said to be taught. If, from this circumstance, we may be allowed to infer, that the mechanic and the critic are one person, we can learn from *Gil Blas* how to value his judgment. "Heaven be praised, I carry on my profession in a plain honest manner. I am the only old-clothes-man who has any morality about him."

By such rude and indecent attacks the learned are confined to their closets, while sciolists usurp the laurels. Hence it is that we have taken so much notice of writers of comparative insignificance, who presume to investigate the character of one whose attainments have reached the most enviable heights of erudition, and whose labours are offered to his country with intentions the most pure and honourable. It is our duty to rescue learning from the assaults of ignorance; and the motives of the wise from the flippancy of the vain. On this subject we may appeal with confidence not only to the understanding but to the social relations. If we cannot reward *Enceladus* and *Palamon* we may defend them against false science and pompous nonsense.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1818.

No. VI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BLAISE PASCAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOSSUT.

(Concluded from page 276.)

PASCAL was nearly three years engaged in this controversy. It delayed, to a later period than he could have wished, the commencement of a great work, which he had meditated for many years, on the evidences of religion. He had, at various times, committed to paper some unconnected thoughts, comprehended within the plan of this work, and in 1658 he seriously undertook the prosecution of it, but his health from that moment suffered such frequent and violent attacks, that he was never able to complete it, and all that now remains consists of some imperfect fragments.

He was first seized with an excruciating disorder of the teeth, which almost deprived him of rest. While he was lying in one of his long fits of sleepless agony, some problems relating to the cycloid occurred to his mind, and excited anew his genius for the mathematics. He had long since renounced the pursuit of all knowledge merely human; but the great beauty of these problems, and the

necessity of some powerful exertion to divert the sense of his sufferings, engaged him in an investigation which he carried to such a length, that the discoveries to which he was led are ranked, even at this day, among the highest attainments of the human mind.

The curve, usually denominated a cycloid, is well known to geometers. It is the line described in the air by the motion of a pin in the circumference of a carriage wheel. It is not known, and it is in itself of little importance to know, by whom the generation of this curve was first observed. It is certain, however, that the French were the first to develop its properties. Roberval, in 1637, demonstrated that the area of the common cycloid is three times that of its generating circle. Shortly after, he determined the solid described by the revolution of the cycloid on its base, and, what was a much greater achievement for the science of that day, the solid described by the revolution of the same curve on the diameter of its generating circle. Torricelli, in a work printed in 1644, gave to the world most of these problems as his own; but in France it was asserted that the Italian geometer had found the demonstrations of Roberval among the papers of Galileo, to whom they had been sent by Beaugrand some years before; and Pascal, in his *History of the Cycloid*, charges Torricelli with the plagiarism in direct and positive terms. I have attentively examined the evidence upon which this charge is founded, and cannot help thinking that Pascal has made it somewhat rashly. There is great reason to believe that Torricelli had in truth made the discoveries to which he laid claim, ignorant of the fact that Roberval had anticipated him by several years. A problem of another kind, relating to the same curve, was resolved by Descartes, Fermat, and Roberval; they gave the method of drawing tangents to it.

Roberval and Torricelli had determined the measure of the cycloid and of its solids of revolution in a very ingenious manner, but their solutions had the defect of being too limited, and applicable only to the particular cases then under their consideration. The problems required to be treated in a general and uniform manner; the investigation was to be carried farther and embraced other problems; the length of the curve and its centre of gravity, the centre of gravity of the complete solid, half solid, and quarter solid of revolution, whether described on the base or the axis

of the curve—all these were still to be determined. The investigation required the use of a new analysis, or at least a new application of principles already known. In a period of less than eight days, during which he was suffering under a most painful disease, Pascal invented a method which embraced all the problems which have just been indicated. This method was founded on the *summation* of certain series, the elements of which he had given at the end of his treatise on the Arithmetical Triangle. From this invention to the differential and integral calculus was but a single step; and there is much reason to presume that if Pascal had been able to prosecute his mathematical inquiries, the glory of the invention of those calculi would never have belonged to Leibnitz and Newton.

The duke de Roannez, to whom, among other friends, Pascal had communicated his reflections and the results to which they had led him, conceived the design of making them subservient to the interests of religion. Pascal afforded an incontestible proof that the character of an humble Christian might be united with that of a mathematician of the highest order. To make his example, however, operate with the more striking effect, his friends determined, instead of publishing his investigations, at once to the world, to propose the problems of the cycloid in the first place as prize questions. They reasoned thus: though they may receive a solution from other mathematicians, their great difficulty will at least be discovered and acknowledged; science will be a gainer, and Pascal, as the original inventor, will still be intitled to the praise of having advanced its progress. If, on the contrary, mathematicians should fail to accomplish the solution of the problems, the infidel must abandon his objections to the proofs of religion; for why should he be allowed to be more difficult in relation to those proofs than a man profoundly skilled in a science resting altogether in demonstration, and who had accomplished in that science what all other men had failed to attain?

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1658, a scheme was made public; in which it was proposed to find the measure and the centre of gravity of any segment whatever of the cycloid; and the dimensions and centre of gravity of the solids, half solids, and quarter solids, formed by the revolution of the segment both on the absciss and the ordinate. As the solutions, however, might in-

volve processes which, if given at full length, in every case, would consume too much time and labour, the candidates were only required to furnish applications of their several methods to some particular and remarkable cases, such, for instance, as that in which the absciss is equal to the radius or to the diameter of the generating circle. Forty pistoles was the prize offered for the solution of the first problem, and twenty pistoles for that of the second. The most celebrated mathematicians then resident in Paris were selected to examine the pieces of the candidates. The pieces under the attestation of a public notary, were to be transmitted, before the first of October following, to M. de Carcavi, one of the judges, with whom the prizes were deposited. Pascal, for the purpose of concealment, assumed the signature of A. Dettonville.*

This scheme drew the attention of mathematicians again to the cycloid, which they had begun in some degree to neglect. Huyghens squared the segment included between the summit of the curve and the ordinate corresponding to half the radius of the generating circle. Slusius, canon of the cathedral of Liege, invented a new and very ingenious method of measuring the area of the curve. Sir Christopher Wren, an English geometer and architect, whose eminent genius is sufficiently attested by the church of St. Paul at London, showed that every arc of the cycloid, commencing at the summit of the curve, is twice the corresponding chord of the generating circle: he also determined the centre of gravity of the cycloidal arc, and the superficies of its solids of revolution. Both Fermat and Roberval, upon the mere enunciation of Wren's theorems, immediately produced demonstrations of them. All these investigations, however, though very beautiful in themselves, did not completely answer what was required. Neither were they communicated by their authors with any intention of having them put in competition. Two geometers only, having treated all the problems announced in the scheme, thought themselves intitled to claim the prizes. One was father Lallouère, a Jesuit of Toulouse, who enjoyed some reputation as a mathe-

* AMOS DETTONVILLE, an anagram from LOUIS DE MONTALTB, the name under which Pascal had published his Provincial Letters.

matician, particularly with the brethren of his order; the other was Wallis, the justly celebrated author of the *Arithmetic of Infinites* published in 1655, of whom mention has already been made. These mathematicians became involved in a very warm dispute with Dettonville, who has been said to have treated them both with injustice. This charge, which is still repeated, and which the Jesuits have done all in their power to establish, would, if true, be a great stain on the memory of Pascal. Whether it be true or false, the reader shall judge. I begin with Lallouère.

It appears by the decision of the judges appointed to award the prizes, and the fact is also mentioned by Lallouère in his Latin treatise on the cycloid, that about the end of September, 1658, he informed M. de Carcavi, by letter, that he had effected the solution of all Dettonville's problems, of one of which he sent the calculation as a specimen. Unfortunately for Lallouère, his calculation, which was not accompanied by the demonstration, proved to be false. The error was extremely glaring, and was admitted by Lallouère himself in several of his letters written at the close of September and the beginning of October, though he never corrected it. From this statement it is evident that the Jesuit could have no legitimate claim to the prizes, since at the expiration of the time limited in the scheme, he had neither produced a method of demonstrating the problems, which, by its excellence might atone for a mere error in the calculation of the numerical result, nor, a result, which on account of its truth, might justify an inference in favour of the accuracy of the method by which it was obtained. All this he was himself compelled to admit. Besides, the cases mentioned by him had already been solved by Roberval; a fact of which he was informed not only by a direct communication, but through the medium of the *History of the Cycloid*, which appeared on the 10th of October, 1658. Dettonville, in the conclusion of his history, proposed several new problems, not as cases of prize competition, but with the view of completing the theory of the cycloid. These were, to find the centre of gravity of any arc of that curve, and the measure and centre of gravity of the superficies of the solids formed by a complete revolution, half a revolution, and the quarter of a revolution of the curve both on its axis and its base. If solutions of these problems should not be

received before the 1st of January, 1659, he then engaged to publish his own.

Though Lallouère had failed to obtain the prizes, he might still have acquired reputation by his investigations, had he modestly acknowledged the error which he had committed. After such an acknowledgment, no one could have denied him the right of correcting and completing his work at his leisure; and his treatise, already mentioned, would sanction an opinion, not, indeed, that he was capable of any great invention, but that he possessed the talent of pushing to interesting results the inventions of others. But by injudiciously arrogating too much, he gave occasion for an unfortunate examination into his talents and acquirements. The reputation of a second-rate mathematician is, if I may be allowed the comparison, like female honour: the slightest touch commonly inflicts a mortal wound. The Jesuit, with unabated arrogance, continued to declare that, notwithstanding the little error into which he had inadvertently fallen, he had made some very interesting discoveries connected with the theory of the cycloid, which, however, he did not choose to make known till he had seen the publication of Dettonville's solutions; intimating that the latter might not himself have accomplished the task which he had proposed to the ingenuity of others. This indirect challenge was answered by Dettonville in a manner which denoted at once his confidence in his own powers and his perfect knowledge of those of the adversary who had ventured to provoke him. He declared that if Lallouère would publish his solutions before the 1st of January, 1659, he would renounce for ever, in favour of the Jesuit, all claim to the honour of priority of invention. This declaration deprived Lallouère of all possible retreat. If he possessed the demonstrations, as he asserted, he could now no longer withhold them. Nothing, however, could ever be forced from him.

The first of January arrived, and Dettonville printed his treatise on the cycloid. The beginning of the work, containing the case in which Lallouère had committed his error, was sent to the Jesuit; but instead of acknowledging himself to be indebted to it, he replied that he had already corrected his solution in the same manner himself. Dettonville had anticipated such an answer, and now diverted himself at the expense of Lallouère; assailing him

in the same strain of ridicule which he had formerly employed against his brethren, the casuists. There was this difference between them, however, that the pretensions of Lallouère in geometry were not quite so pleasant a subject of merriment as the cases of conscience of Escobar and Tambourin.

The mortified Jesuit had nothing left to oppose to this wit but his enormous treatise on the cycloid, which he published in 1660. This long expected work, in which the subject was treated synthetically, and in a very prolix and laborious manner, gained but little applause from mathematicians, and the less so, because it contained nothing which had not, at least in substance, been already demonstrated by Dettonville. In this work, the author rather unnecessarily reminds his readers of a magnificent promise, which he had made ten years before, of publishing a method which he had discovered of squaring the circle; a promise which, when he first made it, did not greatly excite the hopes of mankind. What must we think of the man, who, to repeat the ingenious remark of Fontenelle, has had the misfortune to make such a discovery.

Wallis's claims are scarcely better than those of Lallouère. Care had been taken to transmit to him the scheme of Dettonville as soon as it was printed. He was at first startled by the difficulty of the problems which it contained, and from a consciousness, no doubt, of his inability both to accomplish the solutions and transmit them to Paris within the period limited, he requested an enlargement of the time in favour of foreign mathematicians; or at least, if they were required to complete their demonstrations before the first of October, that the condition of their arrival in Paris on that day would not be rigorously insisted on. He urged, in his letters, the possible delays arising from the embarrassments of a state of war, from the season of the year, and, where the solutions were to be transmitted by sea, from unfavourable weather. They might, indeed, be altogether lost, and in such a case it would surely be but just to permit them to be replaced by others; which, as a security against imposition, might be accompanied by the attestation of some public officer that they were exact copies of those which had previously been sent. Dettonville replied, that a scheme providing against all these contingencies was quite impracticable. It would, in effect, postpone for

ever the ultimate decision; since it must always be uncertain at what time all the solutions which might be supposed to be sent from foreign countries would reach Paris. Besides, such a scheme would necessarily create disputes and difficulties in the determination of dates; to avoid which nothing seemed to him so likely to be effectual as a precise limitation of a time and place for receiving the pieces of the candidates. Such a limitation no doubt operated less favourably for foreign than for the French mathematicians, particularly those who resided in Paris; but because he had favoured the latter, it did not follow that he had done injustice to the former. The claim of original invention he still left open to all the world. He did not undertake to award a prize of glory. He had simply instituted a pecuniary prize, and he possessed the right of disposing of it on his own terms. He might, in this instance, have restricted the competition to the French alone, as he might, on any other occasion, to the Germans or the Chinese. Upon the whole, he had laid down such laws for the regulation of the competition as appeared to him to be most equitable and at the same time the most free from inconvenience.

It would seem that Wallis himself had little confidence in the success of this application; for, without waiting an answer, he adopted the surer as well as the nobler course, and resolutely applied himself to the investigation of the problems. The result of his labours was a small volume which, in the early part of September, he transmitted to M. de Carcavi at Paris: it bore the date of the 19th of August, 1658, affixed to it by a public notary of Oxford. In the course of the same month of September, Wallis wrote several letters to the judges, containing corrections of errors which he had discovered in his work; in the very last of which he intimated a doubt whether he had even then removed all its imperfections. The judges examined with great care both the original work and the corrections, and the examination satisfied them that in many of the investigations Wallis had failed. He had not determined truly, either the dimensions of the solid described by the revolution of the cycloid on its axis, the centre of gravity of the curve or of its parts, or the centre of gravity of the solid, or of the sections of the solid formed by the revolution of the curve on its axis or its base. They discovered that there were

many errors in addition to those which he had himself observed, and even that his corrections were themselves sometimes erroneous. None of them were mere mistakes of calculation; they were all defects in the demonstrations, the calculations from which were all accurately made. The chief cause of error was found to be, a supposition of the author that certain infinitely small spaces were equi-distant, when in truth they were not so; a supposition which must inevitably have led to a false conclusion. The judges, for these reasons, decided that Wallis had no claim whatever to the prizes.

This decision was a grievous wound to his pride. In the preface to his treatise on the cycloid, and in various other parts of his works, he speaks of it with much bitterness of complaint. He betrays, on all occasions, a spirit of great animosity against the French nation. He tries to be witty, but is evidently only provoked, at the partiality which he asserts that Dettonville, in the terms of the competition, has discovered for his countrymen, the French. He is obliged, nevertheless, to confess that his work, in the state in which it was transmitted to Paris, contained some errors, and that even his corrections were not altogether free from them; but he adds that he thought it useless to point out the latter, as he had begun to suspect that the judges were prejudiced against him. This excuse must at once be perceived to be quite ridiculous. How was it possible for the judges to have denied him justice, if he had furnished within the limited time, correct solutions of the problems? All that his apology proves, if it proves any thing, is, that the law was rigorously, and in its letter, enforced against him. Some time should, perhaps, have been allowed him to correct his demonstrations, and conform his calculations to them; but this delay would have been mere indulgence, not matter of right. Groningius, and some other authors, who have given an account of the cycloid, have hastily adopted the resentments of Wallis, without recurring to the original evidence, by which it is shown to be altogether unfounded.

Considerations suggested by the character of Pascal strongly corroborate this direct evidence. Is it to be believed that he who expended the greater part of his fortune in relieving the wants of his fellow men, would have failed in the observance of the more

essential duty of giving to another his due? Could he be ignorant that justice is the first of human obligations? Would he have dared to violate that obligation in the face of the world? and if he possessed the inclination, had he not placed it out of his power, by delegating to others the distribution of his prizes? What opinion would have been formed of such conduct by those severe censors before whose eyes he was acting? Is it to be supposed that they were so far blinded by party spirit as to have conspired together to fabricate a falsehood, in which it was impossible to escape detection, with no other object than that of giving to a Jansenist the honour of having accomplished the solution of some difficult problems in geometry.

The investigations of Wallis on the subject of the cycloid appeared in 1659, after the publication of those of Pascal. In this work Wallis confines himself to the problems contained in the *programma*: those which were afterwards proposed in the History of the Cycloid he did not solve till the following year, (1660,) when he published them in the second part of his work on mechanics, in the chapters which treat of the centre of gravity. He feared, he says, that by giving these demonstrations in his first publication, so soon after the appearance of Dettonville's book, he might have incurred the suspicion of having profited by that work. He therefore withheld them at that time, and published his treatise nearly as he had originally sent it to Paris.

I will close this subject by a single remark. Wallis, some time after he had received Pascal's treatise on the cycloid, declared, in a letter to Huyghens, that he considered it a work of great genius, and that he had read it with the more ease as well as the more satisfaction, as the author's method was not very different from his own; being founded on the arithmetic of infinites, on which he had published a treatise in 1655. It must, however, be observed, that the principles of the *Arithmetic of Infinites* are the same with those of the arithmetical triangle, which the French geometer had discovered as early as 1654; and the errors committed by Wallis in his solutions are a proof, that as late as 1658 he had not acquired perfect skill in the use of that method.

During all this time Pascal was rapidly descending to the grave. For the last three years of his life he may, indeed, be

said to have been expiring. He almost lost the power of thinking. The short intervals in which he was allowed the use of his faculties were wholly devoted to the prosecution of the work which he had projected on religion. His thoughts were committed to writing on the first loose scraps of paper which came to his hands; and when he was himself unable to write, he dictated to an intelligent servant who always attended his bed side.

These fragments were collected after his death; and a selection having been made by Messrs de Port-Royal of such of them as were thought best written, or best calculated to promote the interests of religion, it was published in 1670, in a small volume, under the title of "*Thoughts on Religion and other Subjects by M. Pascal.*"

Of these fragments many are extremely imperfect, many much too concise or not sufficiently developed; sometimes, too, they are very faulty in expression: but there are many distinguished by uncommon depth of thought and inimitable eloquence. Sometimes the author seems to come but half out, and the reader finds it difficult to guess at his meaning. At other times the thought is enunciated with the utmost possible clearness, and at the same time with perfect precision of language. This inequality is no doubt to be ascribed to the author's unequal state of health. The general tone of the thoughts is elevated and commanding. The author fastens upon his reader and bends him to his yoke. Many very important subjects are brought under his examination; the utility of the study of the Christian religion; the historical and moral evidence of its truth; the peculiar character by which it is marked; the divinity of Christ. It is impossible in this place to follow the author in detail: a general outline of his plan is all that can be expected.

How ought an intelligent being, like man, naturally to be affected by a view of the wonders with which he finds himself surrounded? Every object would no doubt suggest to him the existence of a Supreme Being, who formed the world out of nothing, and who governs it by his will. But would he feel no other emotion than that of barren admiration? Is this the only homage which an intelligent creature can offer to his Creator? Must he not feel also a perpetual obligation of gratitude and adoration? But in

what mode, under what forms, does the Sovereign of the universe require this tribute to be paid? Let us have recourse to the records of philosophy and history: let us examine the laws, the customs, and the religious opinions of the various nations of the world. We find philosophers, divided into sects and holding the most opposite opinions on the nature of the Supreme Being, the end of the creation of man, and the probability of a state of rewards and punishments hereafter; with religious systems which recognize a multiplicity of gods, who are often more depraved and more contemptible than their worshippers; with modes of worship as transient as the empires in which they may have happened to originate; we behold, in short, superstition and delusion every where pervading the earth. In the midst of this general scene of darkness and error, however, we discover a race of men, occupying the obscure region of Palestine, near the shores of the Mediterranean, and claiming our attention by the extraordinary circumstances of their history, and their complete separation from the rest of mankind. They exhibit a single volume, which teaches them at once their origin, their laws, their policy, and the worship which they pay to the Creator. Every other people had represented the Deity under the most degrading attributes; they alone present him in all his perfections; they alone distinctly teach us that God is the author of the universe; that man had been originally endowed with a portion of his infinite intelligence, but that having rebelled against the Creator, he was deprived of almost all the advantages of the divine bounty, and from that moment became subject to sin, pain, and death. These few simple and natural notions explain, in a manner more satisfactory than all that philosophy has ever imagined, the origin of evil in the world, and are at the same time a foundation for our hopes of a better state of existence. The more we examine the history of the Jewish nation the more clearly we discover that they had undoubtedly attained a knowledge of the truth, and that this knowledge was the immediate gift of its author; we are struck with the character of divinity which is stamped upon their scriptures; we perceive the wonderful accomplishment of their prophecies; and as the end and consummation of that religion which, for an appointed time, God had given to the

Jews, Christianity comes forth, and establishes itself on foundations which can never be shaken.

The Christian religion, in Pascal's view of it, is not merely true; it is necessary, in order to dissipate the doubts of mankind, to alleviate the evils of life, and, above all, to encourage and support us at the awful and trying moment when the soul is about to take its flight for eternity. This view of it enables him to advance many arguments in its favour, founded on a knowledge of the human heart. It was, indeed, his opinion that, with regard to mankind in general, we should aim rather at fixing it in their affections than forcing it upon their understandings, by reasonings, which few, perhaps, would be able to follow or to estimate. "Almost all," he observes, "who have attempted the conversion of infidels, have pursued the same invariable course. They begin their arguments from a view of external nature, and seldom succeed in producing conviction. I by no means deny the soundness of these arguments, sanctioned as they are by the scriptures themselves. They are perfectly logical; but the objection to them is, that they are rarely suited to the character and capacity of those to whom they are addressed.—The divinity revealed by Christianity is not simply the God who established mathematical truth, and impressed laws on matter: such a divinity the pagans acknowledge. Neither is he merely a superintending providence, watching over the lives of men, and giving length of days and prosperity to those who worship him: such was the God of the Jews. The God of Abraham and of Jacob, the God of the Christian, is a God of love and consolation, who fills the hearts and the understandings of all who know him; a God who produces in them an inward sense of their own wretchedness and his infinite mercy; who becomes incorporated with the soul itself, making it all meekness and joy, and confidence and love, and himself the end and object of all its thoughts and affections."

In every part of this collection Pascal shows that he had carried into the study of man the same deep and comprehensive mind which he had exhibited in his mathematical pursuits. The strange inconsistencies of our nature, our greatness and our littleness, the calamities to which we are liable, the miseries resulting from self-love, are all painted with inimitable truth and eloquence. In the

sublime picture which he has drawn, man may learn to know himself and appreciate his true rank and importance in the universe.

It would be an easy as well as agreeable task to multiply extracts; but the work itself must be read. Imperfect as it is, any single page of it will be found to contain a richer fund of thought than whole volumes of ordinary writers on similar subjects.

In making a selection of these papers for publication, the first editors rejected many interesting thoughts, and even some complete disquisitions of no inconsiderable length. Such, among others, were an inquiry into the authority of names in matters of philosophy; some general reflections on the mathematical sciences; a small tract on the art of persuading; besides numerous detached thoughts on moral subjects. The propriety of thought, the sound sense, and the original views, which pervade all these fragments, give them an inestimable value. Justice to the author required that they should no longer be suppressed; and as the manuscripts had been preserved by his nephew, M. Perier, a copy of them was procured, from which the editor of the complete collection of Pascal's works, published in 1779, was enabled to gratify the public with many things which were not to be found either in the Port-Royal edition or the supplement of father Desmolets.

All the writings of Pascal evince his general preference of the geometrical over every other method of investigating truth. Its advantages consist in the clearness of its definitions, in the use of no terms in those definitions but such as have an ascertained and acknowledged meaning, in the careful rejection of all redundancy of thought and expression, so that every object is presented in its naked and appropriate character. If the rules of mathematical reasoning had been applied to certain questions formerly agitated in metaphysics and theology, there would soon have been an end to disputation. But how many of the schools would then have been wholly without employment?

The work which Pascal designed for the defence of Christianity was simply the expression of his own ardent and steadfast faith; a faith which led him to the observance of the severest injunctions of the Gospel morality. As to his austerities we have the testimony of his sister, Madame Perier; she is indeed our guide

in all that relates to this part of his life and character. The narrative will confirm a remark, already incidentally made, that it is with great injustice the sciences have been accused of leading to infidelity and licentiousness. If mathematicians have been found who have despised, or affected to despise, the evidence on which Christianity is founded, is it to be imputed as a fault to the science which they cultivated, that they have been unable or unwilling to distinguish between the different kinds of proof of which different subjects are susceptible. But are mathematicians the only men who make a bad use of their talents and acquirements? Are poets, painters, orators—more generally Christians, more generally remarkable for piety than men of science? Would it not be a more rational conclusion, that the study of the exact sciences, so little calculated as they are, to excite vulgar applause, must rather have the effect of preparing the mind for the reception of Christianity, by encouraging a habit of calm reflection, by inspiring a love of serious occupation and a contempt for the pursuits of wealth and ambition; and by its tendency to humble the pride of reason, by showing the insurmountable obstacles which the mind encounters in every step of its inquiries, and thus bringing man to a proper sense of the narrow limits of his powers?

In the performance of all his Christian duties Pascal was an example of humility and fidelity. He never failed to assist at the sacred duties of his parish church, unless sickness compelled him to remain at home. His private hours were spent in earnest and persevering efforts to subdue his passions and elevate his soul to God. He adopted it as a principle to deny himself every thing like pleasure or superfluity; and so rigidly was this principle enforced, that at last, says Madame Perier, he ordered the tapestry of his chamber to be removed, as an article of luxury, calculated only to please the eye. In the course of his sickness, if it became necessary for him to resort to remedies which possessed any grateful quality, he anxiously endeavoured to banish from his mind every association of pleasure which they might produce. He was offended at hearing any one talk of the pleasures of the table: food, he insisted, was designed to satisfy hunger, and not for the gratification of sense. At the time of his retreat he made experiments to ascertain the quantity of food which his system required for its

sustenance; and this quantity he never afterwards either exceeded or diminished, whatever immediate inconvenience it might produce. However the motive for such a practice may be respected, the practice itself is ill-suited to the frequent variations to which the human system is liable.

His charity was unbounded: every poor man he regarded as his brother. His benevolence was a propensity which he could not resist, and which he frequently indulged at the sacrifice of his own comforts; for he was not rich, and his continual ill health occasioned expenses sometimes beyond his income. When his friends took notice of his want of economy in this respect, he would reply: *I have remarked that no one is so poor but that when he dies he leaves something behind him.*

He disliked to see individuals proposing general plans for improving the condition of the poor. Projects of such magnitude, he used to say, belonged properly to the government; private men should confine themselves to a humbler sphere of action; one which was proportioned to the means of relief actually in their power; and should avoid all visionary and unprofitable schemes, the pursuit of which, for the most part, serves only to strengthen the vices of those who are either too indolent or too avaricious to give their labour or money in practical benevolence.

Not long before his death he received into his house a poor man and his son, from no motive but the most disinterested charity; for they rendered him no services whatever. The child was here seized with the small pox, and it was impossible to remove him without danger to his life. Pascal himself was also at this time in a very feeble condition: he needed the constant attentions of Madame Perier, who, on account of some family affairs, but more particularly with the view of being near her brother, had been for some time in Paris. She had taken a house, in which she now resided with her children; they had never had the small-pox, and Pascal was fearful that her visits to him might be the means of introducing the disease among them. Disregarding himself, he gave up his house to the poor man, never to return to it, and went to live with Madame Perier, where he occupied a

small apartment possessing few of the conveniences which his delicate state required.

Another instance of his charity is not less deserving of commendation. On his return one morning from the church of St. Sulpicius, where he had been to attend mass, he was accosted by a young and very beautiful country girl with an application for charity. He was struck with the danger of her situation, and being informed by her that her father was recently dead, and that her mother, at the point of death, had that very day been taken to the public hospital, he had no doubt that the girl had been providentially thrown in his way at the moment when his assistance was necessary to save her. He conducted her immediately to a venerable clergyman of the seminary, and, without making himself known, supplied him with money for her support until some advantageous employment could be found for her. On leaving the good priest he promised to send him the next day a female who would assist him in the pious work. Their efforts were soon successful, and the young girl was suitably placed. It was not until after the death of Pascal that he was known to be the author of this act of generous benevolence. Madame Perier relates the story, but she forgets to add, what afterwards appeared, that she herself shared the merit of it with her brother.

The purity of his life was above all praise. It may readily be conceived, that with a body worn down by disease and religious mortifications, he could easily avoid all sensual indulgences. He considered it, however, a peculiar favour, which demanded the unceasing expression of his gratitude to Heaven, that he had been reduced to that state of entire prostration of bodily powers which, it appeared to him, ought to be the wish of every Christian. He had the highest regard for chastity: he would never permit the least deviation from it in conversation. So scrupulous was his delicacy on this subject, that he discountenanced in Madame Perier the practice of testifying her fondness for her children by kissing and caresses: he was of opinion that it might lead to consequences injurious to their morals.

He has been accused of some inclination to vanity. He could not but feel his superiority; and it is a subject of wonder, if this feeling should sometimes get the better of him? As a remedy

against it, however, he always wore an iron girdle, the inner surface of which was set with sharp points; and whenever he detected in himself any movement of pride, says Madame Perier, he struck the girdle with his hand, to increase the pain which it gave him, and in this manner recalled himself to a sense of the modesty and humility becoming a Christian.

From a persuasion that an exclusive surrender of the heart to one another was forbidden by the laws of God. it was his constant endeavour to moderate the natural affection which he felt for his relations. In his intercourse with them, therefore, he never manifested any of those warm and lively marks of attachment on which the world seems to set so high a value; nor did he expect in return any such expressions of regard from others. Madame Perier, who possessed a character of much softness and sensibility, often complained to her sister Jacqueline, the nun of Port-Royal, of this coldness of her brother towards her. Jacqueline consoled her grief and quieted her apprehensions. Indeed, whenever an occasion presented itself in which Madame Perier really called for the attentions of her brother, his manner exhibited so much warmth and interest that it was impossible she could have any doubt of the sincerity of his love. She therefore attributed to pain and disease the indifference with which he received her acts of kindness, not knowing that this apparent insensibility proceeded from a much purer and more elevated source. She was not undeceived till the evening of his death, when a few words, which he had written on a loose piece of paper, revealed to her the true motive of his conduct.

The miracles which accompanied the establishment of Christianity had convinced him that the Deity sometimes interrupts the regular course of nature for the purpose of communicating his will to man. Believing that the same providence continues to watch over the welfare of his church, he thought it not unreasonable to suppose that even now he should sometimes manifest himself in the same way; an unequivocal proof of which was, in his opinion, afforded in a very extraordinary event which occurred while he was engaged in exposing the corrupt morality of the Jesuits. A daughter of M. and Madame Perier, between ten and eleven years of age, who was receiving her education in the monastery of Port-Royal,

had been afflicted for a period of three years and a half with a *fistula lachrymalis* of the very worst kind; her eyes, nose, and mouth discharging a matter intolerably offensive. On Wednesday, the 24th of March, 1656, she was touched by the holy thorn, which M. de la Paterie, a clergyman of exalted piety, had lent to the monastery, and the relick operated an instantaneous cure. Racine, in his history of Port-Royal, declares that after this miracle an extraordinary silence prevailed in the monastery, some of the nuns not being heard to utter a syllable for more than six days. At first it does not seem very natural that persons, under the influence of the most ardent faith, should see a miracle performed before their eyes, and yet manifest no symptoms of astonishment, no eagerness to tell it to the world and proclaim the glory of God. The silence of the nuns of Port-Royal might, therefore, to some minds, seem to render the fact of the miracle somewhat doubtful: to minds more favourably disposed, it will only prove, that the cure which had been effected was not one of those preconcerted tricks, one of those pious artifices, which theological leaders too often permit themselves to employ when they wish to gain the credulous multitude.

The directors of Port-Royal, sincerely persuaded of the truth of the miracle, conceived it would be criminal in them to remain silent with regard to so signal an interposition of Providence in their favour, and which, while it redounded so greatly to the glory of the Catholic church, was so well calculated to promote the triumph of their own cause, they determined to give to the fact all possible authenticity. Four distinguished physicians and a number of surgeons, all of whom had examined and prescribed for the disease, attested their belief that it was incurable by any human means, and that the recovery of the child must therefore have been supernatural. An account of the miracle was published, with the approbation, in due form, of the vicars general who governed the diocese of Paris in the absence of cardinal de Retz. The manner in which this account was received by the public, excited the utmost rage of the Jesuits. They undertook to deny it. To justify their incredulity they employed this ridiculous argument: the monastery of Port-Royal is heretical, and God never works miracles in favour of heretics. In reply, it was said: the miracle of Port Royal is a fact established by evidence which cannot be called in question; the Jan-

senists, therefore, are the defenders of the cause of truth, and you are the propagators of falsehood. A remarkable circumstance came in aid of this reasoning. The sacred relic worked miracles nowhere but at Port Royal: being carried to the convents of the Ursulines and Carmelites, it was altogether inefficacious; because the pious nuns of those establishments, having no enemies, required no miracles, as some of them remarked, to prove that God was among them. The Jesuits assailed with abuse all who believed in the miracle, and the infidels ridiculed them. Nothing was wanting, on this occasion, to complete the triumph of the Jansenists. Pascal continued firmly convinced that the recovery of his niece was the work of God; and such was the persuasion of the young lady herself; a persuasion which never, in the course of a long life, was in the least degree shaken. Belief in a particular miracle, which is neither recorded in the writings of the saints, nor consecrated by the decisions of the church, is not an essential point of faith. The question with regard to it, is simply a question of fact, as to which there may be a variety of opinions. Of one thing, however, we are not here permitted to doubt, and that is, the perfect sincerity and candour of Pascal, whose rectitude of principle and love of truth never, upon any occasion, forsook him. There can be no one, surely, with whom his authority must not have great weight. If he was misled, he is intitled to respect even in his error: for it must not be forgotten, that the sentiment most natural to a Christian who, in the hour of suffering, looks to the consolations which religion offers to his acceptance, is to receive them with humble faith and gratitude, rather than examine them with the rigour of scepticism.

For the last two years of his life, Pascal was dreadfully afflicted with complicated maladies, both mental and corporeal. In 1661, he had the misfortune to behold the commencement of that long-continued persecution which ended in the destruction of Port Royal. The public favour was entirely on the side of the Jansenists; but the possession of this favour served only to embitter the animosity of the Jesuits, who, having contrived to get the authority of the church into their hands, exercised it in the most abusive and tyrannical manner. As the means of accomplishing the certain ruin of the scholars of Port-Royal, they adopted the plan of enfor-

cing in the abbey the law requiring the signature of the formulary of 1657; well knowing that the directors would either recommend no signature at all, or a signature with such qualifications as would be equally favourable to their projects of revenge and destruction. In prosecution of this plan, the grand vicars of Paris were directed to repair to both the monasteries, and have the law executed with the utmost rigour. It is easy to imagine the miserable state of distraction into which the nuns must have been thrown by this visit; compelled to decide upon the merits of a book of which they understood neither the language nor the matter; respecting on the one hand the authority which oppressed them, and fearing, on the other, that they might prove false to the truth; rebellious in the eyes of the government if they refused the signature, and criminal in the eyes of their directors if they should give their assent to an instrument which was represented to them as having been obtained from the clergy and the pope only by the intrigues of the Jesuits. These cruel perplexities proved fatal to Jacqueline Pascal. At the time of the visit of the grand vicars she was sub-prioress of Port-Royal-des-Champs; the violent struggles which she had to sustain between her wishes to submit to authority, and her dread of acting against conscience, brought on a disease of which she died on the 4th of October, 1661; in her own language, *the first victim of the formulary*. Her loss was sincerely lamented by all who knew her. She possessed much wit and sensibility: she made very pretty verses; at the age of fourteen she obtained the prize of poetry annually distributed at Rouen on the feast of the conception. Some of her pieces have been preserved; they are easy and natural, and occasionally rise to elegance. Pascal was tenderly attached to her; when he was informed of her death, he could only exclaim, with a deep sigh, *may God give us grace to die like her.*

In this conflict between obedience and conscience, the Jansenists complained to the court: but their complaints, though expressed in terms of great moderation, were made to assume, through the interpretations of the Jesuits, the character of a heinous resistance to authority; and they were suspected of nourishing a dangerous heresy in the monastery. They had never, however, hesitated to avow their disapprobation of the five proposi-

tions, considered in themselves; they had merely distinguished, in the *constitution* of Alexander VII, what was doctrine from what was fact. So much of it as related to doctrine they received as a rule of faith, that is, the condemnation of the five propositions, taken in their direct and obvious meaning, and unconnected with any circumstances by which that meaning might be restricted or modified. But they thought themselves under no obligation to acquiesce in the assertion of the pope, that the five propositions, in the form in which they were stated, were to be found in Jansen's book, and were used by him in an heretical sense; because they held it to be possible that a pope, and even the church itself, might err as to fact, however infallible they might be as to doctrine. If truth and the peace of the church had been the real object of their enemies, this distinction ought to have put an end to all farther controversy. Pascal had adopted it in all its extent; it is the basis of the two last *Provincial Letters*, which appeared in 1657. Four years after this period, when the compulsory subscription to the formulary was attempted in the Port-Royal, the Jansenists went one step farther; they consented to a subscription, accompanied by a simple declaration, that they did not decide whether the propositions which the pope had condemned, and which they also most sincerely condemned, were truly extracted from the volume of Jansen. But this slight and reasonable reservation did not suit the Jesuits, whose object it was either to accomplish the utter ruin of the monks of Port Royal, or to force them to a dishonourable recantation. This was perceived by Pascal. So far was he, therefore, from approving of the submissions of the Jansenists, that he never ceased declaring, *that in their endeavours to save Port-Royal they were betraying the truth, and after all would fail in their object.* He changed his opinion with regard to the distinction between the fact and doctrine in the *constitution*. The tenets of Jansen appeared to him to be precisely the same as those of St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Prosper. Hence he concluded that the popes in their condemnation of Jansen, had fallen into an error, not only as to fact but as to doctrine, and that no one could conscientiously subscribe the formulary, without an explicit reservation in favour of the tenets of that author. He accused the monks of Port-Royal of want of courage. He told them in very

plain terms, that in all their writings they had shown too great a regard to present utility, and had too readily accommodated themselves to the changing circumstances on which it depended. The elevation and unbending rectitude of his own mind made him perceive in such shifting conduct nothing but expedients for the moment, degrading in the eyes of all mankind, and particularly unworthy of the true champions of the church. In their answers to these charges the monks endeavoured, at great length, and with much ingenuity, to show that there might be various modes of subscribing the formula which, at the same time that they did no violence to conscience, might give no offence to the government. All their explanations, however, failed to produce any change in the mind of Pascal. They had, indeed, an effect very different from that which was wished; they occasioned some coolness in his intercourse with Port-Royal. This slight misunderstanding, which neither party was at any pains to conceal, was afterwards the cause of a very odd blunder, from which the Jesuits attempted to derive some advantage. M. Beurier, curate of St. Etienne-du-Mont, a man of piety, but of little learning, who visited Pascal in his last illness, had heard it remarked, in some loose and general manner, that this celebrated man held opinions different from those of the scholars of Port-Royal on the subject of grace; a remark which he understood to imply that Pascal's opinions agreed with those of their adversaries. It never entered into his head that a man might possibly be more *Jansenistical*, if I may be allowed the use of the word, than eyen Nichole or Arnaud. About three years after the death of Pascal, M. Beurier, upon no better evidence than his own confused recollection, gave information to Hardouin de Pérefix, archbishop of Paris, who was a zealous Molinist, that Pascal had in conversation with him avowed his disagreement, on the question of grace, with the monks of Port-Royal, in whom, he added, he had found a spirit of insubordination to the holy see. Of this information, which was precisely the opposite of the truth, the Jesuits made a great parade. They had found themselves unable to answer the Provincial Letters: they now endeavoured to prove that the author had retracted his opinions, particularly those contained in the two last letters; and had at last become a convert to their own doctrines. A pretension so ridiculous, was ex-

sily refuted by the Jansenists. The declaration of M. Beurier was opposed by the most direct and particular evidence, and all doubt was at once removed by the production of the manuscripts of Pascal himself, containing his opinions at length. This decisive refutation awakened M. Beurier to a clearer recollection; he acknowledged that he had misunderstood his penitent, and solemnly retracted the declaration which he had made. The Jesuits were finally driven to confess that Pascal died in the profession of the most rigid principles of Jansenism.

We now come to his last illness. In the month of June, 1662, he was attacked with a most excruciating disorder in the intestines, which continued with very little intermission, and almost totally deprived him of sleep. The physicians who attended him, and who witnessed his extreme sufferings, were of opinion that they must inevitably produce great debility; but as he exhibited no symptoms of fever, they did not consider his situation as dangerous. Pascal himself was far from indulging the same security. From the first moment of the attack he declared his belief that its character had been mistaken, and that he should never recover from it. He several times made confession; he expressed a wish for the administration of the viaticum, but to avoid giving alarm to his friends he consented to postpone this last ceremony, upon the repeated assurances of his physicians that he might be in daily expectation of being able to receive the communion at church. His disorder, however, continued to increase in violence. He was attacked besides with severe pains in the head, accompanied by frequent fits of giddiness. His sufferings soon became too much for nature to endure. He discovered, nevertheless, the most perfect resignation to the will of Heaven: not a groan, not a movement or expression of impatience escaped him. His imagination, rendered more feeble by his disease, was solely employed on schemes of beneficence and charity. He made his will, by which he gave the greater part of his fortune to the poor; he would have given them the whole, but that such a disposition would have been injurious to the children of M. and Madame Perier, who were by no means rich. Being thus restricted in his bounty to the poor, he wished, at least, to be permitted to die among them. For many days he entreated most earnestly to be carried to the hospi-

tal of incurables; and was only diverted from this wish by the promises of his friends that, in the event of his recovery, he should be permitted to devote his whole life and fortune to the service of the poor. On the seventeenth of August he was seized with violent convulsions, and remained for some time apparently dead. The friends who attended him were in great distress at having resisted the strong inclination which he had shown to receive the last offices of religion. They had the satisfaction, however, to see him revive, and recover the perfect use of his senses. The curate of St. Etienne-du-Mont, immediately entered his chamber with the preparations for the holy eucharist. "I have brought you," said he, "what you so ardently desired." Pascal raised himself on his bed of suffering; and received the viaticum in a manner so full of reverence and resignation that it drew tears from all around him. The ceremony was scarcely performed, when the convulsions returned, and never left him. He died on the 19th of August, 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years and two months.

His body was opened, when the stomach and liver were found to be decayed, and the intestines in a state of mortification. It was remarked with astonishment that the skull contained an unusual quantity of brains, the substance of which was quite firm and solid.

Such was this extraordinary man, who had been gifted by Nature with every intellectual endowment. He was a mathematician of the first order, a profound logician, an eloquent and sublime writer. If we reflect that in the course of a very short life, and under the pressure of severe and almost continual pain and sickness, he invented the arithmetical machine, developed the principles of the calculation of chances; and gave the method of demonstrating the propositions of the cycloid; that he settled for ever the fluctuating opinions of philosophers with regard to the weight of the atmosphere; that he was the first to determine, by geometrical demonstration the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids; that, in literature he has produced one work, the most perfect, perhaps, of which the French language can boast, and in another has exhibited specimens of reason and eloquence such as have seldom been equalled; it is impossible not to confess that a greater genius has never appeared in any age or nation.

In the common intercourse of life, all who approached him acknowledged his superiority; yet it was pardoned, because none were ever made to feel it. His conversation, while it was full of instruction, conveyed it in a manner so delicate and imperceptible, that no one who listened to it could have a sense of humiliation. He was in general extremely indulgent of the faults of other men; but as a natural consequence of his constant care to repress in himself the movements of self love, he was impatient of any marked expression of that sentiment in others. He was accustomed to say, that a gentleman would never speak of himself; that Christian piety extinguishes the feeling of *self*, and good breeding suppresses and conceals it. It is evident from his Provincial Letters, and others of his works, that he naturally possessed great gayety; a disposition which even pain and sickness could not entirely overcome. In society he often indulged in lively strokes of wit and ridicule, such as hurt nobody, while they relieved the dulness of conversation. They commonly had some moral aim: thus he took delight in ridiculing those authors who, when speaking of their works, are in the habit of saying *my book, my commentary, my history*; they would do better, he would remark in a good humoured manner, to say *our book, our commentary, our history*, since they commonly contain more that belongs to others than to themselves.

His family regarded him with the highest veneration: he had inspired them with his own taste for the sciences, his own religious sentiments, and, above all, his own love of virtue. M. Perier, his brother-in-law, died in 1672, with the reputation of an excellent magistrate and a man of exalted piety: the sciences will ever remember their obligations to him for the aid which he afforded to Pascal in his inquiries concerning the weight of the air. Madame Perier died while on a visit to Paris, in the month of April 1687; having performed through life all that is enjoined, either by duty or religion, as a wife and a mother. Her domestic felicity was never for a moment disturbed, because it rested on the basis of religion.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF M. NECKER.

BY THE BARONESS DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

(Concluded from page 363.)

WHEN Cato perished at Utica, though he redeemed not the liberties of Rome, he consecrated to the admiration of future ages the noble sentiments which he had illustrated by his solitary example. Who shall deny that M. Necker, in becoming a martyr to the union of civil and religious liberty, has promoted the cause of that virtue, which, to a superficial observer, might appear to suffer with him?

In 1790, that fatal epoch of his life, when he was condemned to witness the annihilation of his plans, the destruction of his hopes, the oblivion of his meritorious services, the forfeiture of that popularity and esteem which had formed his noblest recompence, even in that fatal year, he was never seduced to a deviation from upright conduct, or to a dereliction of magnanimous sentiments.

On the publication of the red book, (the contents of which should have been sacred, since they referred exclusively to the private expenditure of the king and royal family,) M. Necker became the apologist and the advocate of those who were implicated in the disclosure, although it was wholly unconnected with his own administration, and only exposed that of his adversary and predecessor, M. de Calonne. Among other secret memorandums, was an account of money transmitted to the emigrant princes of France, by whom he had been treated with marked hostility. Yet, this circumstance had no other effect than to render him more earnest in vindicating the gratuities which had been accepted by those princes, of whom he spoke with that respectful tenderness, by which sympathy and commiseration are most delicately expressed:—too amiable to cherish hatred—too magnanimous to harbour suspicion, my father's soul was inaccessible to one vindictive sentiment. When the convention passed the decree for abolishing titles of nobility, M. Necker not only advised the king to refuse his sanction, but even published a remonstrance against the edict, at the moment when the enthusiasm for

equality was omnipotent in France. It is foreign to my present purpose to inquire how far opinions, which by some might be stigmatized as prejudices, were consistent with the really philosophical principles which my father had ardently embraced. It would be irrelevant to point out the admirable re-union of contrasts; or rather that extent of intellect which rendered him at once the advocate for freedom and the defender of monarchy.

Whenever it shall be my business to publish my father's works, I shall annex to them a collection of all memorials presented to the king and the national assembly during the fifteen months of his administration. On the authority of these documents, I venture to assert, that there exists not an injustice, an abuse, or a defect incident to political institutions, which he has not exposed, or anticipated, or for which he has not offered a caution and suggested a remedy. But this was no moment for listening to the voice of truth, when all the fiercer passions were suddenly called into action, and this fair realm of France opened to the honest enthusiast, or the mercenary speculator, the richest domain that ever tempted cupidity, or allured imagination.

My father's house having been menaced with destruction, my mother became apprehensive for his safety; and as he had no longer a hope of being useful to his country, he departed in 1790, having previously prepared a memorial on the depreciation of assignats, in which he announced the financial changes which have since taken place; but, whilst he predicted with certainty the ruin impending on the creditors of the state, he left his two millions in the royal treasury, although he possessed a bond from the king which would have authorized him to reclaim them at pleasure; and, although as minister of finance, he possessed more facility than any other person for enforcing restitution. This last excess of generosity has not escaped censure, and might almost be considered as a blamable imprudence, but for the reflection that my father wished to leave to his country a pledge of his administration, and not to detach his fate from the destiny of France. It should also be observed, that although he had no other expectation than that his interest should be paid in paper money, it was repugnant to his character to admit the suspicion, that the

principle of a debt so sacredly pledged, should be violated in the most perilous season of political agitation.

On his return to Switzerland, through Basle, my father was stopt at Arcy sur Aube, and menaced with destruction at Vesoul, in consequence of the popular suspicion which libellous publications had excited against him.

He was accused of having betrayed the interests of the people in favour of the emigrant party, who, in foreign countries, had avowed for him the most unfriendly sentiments. It was thus that he remeasured that road which, but a few months before, he had passed in triumph! Cruel vicissitude, which would have inflicted pangs on the most courageous soul, and which an unsullied conscience alone could sustain with patience and benignity.

At length he arrived at Copet, where I soon rejoined him; (fourteen years from the present moment.) I found him pensive—silent—abstracted; but without any sentiment of bitterness or resentment.

One day, in speaking of the deputies from the city of Tours, who had been his inmates for some months during the federation, he said to me—"This city testified much kindness for me a year ago: perhaps it is not quite forgotten: perhaps in that part of France I am still beloved." It is for those only who have been familiar with his countenance, who can recal the sublime expression in his eyes, or the touching tones of his voice—it is for those alone to conceive how these words vibrated to that heart by which he was passionately adored. But it was not often that he divulged his secret emotions. Calm and collected in his deportment, on every subject in which his personal feelings were interested, he had that reserve which is the indelible character of intense sensibility.

On his arrival at Copet, that sacred spot where he still lives but in the bitter regrets which eternize his memory, he commenced that admirable life of solitude and resignation, which conciliated even the respect of his enemies. It was here that he composed, on the different political situations of France, those celebrated works which have successively obtained the approbation of men whose party was vanquished, and extorted the censure of others whose cause was victorious. It was in this retreat that he

developed a celestial soul; a character which every day became more pure, more noble, more susceptible of humane and generous sentiments, and in his adversity he impressed on all who approached him a veneration which must remain till death.

In composing the political life of my father, I shall have occasion to examine the character and object of his writings. As some of those referred particularly to subjects of temporary interest, I shall, perhaps, detach from them the general ideas, to form a body of political principles which must be imperishable as his name. I am persuaded, that many even of M. Necker's warmest admirers, will be struck with the force of his genius, when disengaged from those ephemeral events against which he had so often to exert his intellectual strength.

It will be curious to select from those political compositions, which were prompted by the exigencies of the moment, ideas worthy to be presented to posterity. The only work which he published, independently of political tracts, is a series of moral and religious essays. It has by some been objected to this book, that it is divided into sections, in the manner of a scriptural discourse; but surely this form is well adapted to the nature of the work, and invests it with appropriate dignity and importance. From the introduction of the beautiful thoughts, the original and pointed expressions of the Holy Scriptures, it acquires all the eloquence of the pulpit, and is more interesting than a merely didactic composition. How many graces of style and of sentiment are contained in this work? What a profound knowledge of universal nature in all its weakness and all its strength—of that nature “at once susceptible, stormy and impassioned,” which belongs to those who, by talents, by misfortunes, or even by passions, have been roused from the sleep of the soul—the lethargic vulgarity of mere physical existence. What sublime indulgence is here united to spotless purity: what consolation is offered for every grief—that alone excepted for which I in vain invoke his admirable genius. There exists not a social relation, a human duty, public or private, whether incident to youth or to age, to civic functions or domestic duties, for which he has not prescribed some salutary principle, or pronounced some irrevocable truth. But he is one whom the sufferer will best learn to appreciate.

The more perfectly a writer understands the secret of unsophisticated and susceptible souls, the less can he be comprehended by those who depend upon external circumstances, and are conscious of no other feelings than the pains and pleasures of self-love: but I may venture to affirm, that this is one of the first books, in existence for solitary thinkers, who fathom their own capacities, by reflection, and rather impute blame to themselves than to mankind. What emotion is not inspired by the perusal of the discourse on Death and Immortality! He who is now no more, speaks with such animation of the grave, and regrets, by anticipation, the spring, the aspect of nature, and all those beauties of the earth which an eternal night now conceals from his eyes. He who is no more, commiserates the sufferings of his survivors; and promises immortality—that blessed immortality, fraught with the noble hopes of seeing him again, of holding with him the most intimate communication.

Oh, my God! pardon the weakness of thy imperfect creature, if to the heart which has so deeply loved, even the beatitude of heaven is presented to the imagination in the smile of that father who shall welcome me to thy eternal mansions.

The mass of mankind reach the term of human existence without reflecting upon their end: but when some luminous genius fixes his steady gaze on that awful abyss, it appears not that he sinks into the vale of death, but rather, that he hovers over that grave which he contemplates. Such was my impression on reading these discourses in my father's presence, when we were both occupied with one thought and communed on one subject. And is it possible that this faculty of reflection, which transported him beyond himself, should be annihilated?—No!—perish the suggestion; shame on those by whom it is supported, and who little suspect the mischiefs they would accomplish. Accustomed to see in religion but an instrument of tyranny and oppression, let them in future consider it as the last, only solace of the dejected spirit, the only anchor of the despairing soul. If they have humanity, this suggestion will induce them to leave its altar untouched whilst they pass by to the other side.

In his moral and religious course of instruction, my father still presides over the education of my children, who, whilst they listen

to his admonitions seem raised on his paternal wings to heaven. The perusal of this work is peculiarly calculated to benefit those with whom life is new, and to whom it appears invested with the brilliant visions of futurity. I scruple not to affirm; (with whatever distrust the declaration may be received), that when I read these discourses, when I dwell on the various passages in my father's works, which are in harmony with virtuous impulses and elevated sentiments, I am tempted to reproach myself for not having sufficiently expressed the sincere, the impassioned admiration with which I am penetrated; far from having exaggerated for effect, it is for effect alone that I suppress the praise which would be dictated by independent and impartial judgment. I am not deceived by filial tenderness. They who have long been devoted to literary pursuits, acquire, with respect to books, a sort of artist-like impartiality, wholly divested of individual interests and personal sympathies. For myself, at least, I know that it has frequently happened to me to have praised the writers by whom I had been attacked, from that disinterested love of talent which rises superior to every species of prejudice or prepossession. I demand, therefore, from those who participate not in a daughter's enthusiasm for her father, that they will re-peruse his discourse on *Murder*, on *Indulgence*, on *Old Age*, on *Youth*, and I pledge myself that they shall not read without emotion.

There is a certain class of men who have no other pursuit than fortune or pleasure, and with whom all sentiments, all principles are considered but as stratagems of war, which are either adopted or disclaimed as they happen to promote or impede a leading object. From such men I can only expect pleasantries, more or less poignant, according to the prevailing humour of the moment; yet even to such men I would say: "If you are menaced with sufferings (of whatever nature they may be)—not the sufferings of the heart, for to them you are inaccessible, but such suffering as old age, infirmity, ruin, disgrace, or even the mere satiety of life, against which, wealth, credit, pleasure, the very essence of vitality, can avail nothing—if to such evils you become subject, appeal to the writings of M. Necker, and you shall find in I know not what page or volume of that man, so different from yourselves, some consolatory suggestions, or expressions of sympathy—you,

too, shall have your part in his universal goodness, all withered and benumbed as you are, if there remain but one vital spark within the soul, ye shall be touched and inspired by his persuasive eloquence."

The prominent feature of all M. Necker's writings is the almost inconceivable variety of intellect which they exhibit. If Voltaire was *unique* for the versatility of his talents, M. Necker was unprecedented for the universality of his faculties. It is the re-union and harmony of contrasts that constitute in the universe, as in man, the most perfect beauty. In the writings of M. Necker you discover acuteness and solidity; gaiety and fancy; reason and feeling; energy and delicacy; precision and imagination; originality of thought and elegance of expression—all these various qualities of mind and heart exist without concomitant defects. It is always power that prevails, but that never exceeds its proper limits. Guided by the spirit of analysis, which never decomposes fixed principles; and which, in striking at the cause, never chills one generous impulse, never paralyzes one warm emotion of the heart in exploring an ideal world, he appears not in opposition to experience and reason. He soars with imagination, but is never bewildered in chimeras. The legislator and the poet are united in his mind by that comprehensive grasp of intellect, which embraces every object at the same moment, and by that admirable principle of order, which never loses sight of its native greatness.

Thus the stars which roll over our heads, are governed by immutable laws, and guided by undeviating calculations; although such is their immeasurable distance from our terrestrial sphere, that we perceive not the mechanism of their movements whilst we contemplate, with reverence and astonishment, their celestial course.

The posthumous works of my father which I am about to publish, consist chiefly of detached thoughts and fragments on various subjects. Some of them were composed at different intervals, but the greater part were written during the last winter of his life. I have suppressed only such as were connected with political subjects. No production of his pen is more calculated to give a proper idea of his own character, of his proper self. To a quick insight into the human heart, he superadded, in an eminent degree,

the *vis comica* which gives poignancy to his strictures on general society. The same work contains a fragment on metaphysics, a paper on the commerce of grain, and an essay on the happiness of fools. To do justice to these three subjects he must have had a mind of extraordinary compass, (to borrow a musical expression) in *its keys*. In addition to these are some other fragments, equally distinguished by beautiful sentiments and correct elegance of composition. He proposed to enlarge these miscellanies, and had even collected materials for the undertaking. Engaged in a political career, by which he was long confined to objects of administration, or of public utility, he had a peculiar pleasure in opening his mind to the reception of new ideas, and in directing his attention to objects from which he had hitherto been precluded. It must be a subject of regret, even to those who had no personal interest in his welfare, that his sudden death prevented him from dispensing those treasures of information which he possessed, and which are now lost to society for ever. So just and exquisite were his perceptions, there was so much of moral sensibility in his intellect, his decisions were so perfectly free from prejudice and from system—in one word, there was something so original and yet so comprehensive in the character of his mind, as is not likely to be replaced.

Almost all distinguished men are governed by their predominant mental faculty. He who is firm refers every thing to *will*; the enthusiast attributes all to enthusiasm; the susceptible, to imagination. It required the incredible variety of which M. Necker's life had been composed, to render him capable of taking his observations from the centre of things, and of preserving with the human race a sublime impartiality. To produce such a character it was necessary that he should be able to discover in himself secret affinities with all other beings, and that detecting whatever was evil by sagacity and whatever was good by analogy, he might finally become an adept in the history of man.

In the familiar correspondence of my father there was not what can properly be called style, since he was too simple a character to bestow on his private letters the care and circumspection requisite to a literary composition: but whatever he had to communicate was expressed with a felicitous precision which implied

some thing more than mere clearness of perception, and bespoke the divine harmony of a soul whose secret aspirations were in unison with truth and virtue.

On some occasions, but they were of rare occurrence, when he had to convey admonition or reproof, whether the fault rested with a nation or an individual, whether the trespass was committed by a daughter or an adversary, he uniformly expressed himself with such propriety and delicacy as (to judge by my own feelings) were calculated to overwhelm the culprit *with self-reproach*. The truths which he forebore to proclaim were enforced by his silence; and the conscious mind suggested not only the words which he withheld, but the benefits which he scorned to recall, and the glory which he appeared to forget.

Many of my father's letters are destined for publication. Of all his correspondents I was the richest, the most partially distinguished. When we separated, he suffered not a single post to elapse, without transmitting to me some token of remembrance. Alas ! I have not too many plans of occupation respecting him to persuade myself that the link of communication between us is not quite broken.— I venture to cite a single passage from one of his letters, which sufficiently illustrates the delicate yet dignified manner with which he referred to any personal interests.

Some peasants who had been concerned in an insurrection in the Pays de Vaud, having burnt the deeds containing the titles to seigniorial property, the government summoned the proprietors to whom this outrage had been offered, to prefer their official complaints against the rebels. “ I have nothing particular to allege against them,” wrote my father, “ their *station* considered.” How full of meaning is this simple phrase! The reproof of an upright man is conveyed with a grace and decorum which might equally serve as a lesson to the weakness of governments and the violence of subjects.

It has been objected to the style of M. Necker that it affected too much pomp, and was consequently marked by too much uniformity, a defect which, if it really exist, is surely not to be discovered in the thoughts which I am about to publish, and which he composed at leisure, without any immediate views of publication. But it should be remembered, that in those works which my

father consigned to the press, he had to consider himself in some respects as a publick character, and was, therefore, tenacious of maintaining that tune of dignity which he conceived to be appropriate to a publick station. It appears to me, however, impossible not to perceive, through this official dignity in the various writings of M. Necker, those different kinds of talent which are more distinctly perceived in his detached reflections. Even that keen perception of the ridiculous, evinced in his acute observations on human character, may be detected in some of his gravest political compositions. He indulged in all the variety of style compatible with the consideration exacted by his political character—a consideration never to be sacrificed by M. Necker, even for the highest literary distinction. One of the most remarkable attributes of M. Necker's style is its perfect harmony: and such was his repugnance to a short or abrupt sentence, that he never composed a publick speech without repeating it aloud in his study. It cannot be doubted that one of the greatest charms of style is comprised in harmony; such is the analogy between the physical and the moral, that all the affections of the soul produce a correspondent inflection of voice, a certain melody of language which is in unison with its sense.

The predominant tone of my father's feelings was dignity or magnanimity; and by observing the harmony of his style we became sensible to the expression of his character. I am, however, persuaded that had he allowed himself more frequently to break the measured regularity of his periods, and to assume occasionally a familiar tone; had he even descended to his readers only to render them more sensible of his accustomed elevation, he might perhaps have inspired less respect; his style would not have preserved such classical majesty, but to the majority of readers, the magnificent idea profusely scattered through his writings, would have been more obvious and even more attractive. It requires an effort of attention to distinguish whatever is refined, ingenuous, and original in a style whose regularity is never interrupted. Had not Bossuet been unequal, his sublime passages would perhaps excite less emotion. The *continuity* of excellence in any thing of human composition can scarcely ever produce continuity of admiration.

The harmony and magnificence which prevail in almost all M. Necker's acknowledged works, assume a totally different character in the romance which completes the present collection, and in which, surrendered without reserve to the emotions of a susceptible heart, he has resumed his native simplicity, and caught a tone of eloquence equally graceful and impassioned. The perusal of this little tale will convey the best idea of what he was in domestic life, and of the desolation which must be felt by those who have now to learn to live without him. Eighteen months have scarcely passed since one morning, at our breakfast table, the conversation having turned on novels, I ventured to express my doubts whether he could ever write one. He replied that it was more possible to excite a lively interest by conjugal love than any other sentiment. Having mentioned an event which had recently occurred at Paris, I proposed that he should make it the basis of a novel: to this proposal he acceded, and in six weeks presented to my perusal the little work which I am now offering to the publick.

At this moment, when every word finds an echo in my sorrowing heart, I receive not a stronger impression than I experienced from the first perusal. There is a certain degree of talent which is not susceptible of improvement: and when we recollect that this admirable language of love, of passion, of sensibility, of delicacy, is the production of one who had counted seventy years, who had been occupied with great political courts, and immersed in financial calculations, when we recollect that the same name is prefixed to the *Administration of Finances* and the *Fatal Error*; that the same man, at an advanced age suddenly develops in addition, or rather in opposition to his acknowledged talents, the graces of youth, the ardent passions of maturity, and I know not what delicacy of sentiment, which blended the freshness of first impressions with the consciousness of a long and beautiful remembrance;—when all this is recollected, it appears to me, that old age, at least that of my father, can no longer be regarded as the decline of life, but as the commencement of immortality. I can with truth affirm that in the last years of his existence there was an almost celestial expression in his looks and his accents. It was on this renovation of strength and sensibility that I founded my hopes of his protracted existence; and I fancied I saw a new pledge

for the duration of his earthly career, when it was but an anticipation of that heaven which already began to take possession of his soul.

The unbounded admiration for M. Necker, which I have felt, or rather with which I have been imbued from the earliest period of my existence, far from being attributed to the illusion of filial tenderness, should rather be considered as authenticating the reality of his virtues. In the paternal and filial relations, a father and daughter not only become most intimately acquainted with their mutual weaknesses, but if the passions of youth should clash with the reason of age, the child has obviously an interest in detecting the foibles of the parent—not to expose them, but simply to annul that authority which impedes the accomplishment of its own wishes.

I will not dissemble, that I have sometimes been prompted by such motives to enter on a similar examination; and the result has been honourable to him in whom I vainly attempted to discover frailty. Never have I seen my father deceive himself, or submit to deception;—never have I known him fix a false boundary between discretion and generosity;—never have I found him unacquainted with the best means of attaining a determinate object;—never has he failed to detect the truth, however artfully concealed or entangled. The conviction of his sagacity has operated on my character in a manner which could not but be disadvantageous in my intercourse with the world. Accustomed from infancy to rest in the belief, that every effort to conceal my feelings must be futile and unavailing, I have often communicated whatever I felt to people who could not, by their own sagacity, have divined my sentiments;—to this communication I was prompted, not by frankness, but the supposition that concealment was impracticable, and that it was therefore better by anticipation to prevent them from having the advantage of a discovery. To the almost preternatural sagacity of my father, I may trace an opinion with which I was long impressed, that whatever we think or do must sooner or later be divulged;—an opinion on which I have sometimes acted with a degree of culpable precipitation. To have lived with such a man as Necker was a bad preparation for the world.

It was during the last illness of my mother, and after her death, (since which ten years have elapsed,) that the character of my father in private life was most fully developed.

In the course of her long malady, he lavished on her cares, of which it is impossible, by description, to give any adequate idea. Tormented with restless nights, during the day she sometimes slept, whilst she reclined her head on her husband's shoulder; and I have often seen him several hours standing in the same position, lest he should awaken her by making the slightest movement. Nor were those cares merely such as duty dictates, but such as tenderness inspires, animated by that sentiment of genuine love which is preserved in pure souls through all the vicissitudes of time and suffering.

It was often a solace to my mother to hear music. Every evening musicians were summoned to her chamber, and she felt that harmonious sounds might inspire those elevated thoughts which can alone give to death the character of sublime serenity. On the last day of her life, whilst wind instruments were playing in an apartment close to hers, there was something inexpressibly sombre in the contrast between the different expression of the airs and the uniform sentiment of sadness with which the approach of death filled every heart. One day, when it happened that no musicians were in attendance, at the request of my father, I sat down to the piano, and after having executed several pieces, began to sing the air of *Edipus Colonna*, by Sacchini, the words of which describe the cares of Antigone:—

She has lavished her tenderness and her cares;
Her sympathy has lent charms to my misfortunes.

My father could not listen to these words without shedding a torrent of tears. I ventured not to proceed; and for several hours after saw him at the feet of his dying wife, wholly abandoned to that powerful emotion which reduced a great man—a man occupied with important interests and fortified by sublime meditation, to the mere creature of feeling, overwhelmed with grief and inaccessible to consolation.

When my mother was no more, it was not by the ravings of despair my father demonstrated a grief which was no less permanent than his existence. He executed her last wishes with a self-possession peculiar to that deeper sensibility which concentrates all its strength in the performance of a sacred duty. Some hours

after my mother's death, I entered his chamber, the windows of which opened on a magnificent view of the Alps, illumined by the morning sun:—"Perhaps her soul hovers there," exclaimed he, pointing to a slight cloud that passed over the horizon: he paused and was silent. Ah! why was he not called to pronounce on me the same words? In his presence I should have had no fear of death, for in him were realized all my conceptions of religion—to whose sanctuary I seemed to have free access whilst he remained on earth; and now am I left solitary and desolate to complete my weary pilgrimage.

Much has been said of the solicitude expressed by my mother respecting her interment. In the course of her attendance on the hospitals, she had discovered more than one instance of premature sepulture, which made a strong impression on her imagination. She attached also the utmost importance to the idea that her ashes might be re-united to those of her adored husband, for whom her affection extended beyond the grave. There is, perhaps, nothing extraordinary in this solicitude, in a character of a contemplative cast, which, even in the midst of life, is absorbed by the gloomy images of death. Men are in general right when they plunge into public affairs, or lose in dissipation the recollection of that mortal destiny which, to those who can be satisfied with ordinary interests and vulgar pleasures, presents the most revolting aspect. But when religion, love, and misfortune have fixed in solitude two beings united by sympathy and esteem, and approaching with equal steps towards the tomb, with such a destiny, what can be more natural than that a person of imagination and sensibility should seek to annihilate the dreary void of an eternal separation? These remarks refer to the testamentary dispositions of Mad. Necker, which were executed by her husband with strict punctuality and unlimited obedience; and never, during the ten years that he remained the guardian of her tomb, was her image banished from his memory.

I have in my possession some private papers composed immediately after her decease; in one of which he enumerates his various motives for deplored her irreparable loss;—in another he institutes an examination of his own conduct, and anxiously asks himself in what instance he had been wanting in attention to her

felicity. He recalls every possible circumstance by which he might have contributed to her happiness or misery, and appears to have become more or less tranquil as he was more or less satisfied with the result of his scrutiny. Not content with this examination of words and actions, he retires within himself: and appeals to his inmost heart to pronounce judgment on the affection he has experienced.

I challenge history or even fiction to produce a parallel instance of conjugal tenderness. All other men, in similar compositions, exhibit only a superficial sensibility;—in those of my father new faculties of feeling are developed; a love which in purity assimilates with the divine; and which, in its capacities for suffering, only appears human;—a love replete with delicacy and tenderness; guiltless of blame, yet accessible to remorse. What happiness did not my mother possess during many revolving years! The love which withers with time and age—the love which is not consecrated by mutual sentiments of esteem, fidelity, and duty—how poor is such love compared with the attachment so long exemplified in this admirable union! In such a wedded pair there is an identity of existence and of memory which should seem to offer a guarantee for immortality. They who have dissipated their affection on various objects, know not where to reclaim them. In the moment of universal renovation, one look from heaven is sufficient to reanimate two virtuous beings, who in life participated of the same thoughts, and had a common fund of hope and fear, of suffering and enjoyment. It cannot be doubted that my father preserved to his last moments the most devoted tenderness for my mother's memory; but it is a satisfaction to me to reflect, that during some years it was the privilege of myself and my children to have almost exclusively engrossed the affections of that noble heart—as tender in its domestic sympathies, as sublime in its principles.

In one of the letters which I last year received from him, he observes that he is convinced he is much more fitted for a private than a public station. Alive to all the domestic charities, whoever approached came within the sphere of his influence—every human affection was sacred;—every social duty had its appropriate place, and, from the first to the last, nothing was neglected.

When the French entered Switzerland, my father, who had been proscribed during the reign of terror, found himself, though a foreigner, on the list of emigrants. In this number he had been enrolled in 1793, when, by vindicating the king, he exposed to confiscation whatever property he possessed in France. Many of his friends were alarmed at the situation of M. Necker at Copet, the first frontier town which the French were to occupy. As he insisted on not removing from the spot, we remained in our own home, committing ourselves to the mercy of the French Directory, and to the sentiments which were personally entertained by the French officers. Our confidence was not misplaced. The French generals evinced for my father the most respectful consideration, and, by the unanimous resolution of the Directory, his name was erased from the list of proscription.

There was, however, some cause for alarm at a moment when, according to law, every emigrant discovered on the territory occupied by the French troops might be condemned to death. But my father, though accustomed to exaggerate dangers to which my mother and myself were exposed, persisted in remaining at Copet; and our servants having been drawn by curiosity to the public road, we were actually left alone in our deserted chateau, at the very moment that the French were entering Switzerland.

Previous to this event, my father had been employed in perusing his papers, carefully committing to the flames every letter, and even panegyric, which might have subjected the writer to suspicion. Of his scrupulous delicacy in whatever concerned the safety of others, I cite one instance among a thousand which are present to my recollection—Some years before, he had received a letter from an honest citizen of Vesoul, disclaiming all participation in the injustice and ingratitude of his compatriots, and expressing, in the strongest terms, his indignation against those who could have been wanting in respect to the name of Necker. Hitherto my father had preserved this letter, as a record of guiltless simplicity which softened his regrets; but, fearing lest this man should incur the ill will of his fellow-citizens, he so carefully erased the signature, that, when I discovered this letter amongst my father's papers, I was wholly unable to trace the writer's name.

Too many similar actions has he consigned to oblivion, simply because they had escaped his own memory. A few days ago, I discovered, by accident, a new trait of delicacy, almost singular in its character. He had let a house near Copet on the ordinary terms to a family in middling circumstances. When this family quitted it, a woman of fortune asked to occupy the same house at a lower rent, and, by dint of importunity, at length carried her point; but conceiving himself bound to restore to the poorer family the excess of the rent which he had received from them during many years, my father wrote to request their acceptance of a sum equivalent to the restitution. To have offered the same sum from motives of generosity would have been an action of ordinary benevolence: it is the scrupulous integrity which renders the example almost *unique* in the annals of virtue.

In consequence of the French Revolution, and the sequestration of his property in France, M. Necker had forfeited three-fourths of his fortune. To the hour of his death a false estimate was made of his wealth, which was measured not by his revenues but his benefactions. In dispensing his bounties he was uninfluenced by personal feelings, and often selected from those who had been inimical to his interests, the objects of his commiseration and *benéficience*. His liberality was free from ostentation, yet without affectation of secrecy. Such was the simplicity of his character, that his virtues were perhaps comprehended only by those who sympathized in his feelings. His moral perfections, like every thing at once majestic and well-proportioned, did not immediately strike the eye. He had so much sincerity, that in studying the character of what is truly noble and good, a writer could not do better than examine the actions, the manners, and the words of M. Necker, the expressions he employed, whether decided or qualified; the accent of his voice, the language of his physiognomy, all bespeak that harmony of truth, which is rather to be felt than expressed, and which, though it may be analysed by the critical observer, is beyond imitation without the impulse of kindred genius.

In the least, or in the greatest actions of life, my father's conduct was regulated by immutable principles; yet he had for others that indulgence which results equally from goodness, and from a

knowledge of the human heart. There is an unbending rigour in conventional principles indiscriminately applied to all persons and circumstances, which influences society rather as a penal code than the decision of an enlightened judgment. That this severity is to be preferred to relaxation of principles, or corruption of manners, cannot be disputed; but it is the perfection of morality to qualify its judgments by comprehensive views of human character and human life. Genius recognises in superior faculties power and peril, and therefore subjects not all men to the same standard.

Without ever seeking for himself any pretext for extenuation, my father admitted this distinction in its full extent. He felt that in some respects, the man of an enlarged mind was necessarily the better man; he knew that the accumulation of ideas must have an inevitable tendency to produce expansion and greatness of soul, and that if superior men are not always perfectly moral, morality can scarcely be perfect but amongst superior men.

My father united to a predilection for persons of talent and of imagination, a perfect benevolence for ordinary men, occupied solely with habitual pursuits, but whose experience offered an accession to his stock of useful knowledge. If he sometimes hazarded pleasantry with his intimates, it was accompanied with such grace, and restrained by such delicacy, that I could class among the happiest moments of my life those in which I was myself the object of his sportive gayety. Inveterate stupidity alone provoked his impatience. He entertained respect for those who had prosecuted with success any art or science, or useful occupation, or who had cultivated to perfection any single faculty—even the incapacity which most annoyed him he learnt to tolerate, from a sentiment of all others omnipotent in his soul, the fear of inflicting pain.

He was eminently alive to the emotions of pity, an affection always calculated to inspire attachment, but which in a man of superior talents falls like precious dew on the dreariness and avidity of human life.

My father was at once the most imposing, yet most conciliatory of human beings; the man before whom it had been most painful to feel the blush of shame, but at whose feet it had been least.

revolting to shed the tears of repentance: the man from whom I should have sought consolation, not by demonstrations of penitence, but by spontaneous and unreserved confession—by associating his image with my thoughts, and pouring my whole soul into his paternal bosom.

I do not believe that any individual ever inspired in an equal degree confidence and respect.

I have never known any who could invite to such endearing familiarity without renouncing that dignity which, whenever restraint becomes necessary, imposes silence with a single word. Often have I seen him encircled by my children, welcoming to his table their juvenile companions with an expression of benignity, at once so touching and so venerable, that even his condescension, whilst it endeared his gayety, inspired reverence.

As he advanced in life he became subject to many infirmities, and in particular suffered from an excess of corpulence, which impeded his movements, and rendered him averse to mixing in society. He had a repugnance to becoming the object of observation, and perpetually recurred to the graces of youth. Sometimes he said to me: "I know not why humiliation should be attached to the infirmities of age, and yet I feel that I am humbled." It was perhaps owing to this little shade of weakness that he was so tenderly beloved. No other man could inspire for old age that tenderness intermingled with respect which created in the heart more than filial sentiment.

It is not uncommon to meet with old men who affect the manners of youth; but there unfortunately exists in the juvenile imagination something which repels this infringement on the laws of nature; and although the young may at first applaud the efforts to assimilate to them, they have some difficulty to restrain the energetic feelings, the wild exuberance of youth.

There are other old men more respectable but not equally amiable, who place themselves in the centre of a certain rational sphere formed to exclude imagination, and with it all the indefinite gifts and attractions of the heart and mind. Such men extort respect, but repel affection; the young are over-awed by their presence, and though it were impossible but that all, sooner or later, should acquire the same disposition, this stern contempt of

human vanity, like the herald of death, appals the soul that glows with hope and kindles with ardent affection. Both these extremes had been avoided by my father, whose countenance, at once touching and serene, has left on my mind an indelible impression of virtuous age, and even disposed me to offer involuntary respect to every other man of the same venerable aspect.

It is only at this epoch of human life that the heart is divested of its habitual egotism, and the friend becomes the tutelary guardian of those he loves. Never shall I forget with what looks my father appeared to follow me, when I plunged into conversation with all the ardour and impetuosity inspired by active interests and ardent feelings. With those looks, though himself reposing on the shore, he seemed to accompany me with his vows and his benedictions, silently deplored that he could no longer protect me from the conflicting elements.

The feebleness of his frame presented a striking contrast to the strength of his understanding, the depth of his judgment, the acute discrimination with which he appreciated the value of those intellectual treasures collected by time, by study, and experience. There was in this contrast something that cast around my father I know not what halo of futurity: and I often contemplated him with those emotions of tenderness which are awakened by the sight of a young man blasted in his first bloom, and whose hectic cheeks announce his rapid progress to an untimely grave.

In these declining years his life was obscured by a portentous cloud, and he inspired an awful presage in that heart where he was not only beloved but adored. It was impossible to doubt that my father sympathized in the sufferings of human life. He attempted not to arrest the natural course of feeling by the impertinence of ordinary maxims, and common-place counsels. He penetrated to your inmost being before he whispered consolation. He placed himself exactly in your position before he attempted to decide upon your destiny. No one more frequently than myself has had occasion to remark in him, that ingenuous benevolence with which he divined the sentiments peculiar to different circumstances, either of age or fortune, not only with impartiality, but disinterestedness. He resided in a province, which is not my native country, where the sciences are cultivated, perhaps to the

disadvantage, almost to the exclusion, of literature. He was sensible to the pain I suffered from the conflict of opposing feelings, when recalled by my friends and my predominant tastes to France, yet withheld by filial affection and insuperable repugnance to the idea of renouncing, even for a short period, his society. On such occasions, it was usual for him to take my part against my censurers; he even persisted in taking it against myself. When I sometimes lamented that I could not, like him, enjoy existence in solitude, nor, like him, supply to myself the loss of that quick collision of mind, that ardent emulation of glory, which doubles life and gives new powers to genius, he encouraged my predilection for France, still clinging with affection to the memory of the past, and fervently desiring to preserve to his descendants an attachment to his adopted country.

Little did I think at the moment of our parting, when we breathed the most tender adieu, with a delicious hope of a speedy reunion, little did I then think that we were parting for ever.

M. Mathew de Montmorenci, who, though devoted to the most exalted duties, is not indifferent to the delicate cares of friendship, M. de Montmorenci was present at that meinorable moment; he witnessed the interest with which my father calculated even the most minute circumstance of my destiny; he saw him bless me; but the benediction was not ratified by heaven. During this fatal separation I was to lose my protector—my guardian—my friend —him whom I should have chosen from all mankind for the supreme, the only object of my affection, had we been permitted to be coevals, to enter into the sphere of human existence together.

No one, like my father, could ever inspire in those around the idea of an almost supernatural protection. It was peculiar to his mind to discover resources for almost every emergency; and, by a rare union of prudence and activity, he would provide for every thing and yet compromise nothing.

During the convulsions of France, when we were even separated, I still confided in his protection, and never conceived the possibility of becoming subject to any calamity. Whilst he lived I felt assured that he would fly to my assistance. I knew that by his venerable air, his imposing eloquence, I might be redeemed from a prison. As a tutelary angel I addressed him: as such I

yielded to his influence, with the unutterable conviction that it was not on me, but on him that devolved the care of my safety. I believed that even my errors were to be repaired by his assistance. So long as he lived, nothing appeared impossible—nothing hopeless. It is only since his death that I have learnt to feel terror—that I have lost that sanguine confidence of youth which relies on obtaining every thing by its own effort. From him alone was derived my strength;—my confidence was his support. Does this tutelary spirit still watch over my fate? Shall it dictate to me what to ask, or warn me what to shun? Shall it still guide my steps? Are those paternal wings extended to my children, whom he blessed with his dying breath? Enshrined in my heart, may I still seek him there, to invoke his aid and to receive his counsels!

In our retirement, my father allowed me the privilege of conversing with him familiarly several hours every day; and, relieved from the apprehension of being an intruder, I freely demanded his opinion on every subject. He composed at stated hours, without ever having neglected either business or friendship. If I even entered his apartment within this interval, I perceived by a single glance that my presence gave him pleasure. Oh! for that cherished look, that paternal welcome, which it shall never more be mine to receive. I am now in the same apartment, surrounded by the objects associated with his image, my soul, my heart invoke him, and in vain! Oh! what is then the barrier that separates the living from the dead? An awful barrier, surely—or the being so good, so benevolent—the being by whom I was so tenderly beloved, in witnessing my despair—would, if he was permitted, come to my assistance.

It has been remarked by a writer of no common talent, that there must always be some point in which two hearts do not touch, which in time would be difficult to render their union supportable; but sprung from the same blood, a daughter has, however subordinate in her character, a perfect analogy with the beloved father who formed her mind from infancy, whose sentiments she mechanically imbibed, whose opinions she implicitly adopted, and with whom she freely participated whatever he possessed—except those sublime virtues which were incapable of participation. In losing such a father, who required only that his children should

love him and be happy, the anchorage of hope is gone—the pillar of confidence crumbles to the dust: not liberty, but desolation is offered to view. It was for him, the sublime man, the exalted son of genius to charge himself with the care of my humbler destiny.

Even in what regards external circumstances I have suddenly passed from the most perfect confidence to doubt and uncertainty. There is not a single instance, whether small or great, ostensible or secret, in which I find not my loss as total as it must be irreparable.

By what efforts such privation is to be endured, I have yet to learn. I continue to exist, though none watches over my safety. I exist, though removed from that protection which rendered me interesting in my own eyes. Grief produces but grief. One day succeeds another, and I wake but to find life more desolate—more destitute of consolation.

One of the greatest charms that I tasted in the intercourse with my father was, to perceive that he took a lively interest in real events, and was little disposed to pursue discussions on abstract questions. He had such an affluence of ideas, that it was scarcely possible to impart to him any with which he was not familiar: but as he was also an adept in the human heart, he was warmly interested in whatever developed its affections, and illustrated the history of man. Nothing was more revolting to him than common-place metaphysics. "I would rather," said he one day to me, "listen to the good man who should describe to me the colour of the equipage he has just met in the streets, than to that Monsieur who addressed me the other day with: 'I know not whether you are of my opinion, sir, but it appears to me, that self-love is the *primum mobile* of all human actions.'" Real events, however trifling, are less insipid and more pregnant with new ideas than common place reflections, reiterated by all, and felt by none.

Aware of my father's relish for strictures on men and manners, I was early accustomed to relate or to write to him whatever came under my observation, (when separated from each other): I still lived with him in the consciousness that I was collecting materials for some future conversations, or in the satisfaction of

transmitting to him my own sources of enjoyment. He has frequently said that he wished not to see more of the world than he found in my descriptions, which afforded him amusement without fatigue. He listened with so much animation—it was so delightful to inspire him with pleasure—that I am unable to recognize myself now that the pulse of life stands still, and that I can no longer measure it with his existence. The most stupendous events pass before me like so many shadows;—his reflections, his thoughts, his sentiments no longer embody themselves to my eyes. When we were separated, he was incessantly before me. I felt his presence not only in the events of life, but in the still more tender sympathy he lavished on my happiness, and that of my children. In my last fatal journey what did not his kindness suggest, or rather prevent, to secure my daughter and myself from what he called the dangers of our expedition. Even his letters are full of minute details, for which he sometimes offered the amiable excuse of paternal solicitude. I was perfectly aware of this angelic weakness which ever afforded me such voluptuous gratification, that when my daughter and myself, in going from Nuremberg to Berlin, were overturned in the snow, I exulted in the opportunity it afforded me of relating the adventure at Copet, and of witnessing the emotions with which he should listen to the recital of our perilous situation, and in hearing him anathematize the carelessness of my servant, and even my own temerity. It is only from a father we can receive such proofs of affection—an aged father, who is himself detached from the realities of life. Whilst our cotemporaries are engaged in mutual conflicts, how delicious is the protection extended by our progenitors;—how disinterested the love which makes us feel every moment that we are still young and still tenderly beloved, and that we have yet a place on earth. When these too fall—when the generation that preceded our existence is passed away, we are left exposed to the arrows of death, and soon shall it be our turn to receive his behest and fill up the measure of human destiny.

In the spring of that same year I was in Germany, in the possession of happiness, having regained my former elasticity and emulation in that land of sincerity, of knowledge and enthusiasm, which deigned to distinguish the daughter of M. Necker, as if it

had been to Germany alone that her father owed his fortune, or devoted his genius and his virtues.

In the many introductory letters, with which I was supplied by my father, he gave me the title of his only and cherished daughter; and to noble minds no other recommendation could be necessary to engage their suffrage in favour of her whom such a man had honoured with that tender appellation. I know not whether it was the will of heaven that the thunder should reach me when I reposed in the bosom of happiness, and when the heart, which had been chilled by the bitter experience of ingratitude, once more expanded with hope and confidence. I was forming plans for various works, with the view of introducing into France the literature of Germany. I had been collecting notes on different subjects, which I hoped to submit to my father's judgment. I was even amusing myself with calculating by the almanack the very day fixed for my departure, whilst my father, laughing at my passion for dates, promised to quit Geneva precisely at the same hour, and to proceed in expectation of my arrival at Copet. In the last letter I received from him are these words, which should alone inspire distrust in human destiny:—"Enjoy, my child, without anxiety, whatever pleasure you can receive from the society of Berlin; for I know not when I have experienced such sensations of health." These assurances had lulled me to a security totally foreign from my habitual temper. Seldom had I breathed so lightly, never had I been more perfectly disengaged from all the cares and solicitudes which are the precursors of grief. It was on the morning of the 18th of August that one of my friends laid on my table two letters announcing my father's illness, carefully concealing from me by what courier they had been brought, and what dreadful intelligence had been communicated. I departed instantly, unsuspicuous of the deception, and till my arrival at Weimar never surmised the fatal truth that he was no more.

It is impossible to describe those inconceivable emotions which we suffer from the death of our most intimate friend, with whom we have passed our whole life, who by the reciprocation of pain and pleasure seems identified and indissolubly united with our own existence. It is only by observing the decline of strength,

the extinction of energy, that we become truly sensible to the disparity of age; but to pass from a letter full of busy plans and gay anticipations, and breathing the most tender and ardent sentiments to an eternal silence, is such a stroke of calamity as the heart wants courage to sustain, and imagination has no power to surpass.

In those terrible moments in which the whole human being is disorganised, when we are conscious of a sort of internal frenzy that rages within us, we are disposed to create systems and superstitions to renew our hopes and recall our illusions. On retracing my past life, I asked whether I had ever committed any crimes to merit such signal punishment, and had a momentary persuasion that it was impossible such a penalty was imposed.

When conviction was compelled by reason, my sufferings were such as must have extorted pity even from my most implacable enemies. But it is not to inspire pity that I write, in France more than any country this sentiment has long been exhausted. When I mention myself, it is only as an act of justice to my father, to illustrate his character by describing the impression which he produced on a heart susceptible of lively feelings—on one, who but for him could never have fathomed all the depths of life.

It is but a feeble expression to say we should prefer death to grief. Who has not experienced this impulse of desperation, even for comparatively trivial sorrows? But, to give an idea of what was peculiar in my father's character, and of his influence on the destiny of others if any one should say to me—"You shall be reduced to the most abject poverty; but your father, restored to youth, shall be the partner of your whole life"—the most delicious vision would be presented to my imagination. I should see his active intelligence recommencing the career of fortune; his dignity sustaining my respectability; his comprehensive mind preserving me from a monotonous insipidity; whilst the devotedness of his affections should ingeniously discover or create a thousand sources of pleasure, combined with skill and enjoyed with wisdom. If another should denounce on me the calamity of blindness;—if it were predicted to me: "All this nature which smiles around you shall vanish from your eyes: you shall no longer see your children, but your father shall be your cotemporary;

his arm shall be your support; you shall still listen to his voice;—your father, whose kindness was never withheld from misfortune;—your father, whose pity was inexhaustible, who possesses an imitable talent for consolation, and the most ingenious address in rousing the dejected soul;—your father, from whom you have derived every thing in this world, shall accompany your future steps in life"—even such a destiny, were it offered to my choice, I should not hesitate to prefer to independence, without his sympathy and support.

Whilst I possessed him, the disparity in our ages frequently disturbed my tranquillity; but were he restored to me, I would, methinks, gladly commute for it six months from every year of my existence.

Were it possible, during the existence of the beloved object, to conceive the misery into which we are plunged by his loss, how much better should we know how to contribute to his happiness; how much more should we feel the value of every hour, of every moment enjoyed in his society. In vain do we recall the memory of our former affections. It should seem that our enjoyment has borne no proportion to our sufferings, so superficial is our life that we do not half appreciate what we possess till it is wrested from our grasp. We are then haunted by the remembrance of our omissions. A momentary expression of ill-humour or bitterness, though a thousand times expiated and pardoned, pursues the heart like a mortal enemy: at length all our thoughts become perplexed, and who knows if we shall be able to dissipate the phantoms created by despair?

My father, in the spring of that fatal year, lived at Geneva, surrounded by his friends, and amongst them his eldest brother, for whom he had uniformly cherished the most cordial esteem and affection. He was also cheered by his niece, my dearest friend, (the daughter of the celebrated physician, Mad. Necker de Saussure,) and who, like an adopted sister, supplied my place in absence.

In the narrow circle of domestic life, Mad. Necker de Saussure has acquired superior intelligence, and, in the ardent feelings of her affectionate heart, I had a guarantee for my immediate recall, whenever an alteration in the state of my father's health

should alarm her solicitude. But the malady which proved mortal, equally violent and unexpected, attacked him at the moment when he seemed to have the most perfect enjoyment of life,—when in full possession of all his moral and intellectual energies, he might have continued to illustrate his character by his writings, and to direct the destiny of my children. In a few passages written for his own private eye, I have found some passages admirably expressive of composure, of complacency, and tenderness—“ This is an agreeable age for writing,” he observes; “ this era of three score and ten. Your mind has not lost its vigour. Eavy begins to leave you in peace, and you hear, by anticipation, the silver-toned voice of fame.” In another passage, he says—“ You are old, yet full of life, of love for your children. Must all these energies be deposited in the bosom of death?” Alas! he regretted us, and we were unable to retain him. In one of his reflections he makes the following remark:—“ When we lose a friend we are apt to think only of our own regrets; but should we not also think of the regrets which the departing friend must also suffer, in separating from those he loves?” It appears to me that he clung to life. It is indeed impossible but that such warm affections, such happy recollections, must, in every situation, give value to existence. It is in the season of the passions, that the heart is left a prey to bitterness and despair.

Often in our familiar conversations, my father gently complained of the rapid flight of time. He once exclaimed, “ Why am I not thy brother?—I should then protect thee all thy life.” Me thinks it must be an obtuse being whom such recollections do not instantly destroy.

It is sometimes a cruel situation to love with enthusiasm one whose years double ours—to feel the impotence of our wishes to resist that invincible necessity, which imposes an eternal separation—to be unable to tear from our own hearts that agitated life, which is as a consuming flame, and to divide it with him whom we have lost for ever!

One of the most astonishing miracles of the moral world is that total forgetfulness of death in which we all continue to exist—that frivolity of sensation, which makes us float so lightly on the waves. I am not surprised that persons of a susceptible nature,

when penetrated with this reflection, should retire to some monastic solitude, anxious to discover, in the most gloomy objects, some shade of resemblance between our early and our latter days.

We know not in youth—previous to the experience of some great calamity, we are unable to comprehend—what it is to have lost all confidence in futurity. I cannot now be separated, during a single day from the surviving objects of my affection, but that every sudden noise recalls that messenger at Berlin, who changed for ever the tenor of my destiny. From poetry and music, those inexhaustible sources of tender melancholy, I now experience only the most agonizing emotions. I can scarcely persuade myself that he is not there, and that by dint of tears I shall not recall him to existence. And those impassioned sensibilities, once so delicious, from which I derived my enthusiasm, serve but to renew in all its violence the grief which, during the ordinary occupation of the day, had been stilled, or rather stupefied.

There is a window in my father's study which looks upon the wood, where he had erected the tomb in which his remains were to be re-united to my mother's ashes. The same window commands a view of the avenue leading to the spot; and it was there that he was accustomed to stand after I had left him to bid me adieu, waving his handkerchief till I was no longer in sight.

On one of the evenings that we spent together in this study, during the last autumn, when we had been long engaged in the most interesting conversation, I asked *him*, who seemed to be my guarantee from every misfortune, even from that of losing him, what would become of me if ever I should be called to this severe trial? "My child," replied he, with a broken voice, and with an angelic expression of countenance—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Alas! the storm has not spared me. Deprived of one country, I return to the other—to the paternal mansion—but to find a tomb.

It is possible that I shall be blamed for having printed, amongst my father's posthumous works, some passages which contain my own eulogium; but I scruple not to avow, that I value nothing half so much as those commendations, and far from suppressing them, I am desirous to reprint, in the present collection, that note in reference to me, which is annexed to the miscellanies of my

brother; and the letters in my behalf, which he addressed in the succeeding years to one of the first functionaries of the state. I should have found no enemies, I should not have been refused that benevolence to which I was entitled, had I been permitted to invest myself with this magnificent suffrage. But his memory is now my egis, and this shall yet cover me till I descend to the tomb where we shall one day be all three united.

I shall not attempt to dispute the observation which some may be pleased to make, that we are a family who delighted to echo each other's praises. Yes—we loved;—we could not live without saying that we loved. We scorned to repel the attacks of our enemies. We forbore to direct our strength against them. To malice and persecution we opposed only those principles of which I alone remain the unfortunate but faithful depository.

My father in one of his memorandums, writes;—“Ours is truly a *singular family.*” Singular it perhaps has been, and such let it remain. Never shall the multitude pursue the path it has chosen. It will be for posterity alone to determine whether my father did right in sacrificing so much of present good for the suffrage of future ages. He admired the expression of St. Augustine, in speaking of the Divinity—“*patient because He is eternal.*” Even man, feeble as he is when he aspires to glory—to that terrestrial immortality, ought to be patient, if he would be eternal.

My father, as will appear by his *Thoughts* was frequently occupied with the ideas of death, which he endeavoured to familiarize to his imagination: and it is probable that death would have been more frequently the subject of our private conversation, but for the disparity of age, which must have embittered our reflections. Happily, however, this expression, the disparity of age, has but a momentary, an evanescent sense; a little while, and it will be for me to suffer those mortal agonies which he has tasted. At that terrible moment he also shall appear before me; it will be in his arms that I shall breathe my last.

In one of his notes he says—“Imagine that you have seen the crowd which assists at your interment, and all is over.” Had he then represented to himself the distress which must be created by his loss—had his penetrating spirit pursued the subject in all its details, even to the sepulchre;—but passing from those gloomy

ideas to that exquisite delicacy of sentiment, in which no private individual, and still less any public character, ever equalled him, he records in the next page an infantine remark of my daughter, of which the sensibility had touched him. And he subjoins, in speaking of her: "Would that some one would bring me tidings of her!" It is for me, my father, to be the first to fulfil that mission. Kindly has providence thrown over our future paths the veil of hope. Were our eyes permitted to take a clear view of the opposite shore, who would remain on this desolate coast? Who would not be impatient to depart, and to rejoin his chosen friends?

In the progress of my father's illness he was soon in a state of delirium. Even then, when disengaged from all external objects, he evinced the elevation and the sensibility of his soul. He incessantly mentioned religion with love and respect; he implored with fervor the indulgence and the mercy of God. What are we if such a man distrusted his acceptance? He gave his blessing to my three children;—he blessed also his daughter. Laying his hand upon his heart he repeated many times the touching words—“She has loved me much.” He was anxious for my future fate. Several times during his fever he expressed his apprehensions that his last work might have been injurious to my interest. He pitied me for losing him. Engrossed exclusively by the tender domestic affections, he retained no recollection of his arduous career, or of its splendid celebrity. The heart alone survives in those moments of depression, when vulgar men betray only egotism and vanity.

His testament commences with these words:—“I bless the Supreme Being for the lot which he has been pleased to grant me on earth; and, with firm affiance, remit to his goodness and mercy my future destiny.”—Thus, in defiance of all his various sufferings, he was satisfied with his lot; and neither assuming pride or affecting humility, he felt that it had been illustrious, and that time would consecrate it to immortality.

The last words which he uttered were addressed to the Deity. “Great God!” he exclaimed, “receive thy servant, who approaches death with hasty steps.” Doubtless this petition was accepted. It was he who was protected by heaven, not his unhappy daughter, who was not even permitted to receive his last words,

to sustain him in the awful conflict of nature. She even enjoyed existence at the moment that he perished.

In his discourse on charity, he has said: "How impressive, how sublime is that last moment in which our account with this world is closed, when the virtuous man, in taking a retrospective view of his former life, may with propriety declare in the words of Job—"I relieved the destitute stranger, and the orphan who had none to succour him. The blessing of him who was about to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'" Admirable prediction of his own end! In the same discourse, he describes with a sagacity, which is at once ingenious and affecting, all those good offices, the dispensations which charity employs in administering relief to the suffering wretch, or proposes consolation for the afflicted soul. It is thus that he discovers the inexhaustible resources of a master mind, surrendered without reserve to the impressions of goodness and benevolence.

In one day, and by one fatal blow, the sources of pity were dried up, and the altar of magnanimity levelled to the dust. To the disinterested sufferers in the cause of liberty it had been soothing to consider the house of Necker as a sanctuary, and cheering to reflect, that in this remote dwelling at the foot of the Alps, one great and virtuous man existed, who participated in their sacrifices, and hallowed their exertions; and who in his life and writings, continued to inspire that sacred love of truth and rectitude, that elevation of soul, and religious sympathy, which are all-sufficient to recompense pain and privation.

And all this is now over. That sanctuary is closed on earth. There is no longer a triumph for patriotism. The laurel which the suffrage of one great man conferred on a noble action is blasted. He, who in his illustrious old age, kindled, with a persuasive eloquence, in all who approached him the love of truth and justice, is now silent for ever! In the universal veneration attached to his name, the good of every country found refuge and protection. And I am not solitary in deplored a loss which leaves in society an awful void—an universal desolation.

Other men have pursued a career more brilliant—more dazzling—resplendent to the eye of ambition, and flattering to the heart, whose only aspiration is for prosperity: but never has any man of

genius arisen in France so warmly, so devotedly the friend of virtue. Never again shall such proofs be given of benevolence, tenderness, of magnanimity, and heroic attachment. From France, from the world, this bright example is withdrawn, for mankind—as for me, this star is set for ever!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD WIG.

THIS word is abridged from *periwig*, which comes from the Low Dutch *peruik*, which means the same thing. When it was first introduced into the English language it was written and pronounced *perwick*, the *u* being merely changed into *w*; and it is still found so written in old English books. Afterwards the *i* was introduced for euphony's sake, and it became *periwick*, and at last the final *ck* was changed into *g*, and made *periwig*, and by contraction *wig*.

The Dutch word *peruik* was borrowed from the French *perruque*. The termination *uik* is a favourite one with that nation, and is generally substituted in borrowed words for the French *ue* and the German *auch*. To pursue this etymology, the French word *perruque* comes from the Spanish *peluca*, and this last from *pelo*, which signifies *hair*, and is derived from the Latin *pilus*. Hence the Latin word *pilus*, hair, has produced the English word *wig*.

Q. E. D.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Strictures on an article in the Philadelphia Magazine, vol. 1. No. 5, &c seq. entitled "Remarks on Dr. Wilson's Essay on Grammar."

An examination, of whatever may be found in the *Remarks on the Essay on Grammar*, bearing even the semblance of weight, is painfully submitted to, without regard to their feverish temperament, not because any thing is apprehended from their influence;

but because, being truly pedagogical, they are presumed to speak the sentiments of those, who aim to support that fabric of fiction of which our language ought to be disengaged.

One object of the *Essay* evidently was, to show the variety, and to mark with precision, the determinate effects of the modes, tenses, &c. of some of the ancient languages: and, by comparing them with our own, to discover the inutility and impropriety of servilely adopting an apparatus to which our language is an entire stranger. In the arguments of the *Essay* the author of the *Remarks* finds *no interest*; and by professing himself *not prepared to follow*, he avoids the trouble of them, resting, nevertheless, the claim of mode and tense, gender and case, number and person, upon *privileges* to which, he says, the English language is entitled. Its title is not questioned by the *Essay* to any of them, which are *found in it*. But those modes, tenses, and cases which are unnecessary, merely theoretic, and dependent on the caprice of the respective teachers, instead of being privileges, are really obstacles to a correct understanding of the language. Under the appearance of learning they cloud and embarrass the construction; they prevent often the clear discernment of the meaning of sentences, and disappoint the expectations of the inquirers for certainty, who, after the labour of years, are still unable to resolve their native language according to the natural syntax, and original formation of its phrases, and periods. Of what advantage is it to have been painfully instructed in the usual discriminations of more than thirty tenses, when two only exist; and to be able expeditiously to enumerate the technical names of all those combinations of words, if still ignorant of the senses of the respective terms, and of the true exposition and natural resolution of such expressions? The authority of the teacher, and the rules of the grammar ought not, and cannot, to those who search for truth, supply the place of evidence and facts. Names are no knowledge, nor shadows substance. If more than two tenses exist in our language, who shall prescribe the number? In the last age our grammarians wished to adopt the number and names of the tenses of the Latin verbs, but misunderstood their real meaning. In our day, not content with the divisions of actions into perfect and imperfect, they have aimed to borrow from the Greeks their

distinctions of definite and indefinite, in finite verbs, and of two or three futures. Others, equally regardless of the paucity of the changes really found in English words, have gone in quest of occult principles, which they imagine common to all languages, and would teach, not the grammar of our language, but universal grammar, a philosophical chimera. Facts, not, hypotheses, are desirable; truth, not theory, should be our object; and real differences should take place of distinctions merely nominal, or at the best problematical.

The simplicity of the English language is deemed incompatible with the *interest* of teachers. Hence the multitude of modes, tenses, cases, &c. &c. To learn and teach the names of these, according to any scheme, is easy, and has the show of knowledge; to ascertain the true sense of each word, and the respective effects of many when connected together, and to analyze the compound, is at the first arduous, and therefore a labour encountered by few, but is rational and convincing. The author of the *Remarks* denominates this a *sweeping system*; it does aim to sweep away things worse than useless; and it may have the effect to sweep away the gains which have sprung from teaching fictions for realities; but such gains may be honourably replaced, by imparting knowledge which is real and profitable.

The author of the *Remarks*, unfortunately for his cause, brings, in support of his objections, arguments which are decisively against them. Thus, instead of showing that those combinations of verbs which he calls tenses, existed from the early periods of the English language, he virtually asserts the contrary, by affirming that the omission of the preposition *to* before an infinitive mode, preceded by a finite verb, "is of modern date," a fact, which, he asserts, can be proved from early English writers, and the first translations of the Scriptures into our language. This is to concede that the verbs now denominated auxiliaries, and supposed to coalesce with those which follow them, were originally distinct, independent in sense, and principle; which is fairly to abandon that artificial, uncertain, and perplexed scheme, he deems it to be his interest to support.

The fabricated tenses and cases are often vindicated, because ancillary to those of the Greek and Latin; but this reviewer alle-

ges that, "from whatever language the English has been derived, whether from Latin, Greek, or Saxon, is of little consequence—it is now English, and as such is entitled to all the privileges of mode and tense," &c. "without relation to any ancient rules." In this he is correct; for whether there be modes and tenses in those languages or not, ours should be guided only by what is *found* in itself. As those languages differ in their tenses from each other, so does ours from them all. And if we have but two tenses, let the teachers of those languages, instead of distorting the English, instruct their pupils so to combine the words, as most nearly to approximate the sense of those, they would translate. By such efforts they may arrive at a clearer comprehension of the peculiarities of the dead languages than is at present acquired in our schools, and open to public view many things, both in the Scriptures and the classics, which are not generally known.

If the verbs termed auxiliary be, as this writer supposes, "mere *particles* in our language, unmeaning of themselves," and without title to the denomination of verbs, they must be ever a source of uncertainty. But if they can be shown to be principal verbs of determinate meanings, a remedy is found for the evil. He triumphs in *shall*, and bids defiance, in these temperate expressions: "As for *shall*, *should*, &c. there are no words of similar orthography with which sophistry could attempt to identify them; and all the logic ever used could not make it appear otherwise than ridiculous to attempt to use them as principal verbs." Such a confident denial of the existence of the principal verb *shall*, merely because not known to the author of the *Remarks*, evinces a zeal that is indiscreet, and unfavourable to fair investigation. He ought to have known that *shall* was used by ancient writers without another verb following it, that is, according to his own ideas, as a principal verb, and it signified *to owe*; thus, in Chaucer this expression occurs, "the faithe I shall to God;" that is, *the fidelity I owe to God*. Shall comes almost directly from the Hebrew word *הִשְׁבַּת*, which signifies *to ask, demand, or require*. In our language, at present, it chiefly *foretels* in the first person, in the others *threatens* or *engages*. These transitions of sense are obvious. *Shall* is the present tense; it supplies the de-

fect of a future, not by any force it may be supposed to derive from rules of grammar, not by being a future of itself, but by reason of its meaning, for it refers to an action or event, which has not obtained at the time of speaking, and is therefore necessarily future. As the Essay has not been answered on this subject, it is not necessary to pursue it further.

It is in like manner pronounced an error to have accounted *would* to be the past tense of *will*. "Would, he observes, in its general use, has no more affinity to *will* than wish has to determination, and if, in the various combinations of words, it should be found partaking of its nature in a slight degree, it is to be considered rather as an accidental approximation than any natural participation. Let us compare them:—*I will write*—a promise; *I would write*—a positive wish. We see then that they differ materially!" Mr. Tooke has correctly noticed that "where we now use *will*, our old English word was *wol*; which he supposes came from the Latin *volo*, and this from the old Greek word *θελω*; *w* having been used for *θ*, and *o* for *ε*—changes known to have been frequent. The past tense of *wol* was *woled*, which exactly corresponded to our *would*, thus,

"Be so that thei him helpe woled."—*Gower*.

In "*I will write*," *I will* is a present tense, and equivalent to *I desire*, or *incline*. *Write* is an infinitive mode, expressing the action indefinitely. The action expressed by *write* being at the time of speaking practicable, and an object of choice, was therefore deemed future. It may be intended and accepted as a *promise*, but not by the original import of the terms; for it is often used where no promise is understood.

"*I would write*," expresses a "*positive wish?*" *Would* expresses a past desire; and because *write* is used, and not *have written*, the action which was the object of such desire, appears unaccomplished at the time of speaking; but so far are the terms *I would write*, from expressing a "*positive wish*," that by expressing a past inclination, when they also imply some prevention of its accomplishment, or change of desire, they fairly exclude a present desire; and where the purpose has been effectuated, they denote a past *determination*; which the author of the *Remarks* considers to be widely different from a *wish*. Thus, *Why did you write?*

Because I would write; that is, because it was my determination to write.

Of all the auxiliary verbs, *do* is thought by the author of the *Remarks* to be least independent of, and most "completely amalgamated with the principal verb" which it immediately precedes. *I love*, and *I do love*, he deems to be of the same mode and tense; because if they be not such, "there is certainly no additional force given to the first assertion;" that is to *I love*, by the insertion of the word *do*. Does the additional force of signification spring from the supposed circumstance that they are one and the same tense, or is it the obvious effect of the word *do*? If the latter is the truth, then *do*, when denominated an auxiliary, must have a *meaning* of some kind. That *do*, as a principal verb, signifies to act, is strangely acknowledged by the reviewer. But action is implied in every finite transitive verb in our language. Hence it has been observed by Dr. Johnson, that "*do* is used for any verb, to save the repetition of the verb." Consequently, when placed before another verb, it expresses distinctly the action signified by such verb, and thus gives energy to the expression. *Do*, in *I do love*, is the same mode and tense with *love*, in *I love*. As *do* expresses a present tense indicatively, and the first person, there is neither utility nor propriety in the supposition that *love*, immediately following it, should be a finite verb, or have tense, number, and person. *Love*, therefore, in the expression *I do love*, must necessarily be an infinitive mode following *do*, a finite principal verb. Thus this insoluble enigma, which was generously supposed to be "designedly omitted" in the *Essay*, presents no difficulty, unless to minds which are not *interested* in such inquiries.

To the definition "an adjective expresses a quality belonging to a noun, without other circumstance," it is objected, that an adjective thus expresses only the quality of a name. A noun does indeed signify the name of a thing; but as it is used for the thing itself, whether it be substance, mode, or relation, there is no reason to suppose that the quality should, by any one, be understood of the name, rather than of the thing intended by it. If the definition had been, an adjective expresses a quality belonging to that which is signified by a noun, it would have comprehended ab-

stract qualities, and consequently nouns. If the words “without other circumstance,” had been omitted, the definition would have included participles. If the definition had been *an adjective denotes a quality in the concrete*—this would have been deemed unintelligible to those who concern themselves only with the syllabus of grammar annexed to the *Essay*. Three pages had been occupied, without waste of words, in the examination of former definitions of an adjective, and the labour had terminated in proposing the following: “*an adjective, in our language, is a sort of word, which expresses a concrete or adhering quality of a noun, without other circumstance.*” That which is given in the syllabus is a substitution, thought to be more brief and intelligible. The author of the *Remarks* has obligingly offered another in these words: “*an adjective is a word used to qualify a noun.*” Whilst within the fortress of a reviewer, he was more safe; but this effort is a dangerous experiment, which should operate as a warning to all critics to examine well the ground before they pass the lines. Why did he not remember, that the articles *a* and *the* qualify nouns, and that the participles often do the same thing? These must, therefore, by his definition, become adjectives. But he has given us also another characteristic of an adjective. It occurs in his objections to that part of the syllabus which treats of the adjective *worth*. “*The word worth,*” he asserts, “*is no more an adjective than from, to, by, or with is;* nor is any word an adjective that does not harmonize with the word *thing*, or its plural.” He has not condescended to say of what part of speech he accounts *worth*, in the expression “*it is worth money;*” which was the example honoured by his attention. Knowing therefore no better, we suppose that *worth* is sometimes used as a verb; as, “*we worth the man;*” sometimes as a noun; “*they have lost their dignity and worth;*” and often as an adjective, *until our error shall be deemed worth a refutation.* The noun *worth* signifies value in the abstract; the adjective *worth* expresses value as a quality in the concrete, or belonging to the noun; the childish characteristic, that it must harmonize with the word *thing* to the contrary notwithstanding.

The author of the *Remarks* has in general prudently avoided substitutions, yet he has not been able to conceal himself. His

sense of the word *qualify* is evidently novel; *adjective* he explains by *assistant*; *ought* is "the only defective verb in our language." These traits shall constitute his apology; our object is merely defence of truth. It is possible that his meaning for *defective* may not have been discovered, since he has mistaken the representation of a historical fact in the *Essay* for a definition of a defective verb. This he might have found on page xii. of the syllabus "Defective," verbs, "are such as want *any of the parts*." Be is therefore properly classed with such verbs: for *was* is another word of different origin.

His last "observation" on the work is directed against the definition of a "mode; it (as stated in the syllabus p. xvii.) is the form of a verb indicating the manner of being, or action, denoted by the verb;" which, nevertheless, is no otherwise impeached, than by attempting to show that *love*, when implying a command, and *can*, which is in the *Essay* deemed to be an indicative, are under the same circumstances, and equally in the indicative. This confusion arises from his comparing the meaning of the verb *can* with the "direction," as he terms it, implied in the imperative *love*, which is wholly distinct from the sense of the word. The "observation on the mode," justly disclaims the character of an argument; it is rather the feeble effort of a mind prejudiced against evidence which it cannot resist, and particularly afflicted by the consideration that *can*, if potential, presents a *bis petitum*, potentially expressed in the obvious meaning of the term, and potentially implied by the mode of the expression; and therefore that *can* must, when finite, be taken indicatively.

FLACOURT, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives us a sublime prayer, used by the people we call *savages*.—"O Eternal! have mercy upon me because I am passing away:—O Infinite! because I am but a speck:—O Most Mighty! because I am weak:—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave:—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness:—O All-bounteous! because I am poor:—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing."

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Resources of the United States of America; or a View of the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, financial, political, literary, moral, and religious Capacity and Character of the American People. By John Bristed, counsellor at law, author of the Resources of the British Empire. New-York, published by Jas. Eastburn & Co. 1818. pp. 505.

The following account of a recent work is derived from so respectable a source that we publish it without hesitation. Perhaps our correspondent is correct in his opinion, that no verdict will be pronounced upon Mr. Bristed's labours. We agree with him that they will excite the extremes of praise and blame; and though we cheerfully give place to a paper of the former description, we ought not to preclude ourselves from the expression of different opinions. Mr. Bristed comes voluntarily to the stake, after eleven years preparation, during which time he informs us, that he had access to the most ample materials. His carriage is lofty, and his tone is very peremptory. He writes as if he thought we were ignorant of the advantages which we possess, and that Nature had confided to his custody the key to our hidden resources. He seems to challenge criticism to that diversion which has become so popular in modern times. The "Advertisement" prefixed to his work justifies an expectation that it is the precursor of a methodical exposition of the resources of our country. In such a work there should be nothing superficial, nothing trifling, none of those little tricks, which are too common with our writers, of scattering praises around them, in order to be repaid in the same coin. We are constrained to say that this work appears to us to be greater in promise than performance. However long a time the author may have been employed in preparing his materials for the press, we think he has not been sufficiently careful in the collocation of them. The edifice, though evidently polished with great art, has not been reared with that attention to coherence and symmetry which ensures durability. In those parts which relate to our literature, he has endeavoured to rescue, from the abyss of oblivion, several barks which have been stranded and forgotten; and many of our greatest names are entirely unnoticed, while others are extolled whose existence, we think, will be confined to these pages. We do not dwell with any satisfaction on the defects of this work, and shall therefore make but a single observation before we present to the reader its brighter side. We allude to the sarcasm in which the community is represented as giving "*permission to starve*" to the founder of this journal, "in recompense for his felicitous effusions of genius, taste, feeling, tenderness, eloquence, wit and humour." Now if

Mr. Bristed had been as well acquainted as he ought to have been, with the literary history of the amiable and lamented personage, whom he describes, he could have depicted the enthusiasm with which Mr. Dennis's literary project was received in every section of this country, and he might have added, that although his prejudices on certain subjects were by no means popular, and were expressed in violent, and often offensive terms, yet it was in his power to derive an ample revenue from this journal. Among the latest compositions of our predecessor, the author should not have overlooked that "Address," in which Mr. Dennis described, with so much sensibility, the kindness of his personal friends, and the liberal indulgence of his patrons. Although he was not a prophet in his own country, we know that in Philadelphia he was warmly welcomed, liberally cherished, and deeply regretted.

IT has become so established a habit, among critics, to consider the works which they profess to review as merely texts upon which to comment, and as subjects upon which to display their own profundity of thought and extent of erudition, that a review is generally expected to be a finished original essay upon a given subject. We feel it incumbent upon us to acquaint our readers beforehand, that in the following pages, we do not make any such pretensions. We do not consider ourselves as the principals and our author as the secondary. On the contrary, we desire to act merely as a faithful medium between the work before us and the public. We are not *professed artists*, who hold a picture up to view, and by our significant looks and artful observations, endeavour to persuade those whom we address, that we ourselves could produce a much finer piece; but we are merely *amateurs*, who aspire to nothing more than to point out the beauties and the defects of the production before us.

Mr. Bristed's book is of such a nature as, probably, to admit of a greater variety of opinions respecting its merits than almost any other of the same dimensions. It contains so great a variety of matter, so many sentiments which some persons will approve and others dislike, that each chapter will probably have its admirers and opposers; and very few will entirely agree in sentiment respecting the whole work.

Mr. Bristed writes with much appearance of ardour and enthusiasm; and every such writer must expect to meet with the extreme of praise or of blame. If he warms his readers to a tempe-

nature equal to his own, he may expect to be highly extolled; but if they remain cool and undisturbed, there is danger that his enthusiasm may be looked upon as folly or madness.

Besides, if our author maintain his ground at all, he necessarily stands so high, that self love will be apt to take the alarm, and, instead of freely acknowledging his merits, be inclined to judge of him by his imperfections and errors. Another circumstance may probably militate against our author: we mean his manner of treating the subjects which come before him. There is a way of gaining reputation for superior wisdom and learning by treating ordinary matters with pomp and formality. But, to the mass of readers, Mr. Bristed is in danger of appearing below his proper level because of the ease and familiarity with which he treats the profoundest subjects.

The work before us contains so great a variety of matter that the limits of a review will admit little more than a faint outline of the plan, and a few extracts, to show the manner of the author.

The title of the book does not fully express what it is; for the writer not only enumerates and displays the resources of the United States, but indulges in various discussions respecting the manner in which those resources should be displayed.

The introductory remarks are designed to expose some of the misrepresentations respecting this country made by European travellers, and to hold up to public contempt their blunders and absurdities. After an honourable exception from the above censures of a few of those who have written about this country, the design of the work is thus expressed: "The chief intention of the following pages is to show, that the truth, as is generally the case in all human opinions and transactions, lies between the two extremes which have been chosen by the calumniators and panegyrists of the United States; that this country is neither the garden of Eden, nor the valley of Tophet; that the Americans themselves are neither angels nor fiends, but human beings, clothed with flesh and blood, possessing the appetites and passions, the powers and frailties of mortality; and greatly influenced in their feelings, sentiments and conduct by the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. It is wished, 'nothing extenuating,

nor setting down aught in malice,' to give a faithful portrait, a living likeness of the habits and condition of an enterprising, intelligent, spirited, aspiring people, that *must* be, ere long, and that *ought*, before this period, to have been better known; and more justly appreciated by the potentates and nations of Europe."

The first chapter contains a variety of interesting facts and details relative to the aspect, agriculture, and population of the United States, interspersed with reflections and comparisons which serve to set this country in a very favourable light, when contrasted with the countries of Europe. The whole is summed up in the following spirited manner. "The United States then exhibit a mighty empire, covering a greater extent of territory than all Europe, and held together by twenty separate state sovereignties, watching over and regulating, in their executive, legislative, and judicial departments, all its municipal and local interests, with a federal head, a general government, preserving and directing all its national concerns and foreign relations; with a soil rich in all the productions of prime necessity, of convenience, and luxury, and capable of sustaining *five hundred millions* of people; a line of sea-coast more than two thousand miles in extent, and a natural internal navigation, in itself excellent, and capable of still further improvement, by the construction of canals, at a comparatively trifling expense; affording within its capacious bosom an asylum sufficient to receive all the distressed of Europe, and holding out the sure means of ample subsistence and perfect independence to every one who unites in his own character and conduct the qualities of industry, sobriety, perseverance, and integrity."

The second chapter, which treats of the commerce of the United States, begins with the embargo and restrictive systems of Mr. Jefferson, and the consequences resulting from those measures. In this, as in the preceding chapter, Mr. Pitkin's Statistics serves as a text book for our author. One remark, which occurs among the tables of imports and exports, is particularly worthy of notice: "Whence it appears that the trade between the United States and Britain is greater in amount than between the United States and all the rest of the world; which is a strong reason why the two countries, for their mutual benefit, should preserve friendly relations towards each other, in the *spirit* as well as in the letter

of peace." We refer our readers to what is said, in this chapter, respecting the advantages to the commerce of the United States which it is generally supposed would result from the emancipation of the Spanish colonies, as well worthy of deep consideration.

The junction of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by means of a passage across the isthmus of Panama, is a splendid project upon which Mr. Bristed delights to dwell. So much so, that it appears to make him forget for a moment, that the subject of his chapter is not the commerce of *Britain*, but of *America*.

The chapter on the manufactures of the United States is short. It is introduced by some general reflections upon manufactures, and upon the course which this country ought to adopt with respect to them. Our author's opinion is, that "agriculture and manufactures act and react upon each other for their mutual benefit;" but that, in young countries, where the population is thin, and the wages of labour high, it is not right to "endeavour to force the production of manufactures." A further reason for which is, "because experience has uniformly shown that no nation has ever yet pushed its manufactures to any great extent, without introducing and continuing a very alarming quantity of misery and disease, decrepitude, vice, and profligacy among the lower orders of the people; and this, to the statesman who measures the strength and greatness of a nation by the health and virtue, the prosperity and happiness of its citizens, seems too great a price to pay for the privilege of manufacturing a few yards of broadcloth, or a few pieces of muslin."

We cannot, however, entirely accord with him in the following conclusion: "The United States, therefore, should resolutely cast off their shoulders all the shackles of bounties, protections, prohibitions, and monopolies; and permit agriculture, commerce, and manufactures to find the legitimate level of unimpeded competition, and to employ just so much of the productive industry and capital of the country as *individual* inclination and interest might require, without any interference on the part of the government, which ever acts the wisest part, when it suffers all the various classes of the community to manage their own affairs in their own way." We have always considered this theory of leaving the dif-

ferent classes of the community *entirely* to themselves as erroneous. By parity of reasoning might be shown the inutility of all laws, as respects the happiness of society, because each individual may be supposed to know what is most conducive to his own welfare. It appears to us that every enlightened government should possess a restraining and regulating power over all the different kinds of industry in the community, the exercise of which power undoubtedly requires great wisdom and discretion, but which appears to us as necessary to the well-ordering of the fabric of society, as the balance-wheel is to the regular movement of the various parts of a complicated machine. And the government of Great Britain, in defiance of the philosophers, has invariably kept a steady hand upon the trade, commerce, and manufactures of her realm. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are for crippling and retarding the operations of individual industry and exertion. We maintain that governments should have a general superintending and protecting care, by which the several movements of the community may be prevented from thwarting and counteracting each other. In these theories of perfect freedom it seems to be forgotten that men are very imperfect beings, who require a constant watch over them. In all calculations the nature and imperfections of the materials to be employed must be carefully taken into account, or the practical result will be found widely different from the philosophical theory.

We suspect that some errors have crept into the statements, made in this chapter, of the extent and nature of our manufactures; but such is the rapid growth of every thing in this country, that the truth, in all probability, is only told by a brief anticipation.

We next come to the chapter on the finances of the country. In the preceding pages, our author somewhat resembles a traveller inquiring his way. But here he begins to tread with the firmness and independence of one who feels himself approaching his native home, and who begins to recognize the places and objects around him. The chapter opens with urging upon our government, in the most forcible manner, the duty of imposing internal taxes, "in order to raise an ample revenue for the purposes of national defence, of internal improvement, of rewarding long-tried,

faithful public services, and the encouragement and patronage of literature, arts and science." The folly of what is miscalled *economy*, is likewise set forth; and the fears of the people respecting a standing army of ten thousand men, treated as absurd. The following passage is well worthy of consideration. "Upon what ground of political forecast and wisdom is it, that so many members of congress, and so large a portion of the people out of the national legislature, seem bent upon lessening the defences of the country; and that, too, precisely at the moment when the United States, by their rapid augmentation in greatness, and by the peculiar condition of the world, which has thrown all Europe into the hands of three or four powerful sovereigns, and which forbids the very existence of any weak or nerveless government, are more than ever exposed to disturbance in their foreign relations? Against all saving of mere money, at the expense of national dignity and strength, it behoves the American government to contend with all its influence, power, and vigilance. And, unless the government gradually train its people to bear the weight of due taxation, how can it expect their adequate support in a fierce and protracted struggle for national superiority, or sovereignty, or existence?"

The contrast which is exhibited between the condition of America and of the European powers, as respects capital, income, debt, and expenditure, affords the most flattering prospect to this country. And most fervently do we pray that all this prosperity and glory may never be blasted by the accomplishment of the prediction with which the chapter closes. The account contained in this part of the work, of the finances of our country, is well worthy of the attention of all who wish for information on that subject.

The chapter which treats of the government, policy, laws, &c. of the United States, follows next in order. This portion of the work contains matters so vast and various, that the limits of this review would not admit of even a bare enumeration of its contents. Consequently, it is not to be expected that we can enter into a detail of the various reflections and inferences contained in it, nor that we can point out every sentiment which may appear

to us incorrect. We can merely touch some of the things most worthy of remark.

This chapter begins with some reflections on the utility of the science of political philosophy, and a glance at the imperfections in the ancient systems of government, consequent upon want of acquaintance with this science. The author then proceeds to state the peculiar characteristics of the government of the United States; whence he draws this inference; that "the excess of liberty imposes severe obligations of duty upon every free citizen, to watch over the welfare of the public."

The observations on the salaries of our public officers we think very just, and well worthy of attention.

We regret to see our author hold up to the world the idea that we Americans consider it as a matter of course that our territory is to embrace Mexico, Florida, &c., and that England and America are, at some future time, to be engaged in a deadly strife with each other. Such language only tends to awaken and keep alive that animosity which every reflecting and well principled mind must wish to see buried in everlasting oblivion.

A considerable part of this chapter is occupied with reasons against fixing the seat of the general government in the city of Washington; and, among others, the following is particularly worthy of consideration. "If the seat of government were fixed in any one of the large and populous cities, which adorn and strengthen the more civilized parts of the union, the members of congress would not dare to pass such acts as they have too frequently passed, while sitting as legislators in the district of Columbia; for they would be assailed on all sides, out of doors, by the talents, information, character, and influence of the more intelligent part of the community, and by the popular indignation of their more unthinking brethren of the multitude."

The point which, in the science of government, our author seems most desirous to press, is thus stated: "A government weakly executed, whatever it may be in theory, and how beautiful soever it may appear in manuscript, or in print, on paper or on parchment, is, for all the practical purposes of the community, as far as respects the prosperity and happiness of the nation, a bad government."

After a view of the general and state governments, various observations occur, which serve, for the most part, to throw light upon the relation in which the American government stands to other nations. The manner in which the latter part of the chapter is written is rather desultory. We should have been pleased to see some parts of the work present a more regular and orderly appearance. Yet the matters treated of are in themselves so important and interesting, and the manner of our author so vigorous and lively, that we sometimes are at a loss whether to blame or to applaud; and feel our attention kept awake, in defiance of the canons of criticism.

This chapter appears to us the best part of the book. The views of the author are liberal and independent; his observations, though not profound nor always new, are urged with some force. He takes an elevated position and deals around his praises and his censures without fear and without partiality. It is evident that he is an Englishman, and, even while he blames what is wrong in her, he seems to turn an eye of affection towards his native land, and to be ready to exclaim,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
"My country."

And far are we from condemning this feeling of the heart; we approve and honour in whatever bosom it resides, and cordially unite with him in the belief that "all men, unless they are unsound at the heart's core, cling, with fond attachment, to the land that gave them birth, to its hills, and dales, and woods; to its people, government, and laws; to all the associations, physical and moral, that exercise the strongest dominion over the human mind."

The next chapter is on the literature of the United States; and, strange to tell! it is one of the longest in the book. But the marvel ceases when we discover that it is, for the most part, an enumeration of our literary *deficiencies*, and a discussion of what *ought* to be learnt, and of the best modes of learning and teaching. In this, as well as in the preceding chapter, our author appears to revel in literary enjoyment. It is hard to say which subject he treats most *con amore*, government or letters. The inquiry into

the state of American literature, and of the causes which affect its progress, is interspersed with a variety of excellent observations. The discussion, however, respecting the best method of teaching a language, we think, might better have been omitted, as well as the inquiry about the proper mode of pronouncing the Greek and Latin. These are subjects more fit for a grammar than for a book which treats of the national concerns of an extensive empire.

The account given of our grammar schools and colleges is not less just than mortifying. Some comfort, however, is to be derived from the following remark: " Yet notwithstanding all these unpropitious circumstances, the literary spirit has been for some years past rising in the United States; witness the progressive increase in the importation of foreign books, in the republication of British works, and the productions of American writers. And probably in a fair view of the subject, we may conclude the progress of letters in this country to be *proportionally* equal to that of Britain, considering the different states of society in the two countries." The author indulges in a sarcasm, too well merited, upon the general ignorance of Latin prosody which prevails in this country. " The *rhythm* of the Latin language is entirely disregarded; and in this free country we murder *prosody ad libitum.*"

We suspect that the praises bestowed upon some of our American writers go far beyond their merits. We doubt whether the Rambler or Spectator ever received as high commendations as are given to the Neologist, Salmagundi and Knickerbocker. Nor do we believe that Johnson's lives of the poets have ever been extolled in terms as warm as those lavished upon Irving's sketch of the life of Campbell.

The succeeding chapter treats of the habits, manners, and character of the United States. The author again adverts to the ignorance which prevails in Great Britain respecting this country; and attributes it chiefly " to the intercourse between the two countries being almost exclusively *commercial;*" and to negligence, on the part of Great Britain, in not sending out able ambassadors to the United States. He enters into the question whether the bias of this country be in favour of France or Eng-

land; and shows that our language, habits, laws, customs, manners, morals and religion incline us towards England. Nor does this, in fact, contradict what is said, in a preceding part of the book, of the hatred of this country against England; because the *national* feelings of a people may be, and often are, very different from their *individual* propensities. He then proceeds to give an account of the various origins and species of our population; and thus animadverts severely and justly upon the evils of slavery. "The modern system of *negro slavery*, as it prevails in the European colonies, and in this free republic, is one entire circle of evil. It not only creates an enormous mass of physical suffering and moral guilt, during the continuance of the negroes in the fetters of personal bondage; but also, by brutalizing their bodies, by darkening their understanding, by corrupting their hearts, it incapacitates them for receiving and using the privileges and blessings of civil and religious liberty; whence this system, as it now flourishes among nations calling themselves Christian, provides, by the very atrocity and vast aggregate amount of its own guilt, for its own frightful perpetuity."

The religion of our country is the next subject treated of. And here we cannot refrain from a tribute of praise, or rather of congratulation, to our author for the noble sentiments which he displays upon this subject. We cannot imagine a character more beautiful than that of a scholar, versed in all the depths of science, and bright with all the charms of literary accomplishment, yet holding his acquirements adorned and chastened by the pure and holy radiance of religious faith and Christian charity.

The purport of the remarks upon this subject is "to show the intimate connexion between the piety and prosperity of nations, and conversely; the necessity and importance of *national*, as contradistinguished from personal, religion, that is to say, the acknowledgment of God, as the Governor of the world, by the state or government, as the representative of the community; and the inestimable benefits resulting from a general diffusion of individual or personal religion."

In the course of the chapter, an enumeration is made of the different sects in this country; and some account given of their

modes of ecclesiastical government. The Sunday schools and Bible societies are likewise touched upon.

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following encomium upon the American ladies. "In no country under the canopy of heaven do female virtue and purity hold a higher rank than in the Union. We have no instances among us of those domestic infidelities which dishonour so many families in Europe, and even stain the national character of Britain herself, high as she peers over all the other European nations, in pure religion, and sound morality. Our American ladies make virtuous and affectionate wives, kind and indulgent mothers; are, in general, easy, affable, intelligent, and well bred; their manners presenting a happy medium between the too distant reserve and coldness of the English, and the too obvious, too obtrusive behaviour of the French women."

In treating of the manners and habits of our people, much is given on the authority of Mr. Birkbeck. Our author does not appear to have travelled through the country, and to have seen with his own eyes. After having "glanced at the morals, habits, and manners, of the four sections of the Union," he proceeds to make some remarks "as applicable to the Americans, generally, in their national capacity and character." And, after pointing out what he terms "high elements of national greatness," proceeds to enumerate some of the evils which tend to retard the progress of this greatness. These are, slavery, lotteries, out state insolvent laws, the poor-law system, and immoderate drinking.

The character of our manners is thus drawn: "the United States exhibit a *medium* of manners, between the rude vulgarity of the lower orders, and the artificial refinement of the higher classes in Europe. The great body of our people exhibit an erect manliness of behaviour, equally remote from the brutal ferocity of a revolutionary ruffian, and the elaborate politeness of a *petit maître*."

After various other remarks upon our equality, our amusements, marriages, trading spirit, want of economy and of social subordination, and our national vanity, the chapter is thus concluded. "The result of all is, that the American people possess physical, intellectual, and moral *materials* of national greatness,

superior to those of any other country; and, in order to render the United States the *greatest nation* in the world, they have only gradually to augment the power of their general government; to tighten the cords, and strengthen the stakes of their federal Union; to organize a judicious system of *internal finance*; to provide for the more general diffusion of religious worship; to enlarge and elevate their system of liberal education; to increase the dimensions, and exalt the standard of their literature, art, and science."

This is an entertaining chapter. It is written with much sprightliness; and interspersed with a variety of interesting and instructive remarks.

The intention of the concluding chapter is shown in its introductory sentence. "In order to show the necessity of radically strengthening and vigorously administering the general government of the United States, the remaining pages will be devoted to exhibiting an eye-glance of the present condition of Europe, and its probable consequences to the world at large, and to this country in particular." And the whole is thus summed up. "The result of all this is, that it is the duty of every prudent government, while it acknowledges the supremacy of the Governor among the nations, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to avail itself of all the means in its power, to confirm and strengthen the prosperity of the people committed to its charge. Wherefore, considering the precarious condition of Europe, its germinant and springing seeds of disorder, the little probability of readjusting its balance of power, or of preserving its peace for any considerable length of time, the difficulty of preventing the *United States* from being embroiled in the general conflict, the rapid growth of the wealth, population and power, the continual enlargement of their territories, and the constant multiplication of new States, our general government ought, immediately, to lay the foundation, broad and deep, of a solid system of *internal finance*; that it might have the command of an ample and a growing revenue, arising out of the territorial resources of the country, for the purposes of administering the home department liberally and effectively; of conducting its foreign policy vigorously and magnificently; of promoting the progress of letters and sci-

ence, and every species of internal improvement; of training up, in regular succession, able men for the public service, and rewarding their labours splendidly; of establishing the national credit on an imperishable basis, so as to be able to raise any amount of money by voluntary loans, in the event of any sudden emergency, as the breaking out of war or of a long continued demand, in case of a protracted conflict for sovereignty, or aggrandizement, or existence."

Thus have we given an imperfect sketch of the *Resources of the United States*; a book of extraordinary merit; and well worthy of being attentively perused both by foreigners and by Americans.

It is a work which contains matter of too high import to permit us to dwell upon the verbal inaccuracies which may be discovered in it. But we should do wrong not to notice what we deem its more prominent faults. They are, for the most part, such as learned writers are apt to fall into. Some of the subjects are pursued too far; and the connexion of the parts is not always sufficiently apparent. The author appears to stand on an eminence whence he sees at one view the distant and wide-spread objects toward which he points; but forgets that most of those persons whom he addresses do not hold the same vantage-ground with himself. He deals rather too much in what Dr. Johnson calls the *grandeur of generals*. There is a tendency to place every thing in the strongest light, and to express every sentiment in the most vehement manner, which sometimes approaches to exaggeration. And, in a few instances, sufficient care has not been taken to avoid apparent contradictions. Too many epithets are sometimes heaped together. And the subject does not, in every instance, warrant the pomp and splendor of the diction.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we intend the above censures as applicable to the general character of the work. On the contrary, these are but occasional blemishes. The whole manifests in the author an uncommon expansion and elevation of mind; and proves him to be intimately acquainted with ancient and modern history, to be an able statesman, jurist, financier, political philosopher, a well-finished classical scholar, and an enlightened christian. The style is upheld by an abundance of matter, which, instead of impeding its course, appears to urge it forward. It is

spirited, flowing, sometimes impetuous, sometimes lofty, and varied to every variety of subject.

There is a trick of book-making, by which a great show of knowledge and reading is produced. But to any person conversant in the art of composition, it must be evident that this is not the case with our author. He displays a *perfect familiarity* with almost every subject which he treats. He plays with it, and handles and turns it with an ease and fearlessness which nothing but a thorough acquaintance with it could bestow. The technical phrases, the minute turns of expression, which distinguish the *professor* of an art or science from the mere *amateur*, drop spontaneously from our author's pen in every page.

The work is of a nature to increase the respect of foreign nations for both our national and our individual character. And, while it is so tempered as to please without rendering us vain, it tends to inspire us with respect for our constitution and laws, with admiration of the national advantages which we possess, with love of order and subordination, and with principles of morality and religion. And we rejoice that so favourable a picture of our country is offered to the world without any additional imputation upon our national vanity; since it is drawn by the hand of an Englishman who evidently loves and reveres his native land more than every other.

The Resources of the United States we regard as Mr. Bristed's best work: although we do not think that the merits of his former work, "The Resources of the British Empire," have been duly appreciated by the generality of our own countrymen. He has been obliged to fight his own way. And we rejoice to have this opportunity of holding out to him the hand of friendship, and of raising in his favour the voice of encouragement and approbation; of showing him that there are some who think his talents and acquirements of so high an order, that, if justly esteemed and kindly fostered, they may be of incalculable advantage to our young and rising nation.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ORNAMENTS OF LADIES.

Oh! Woman, sweet source both of pain and delight,
Should it e'er be my fortune your hist'ry to write,
Every page of the work would be blotted with tears
. And my pens 'stead of quills should be arrows and spears;
As Death your path marks, t'would be most, (I should think)
Emblematic, to write it in blood 'stead of ink—
The slaughter for food, both of fowl and of brute,
I mean not our right paramount to dispute—
But the creatures men murder your forms to adorn,
Fill the earth with their cries from North Cape to Cape Horn.

First in rank as in size, and in interest too,
The intelligent native of Asia we view—
Not an ivory fan, or a pin-case to dress,
Not a gloss-giving comb or a bishop at chess,
Would ever those beautiful fingers embrace,
If an Elephant had not been kill'd in the chase—
To procure you those baubles you value so high,
For you the huge mammoth of India must die;
And his fate is embittered, Oh! sad to relate,
By his moans bringing Death on 'is affectionate mate,
Who might though a widow, her life still retain.
And though a Hindoo, could have married again.

Your cornets perricious, could never be made,
If the Whale the destructive harpoon could evade,
But the sons of Nantucket, accustomed to ride
On a Whale or a wave, all his flound'ring de-ride:
Their barbs they transfix with an aim most unerring,
And soon the Leviathan's dead as a herring;
On the death of a creature so bold and immense,
All the sea's in commotion—the grief is intense—
His immediate descendants, the young sucking-pets,
Are all easily taken, so deep their regrets;
And his other relation, young Grampus 'tis said,
Flies the country on seeing the water all red.
That profusion of pearls which you've hung
round a neck,
Too lovely for aught in creation to deck,
Though sanctioned by fashion, and envied by all,
Caused destruction on many a million to fall,
Ah! who shall explain all the pleasures of life,
Of an Oyster secure from attacks of the knife—
He eats and he drinks, lives from jealousy free,
A passion unknown it is thought in the sea;
He no doubt has his friendships, his courtships
and marriage,
And he rides on the tides in his submarine carriage—
Whether stormy or still it to him is all one,
For if weary he sticks himself fast to a stone,
Then how can you, ruthless! such misery promote,
Whole nations to kill for a toy for your throat?

That Tortoise shell comb which adorns your bright hair,
Was destruction to him who did first the shell wear—

The emblem of Death in your footstep is hid,
For a Goat prematurely was killed in the kid,
And the long-bearded sire of the kid on your foot,

Died to make the morocco for Caroline's boot;
Which boot, too, is lined with some poor wretch's skin,

That to keep her foot warm breathed his last in a gin—

Of those plumes that so gracefully wave o'er your head,
None are worn till their former proprietors dead—

The gay bird of Paradise, stately and proud,
Yields his life when his freedom's no longer allowed;

He brooks not the change from a king to a slave,

And dies that fair Emma his feathers may have,
In vain the swift Ostrich, pluming wretched,
Puts his trust in his legs, and his wings at full stretch—

A Courier overtakes him, though fleet as the wind,
And oft his pursuers have run themselves blind.

Oh! if ladies should wish for the Condor himself,
The Condor must come from the clouds to the shell—

From the link* that unites the Humbird to the Fly,

To the Eagle that soars half the day in the sky.
Not one would be safe, if Miss Rose or Miss Nancy,
Should take to their heads or their tails the least fancy.

Then as to those creatures with warm winter furs,
Tis their warm winter fur their destruction incurs—

For e'en delicate ladies, like squaws will be drear,
In the skins of wild beasts, if it pleases them best.

To name all the tribes, with the Seal, Fox and Sable,
Would give this too greatly the air of a fable;
Suffice it to say, they've no refuge on earth,
Though they owe to the wilds of Siberia their birth.

These enormities doubled and trebled twice o'er,

Are nought to the evils I'm doomed to deplore
For Woman, by nature tyrannic extends Her power all alike o'er her foes and her friends—

The Beasts of the field, and the Birds of the air.
She orders her vassal, fond Man, to ensnare; And e'en those that repose in the depths of the sea,

Reach the surface obedient to Woman's decree.

Now how shall I venture—Oh! duty abhor'd,
The charge of ingratitude here to record—
How declare that fidelity, friendship and love,
Are by Woman cast off like a useless old glove.

* Half bird, half fly, the fairy king of flowers
Reigns there, and revels thro' the fragrant hours. *Roger's Voyage of Columbus.*

Il sert apres sa mort a parer les jeans Indiennes, qui portent en pendans d'oreilles, deux de ces charmants oiseaux.—Buffon.

Yes—Man, the proud Lord of Creation's do-
main,
Who for her sake has brav'd every danger and
pain,
Who has burnt 'neath the lime, or been froze
near the pole,
To please the fair idol enthroned in his soul,
Now finds to his sorrow he too is a slave,
To affection that only can cease in the grave—
That the mistress he loves and has almost
adored,
Has a heart hard as marble with cruelty stor'd;
And this be her name, Ellen, Myra, or Kate,
Is the truest affection's deplorable fate.

IPHIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool—It seems that Dr. Beattie's charming poem of the Hermit is peculiarly inviting to the Italian Muse. You have given us an elegant translation of it by M. de Mariano. The *New York Monthly Magazine* has furnished us with another, not less well executed, by M. Da Ponte. I now take the liberty to send you a third, by M. Pallavicini, an Italian gentleman of great merit, well known by an excellent poetical translation of the *Lady of the Lake*, which was read and admired by several persons during his stay in this city. I beg you will insert the enclosed in your valuable Repository.

Y

L'EREMITA, DI BEATTIE.

ODE.

Al termino del giorno
Quando il silenzio l'ali
Spiega su la cappanna,
E gustano i mortali
D'obbligo la Volutta;
Quando altro suon non odesi
Che quello del torrente,
O tra' rami del bosco
Filomela dolente
Che sospirando va.

Presso d'un antro assiso
Che nel monte si cela
Romito solitario
La notturna querela
Incomincia così:
Benché triste e il suo canto
Pur calma in petto serra
Ei pensò come un saggio,
Ma, figlio della Terra,
Come mortal sentì.

Ah! perchè t'abbandoni,
Filomela, a l'affanno!
Ah! perchè tra le tenebre
I tuoi numeri vanno
In note di dolor?
Con nuovi amor tra poco
Ritornerà serena
Primavera ridente
E un'ombra pur di pena
Non resteratti allor.

Pure, o dolce compagnia,
Se in te pietade ha dritto,
Deh! non cessare il fiele.

Pianto, or che l'uomo afflitto
Te a piangere invito.
Ne, lungamente stabile
In lui piacer dimora!
Simile al tuo dileguasi,
Ma non ritorna ancora
Sull'orme che calco.

Gia la Luna discese
Su' confini del giorno!
Langaudi vibra i raggi
Che del argenteo corno
Picciola parte appar.
Ne molto e pur, che in mezzo
Alle sue glorie, in Cielo
Regnar la vidi, e tutte
Sotto il candido velo,
Spente le stelle errar.

Vai pur, gentil pianeta,
Vai pur continto, e quello
L'aureo sentier, che a nuovi
Trionfi, ed a novello
Splendor ti condurra.
Ma l'uom sue glorie spera
Di rinnovare in vano!
Ah! perchè mai d'infide
Larve fugaci, insano,
Tanto superbo va?

Del creato la faccia
Notte l'ombra europio!
Io qui piango dolente;
E pure il pianto mio,
Campi, per voi non e.
Che gria, cinta di rose,
L'alba sorride e splende;
Sparge incensi e ruggiade,
E alla campagna rende
Le grazie che perde.

Ne qui del verno io piango
Le nevi o le pro celle;
Che natura benefica,
Delle sue forme belle
Il germe sorbera.
Ma aprile nell'urna gelida
Auretta lusinghiera
Mai spirerà ne l'alba
Co' raggi suoi, la nera
Notte dissipera

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From "Holborn Drollery."—1673.

A scholar newly entered college H^{is}e,
Following his study did offend his wife,
Beca use when she his company expected,
By bookish business she was still neglected.
Coming into his study, (Lord, quoth she)
Can papers make you love them more than me?
I wish I were transformed into a book,
That your affection might upon me look.
But in my wish, with all, be it decreed,
I would be such a book you love to read.
Husband (quoth she) which book's form should
I take?
Marie (quoth he) twere best an Almanake.
The reason wherefore I do wish thee so,
Is, every year we have a new you know.

Cheap method of fattening Cattle.

—There is a way to fatten cattle, in the absence of the common means, scarcely inferior to the best, as the following instances will prove. I fattened an ox and a three year old heifer, the winter past, without either corn or potatoes, for less expense than even that of common keeping, by a preparation of cut straw, &c. as follows: I boiled about two quarts of flaxseed and sprinkled it on cut straw, which had been previously scalded and seasoned with salt, together with some oil-cake and oatmeal, working them together in a tub with a short pitchfork, till the whole became an oily mush. I fattened the heifer first. She was of the common size, and in good order to winter. I gave her about three pecks, which she ate voraciously, and in the course of four days, when the seed was gone, she was visibly altered. I fed her regularly in this way about two months, in which time she had eaten about one bushel of boiled flaxseed, with the other ingredients in proportion, when she was butchered. She weighed 584 pounds, 84 lbs. of which was tallow. She would not have sold, before fattening, for more than 16 dollars.—I sold two quarters of her for 18 dollars. 13 cts. She cost me not more than 10 dollars, exclusive of the hay she ate, which was chiefly scalded, as above. On the 1st of Feb. I began with the ox. I fed him about three months, but not altogether as well as I did the heifer. He digested about one pint of boiled flaxseed a day, prepared as above, which I suppose formed half the fat in these two cattle. The ox was short, measured 7 feet 2 inches, and when killed weighed 1082 lbs, and had 180 lbs of tallow. He cost me while fattening, 25 cents a day—He had previously cost me 35. My net gain in fattening these two cattle was more than all I have cleared before in fattening oxen and cows in 15 years, and this is owing, I think, chiefly to the use of flaxseed. I never fattened cattle that appeared

so calm, so hearty, and digested all their fare with so much natural ease and regularity as these. I would therefore recommend the above preparation to the attention of farmers as a good substitute for corn. I kept my cows on it alone in the month of March, for one third the expense of hay. It makes rich milk and excellent butter.—*Con. Agri. Almanack.*

Patent harvester.—The machine is constructed to be moved by the strength of one horse—enters a field of wheat, rye, &c. will take “a two men’s land ahead,” and cut, thresh and fan the grain fit for the mill or market, and without waste or leaving any thing behind to be gleaned. This complete operation can be performed as fast as a horse can walk.

—The machine may be separated and used only for cutting and gathering the grain, which will render it extremely simple and effective. It is calculated that two horses and one man to attend them, will cut and gather the grain from twenty five acres per day. The net cost of a machine for cutting and gathering the grain will not exceed one hundred dollars; and a machine complete, for performing the whole operation of preparing the grain for the mill, about double that sum.

The court of Vienna in order to open to the produce of Austria an outlet by the Adriatic sea to the United States of America, has issued orders to the baron Charles de Sturmer to proceed to Philadelphia, as Austrian consul general. His appointments are fixed at 24,000 francs in specie, besides a personal salary of 12,500 francs, and 10,000 ducats for an outfit.

Singular speech in the legislature of Massachusetts.—Mr Willis of New-Bedford, made the following preliminary remarks relating to a motion which he was about to read.

“Perhaps this motion when explained and read, may be thought singular, and may excite surprise in

the minds of some of the members of this House. But I believe greater surprise will be excited in the minds of those, who live in future ages, when upon examining the records of the present day, they find, that an apparent mixture of christianity, and heathenism, was suffered so long to prevail in our land.

Almost every hour in the day, our ears are assailed with the names of heathen deities. And what is astonishing to a reflecting mind, is, that the very day on which most people, who call themselves christians, assemble to worship the Lord of Hosts, is dedicated, by name, to the Heathen God Baal.

And we often have proclamations in which, the day, dedicated by name, to the Heathen God Thor, is recommended, to be observed, as a day of fasting; or of thanks-giving and prayer, to Almighty God. And this Legislature, are by rule, to meet on the day, dedicated by name to the Heathen God Woden. At which time, the members are to declare on oath, that they 'believe the christian religion, and have a firm persuasion of its truth.'

Not only all the days of the week, but many of the months of the year, derive their names from Heathen Gods.

But I am confident that the only cause, why these inconsistencies, have been suffered to prevail, is, that no member of any Legislative body has heretofore taken any step to place the subject in proper order, for consideration.

Let no one suppose that there are any great difficulties in the way, to prevent a remedy. It appears to me to be easy and clear. Those who have lived but a few years, well know, that a legal complicated currency, can be changed for another, and that children, and unlettered people, soon become familiarized to it.

But even if great difficulties presented themselves as obstacles to a remedy, I am persuaded, that they ought to be encountered, rather

than that we should any longer continue, to distinguish by the names of Heathen Gods, those divisions of time, which I have no doubt, were wisely intended by the Almighty, as constant monitors to mankind, that their state of probation is swiftly passing away: and as harbingers of that eternity, to which they are rapidly progressing.—Ordered, that Messrs. Willis, New Bedford—Channing, Boston—Hale, Castine, be a committee to consider the expediency of establishing legal appellations to the days of the week and months of the year.

The committee on the above subject reported that no further order was necessary to be taken at the present time, which was agreed to 124 members rising in favour, the mover only against the report.

Jewish Nuptials.—The marriage of Mr. Jacob Valentine, jun. son of the famed Hebrew bard, with Miss Levy of Rathbone place, was celebrated in Meeks's Great Rooms, in Brewer street, Goldensquare, on Tuesday last. Amongst the company were sir George Cockburne, and his nephew; lady G. Gordon and lady Franklin. When the bridegroom had signed an obligation, which compels him to protect the bride during his life, and her father and brother had bound themselves to protect her after his death, the happy couple next repaired to the middle of the room, under a rich canopy, born by four near relations, where amidst the chanting of the prayers, the bride and bridegroom were each presented with a glass of wine, and after this, the former broke her glass under her feet.

Mr. James Stockton, of Malton, has found from a long series of regular and diligent observation, that the horseleach, is an accurate prognosticator of the weather. He describes the peculiarities exhibited by one kept in a large phial covered with a piece of linen rag, three parts full of clear spring water, which is

regularly changed twice a week, and placed in a room at a distance from the fire. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless and rolled up in a spiral form at the bottom of the glass; but before rain or snow it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy or of some continuance, it remains a considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends. Before rain or snow accompanied with wind, it darts about with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. Previous to a storm of thunder and lightning, it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent and convulsive starts at the top or bottom of the glass. It is remarkable, that however fine and serene the weather may be, when not the least indication is given either by the sky, the barometer, or any other circumstance, if the animal ever quit the water, or move in a desultory way, so certainly will the coincident results occur in 36, 24 or perhaps 12 hours; though its motions chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind, of which, in many cases, it has been known to give a week's warning! —

The Grand Canal for connecting the waters of lake Ontario with those of the Atlantic ocean, is in a progressive state. It is known that the authority hitherto granted by the state of New-York, is to connect the Seneca with the Mohawk rivers, and the commissioners have determined to vary the direction of the contemplated line, so that the canal shall begin at Utica instead of Rome on the Mohawk. It is considered that in the different sections of the various contracts there have been excavated and embanked during the last season about 15 miles. And what is more important, the experience obtained during the last year, has proved that the actual expenses will not exceed the estimates, but in many instances have fallen short of them.

The state of New-York may indulge the proud reflection, that she

possesses within herself the genius, the skill, the enterprise, and all the other means, requisite to the accomplishment of an internal navigation, whose utility will surpass any work of the kind which preceding ages have accomplished. The situation and extent of the great lakes, connected together and stretching through several degrees of latitude and longitude, and the wonderful facilities of the country intervening between them and the tide-waters of the Hudson, appear to have been designed by nature to tempt the improving industry of man. To join the east to the west—to unite the 45 degrees of latitude on lake Champlain with the farthest verge of lake Superior—to connect the whole with the ocean, and to bestow the blessings of an easy intercommunication upon the millions of human beings who are destined to flourish along those extended lines, are within the resources of the people of this state. It rarely fails, to the lot of the limited powers of man, to confer any signal, extensive and lasting benefit upon the human race; but the achievement of this magnificent enterprise, surpassing in its effects all the ordinary attainments of human imbecility, would seem, in no partial degree, to emulate the bounty of heaven itself, which showers its benedictions upon whole states and kingdoms.

— The Royalists of Chili will not allow the gallant San Martin to be called saint; but recommended that he should change it to Luther.

— Count de Malsbourg was lately sent as a prisoner to the fortress of Spangenburg, by the Elector of Hesse Cassel, for having given a *seet* while the Elector was afflicted with the gout!"

If he had giving his *seet* to the Elector, it would have been another affair. But this is perhaps a poor pun, on account of the difference of the pronunciation—and his fate nobody covets.

INDEX

TO
THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. V. 1818.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An engraved Title-page.—Fairman, *direx.*
2. The City Hall at New York.—Fairman, *direx.*
3. Portrait of Mrs. Madison.—Goodman and Piggot.
4. Battle of Bunker Hill.—Fairman, *direx.*
5. Portrait of James Monroe, esq.—Goodman and Piggot.
6. View of Hall and Anderson's New Distillery.—Kneas.

A.

Adelung, on the Sanscrit and Russian languages, reviewed,	276
Adversaria, The,	119, 215
Agrarius Denterville, a tale,	40, 122, 192
Alceste, M'Leod's Voyage in the,	320
Altitudes, how measured,	395
America, People of, compared with those of Great Britain,	209
Pamphlets on the Emancipation of South America,	92
Letters from Cortez, (See Resources.)	108
Anecdotes,	236
Antimony, Origin of the term,	219
Analectic Magazine, remark on the, expectations excited by it,	287, 140
Anderson and Hall, their application of steam to a Mill and Distillery,	393
Angling defined,	400
Apples, new speculation in,	324
Armenians, Tenets of the,	168
Arnaud, Angelica, restores the reputation of the Seminary of Port Royal,	269
one of the champions of Jansenism,	ib.
Arithmetical Machine, Pascal's,	12
Asia Minor, Beaufort's Travels in,	226
Athenæum, Lucubrations from the, Greek, at Munich,	119, 163
Auction, Livermore on Sales at,	160
Auditor, Anecdote of an,	246
Austria, Commerce of,	486

INDEX TO VOL. V.

iv

B.

Babylon, Rich's Memoir on the Ruins of,	376
Bank of the United States, not allowed to establish branches in Tennessee,	164, 326
Its stock liable to taxation in Georgia,*	164
Beaufort's Travels in Asia Minor,	228
Bible, Receipts of the British Bible Society,	88
Conversations on the,	158
Distribution of the, in Philadelphia,	332
Its character,	ib.
Binns, his edition of the Declaration of Independence,	156
Birkbeck's Notes on a Journey in America,	206
Black Sea, Dearborn's Memoir on the Commerce of the,	225
Boon, Daniel, the first settler of Kentucky,	137
Bowditch's translation of Laplace's <i>Mechanique Celeste</i>,	225
Boudinot's Star in the West,	220
Bonaparte, Joseph, his intrigues,	103
Napoleon, his politeness,	320
Brick Houses, coating for,	389
Breckenridge, his letter to Mr. Monroe,	92
Bristed's Resources of the United States, Review of,	469
Buchan, the Earl of, his Letter to Arthur Lee,	201
Bunker Hill, General Dearborn's Account of the Battle of,	169
Byron, Lord, character of this poet,	223

C.

Calvin, his first appearance,	265
Cattle, Mode of Fattening,	466
Chances, Calculation of,	255
Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy, Extract from,	218
Christian Religion, Schmucker on the prophetic history of the,	221
Cities, Manner of building new,	134
Cleopatra, The, at Naples,	244
Cobbett and his Creditors,	245
Coffee made from the <i>Iris Pseudocerasus</i>,	400
Combustion, Experiments on,	326
Connecticut Anecdote,	400
Copper discovered,	248
Cox's Female Scripture Biography, its character,	320
Country, The Love of,	218
Cortez, Letters from,	18, 108
Critic, Description of an American,	139
Crowninshield, George, death of,	244

D.

Days, Proposal to change the names of the,	486
Dearborn, General, his Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill,	171
On the Commerce of the Black Sea,	225
Descartes, attempts to rob Pascal,	144
Dexter, The Tomb of,	204

* This article was taken from a newspaper printed in Georgia. The point, we believe, was not decided as it is here represented.—Ed. P. F.

INDEX TO VOL. V.

v

Dictionary of Quotations,	221
Draughts, Payne's Introduction to the Game of,	375
Duponceau, on Phonology,	105
Dunne's, John, Indian Tales,	227
Debt, Imprisonment for, abolished,	399
Dennie, a mistake corrected,	469
 E.	
Eclipse, Dr. Nott's Account of an,	29
Edgeworth, Miss, Remark on,	57
Mr. Death of,	167
Erasmus on Kissing,	121
Erie, Harbour on Lake,	243
Eusebius, his Chronicle discovered,	87
Evans, Oliver, his Steam-boats,	47
 F.	
Flowers, Manner of reviving,	394
Force, Mr. proposes a new magazine,	321
Forsyth, Colonel, public provision for his son,	326
Foxes, The, an Indian tale,	304
France, by Lady Morgan, reviewed,	59, 318
 G.	
Geddes, Dr. Verses by,	39
Goldsmith's Rome, to be "beautified," at Baltimore,	222
Gout, On the,	32
Graydon's "Memoirs," its character,	317
Greece, Modern, Literature of,	226
Gunpowder, Improvement in making,	246
 H.	
Hall's Experiments to extract salt from sea water, (See Anderson)	393
Law Journal,	156
Hamilton, General, his letter to Miranda,	55
Harrington, Miss Edgeworth's remark on,	57
Harvester, Patent,	486
Henry, Patrick, Monument to,	326
Hindoo Woman, Immolation of a,	390
Horace, quoted,	120
Horseleech, Experiment on the,	487
Humboldt's Botany,	395
Hunter, The, an Indian tale,	231
 I.	
Indians, Tales of the,	227, 304
Trade with the, the British to be excluded from,	399
Verdict of an Indian jury,	245
Irish Emigration Society,	87
Jansenius, his Augustinus,	267
Jeggom, Dr. Anecdote of,	240
Jesuits, Society of the,	265

Jesuits restored,	248
Jenkins, Sir Leoline, proposal to publish his works,	154
Jewish Nuptials,	487
Johnson, Dr. compared with Walpole and Chesterfield, Dedication by,	120 375

K.

Kentucky, Navigation, progress of, in	325
Kissing, Practice of, praised by Erasmus,	121

L.

Land, how sold	213
crossing a river	243
Law Journal, Hall's	156
Law, requisites for suitors	248
Lee, Arthur, letters to	201
Letters from the South, reviewed	131
M. Noah convicted of intercepting a letter	325
Literature, on American,	170, 321, 477
Love, its effects	217
Luther, his appearance	265
Martin	488

M.

Macaronic verses	39
Madison Mrs., life of	91
Madhouse, the	384
Magazines, in the U. S , difficulties of editors	2, 90, 170
Manners of the times, on the	314
Marriage, actions on breach of promise of	168, 400
Marble, American at New Haven	247
Mazarine, his opposition to the Jesuits	269
May-day, trial of	215
M'Leod's voyage	390
Mechanique Celeste, translated	225
Melincourt, its character	321
Memoirs, Graydon's	317
Millener the pretty, an anecdote	238
Mineralogy, Cooper's lectures on	400
Miner, Charles, his " Gleaner" quoted	171
Miranda Genl. Hamilton's letter to	55
account of	93
Missouri, valley of described	86, 324
Monroe, James, account of	251
Morgan, Lady, review of her France	59, 318
Morticing, machine for	248

N.

Navigation, improvement in	163
progress of, in Ohio.	326
in Kentucky	325
in New York	488

INDEX TO VOL. V.

vii

Necker M. life of	205, 331, 429
Negroes not allowed to be educated in Savannah	325
New York, account of the City Hall in	3
New Jersey, proposes to change her constitution	326
Newspapers, number of, in Vermont	325
How patronized at Bath, N. Y.	ib.
Newton Mrs. letter from	390
Niagara falls of, improvement at	163
Norfolk, Birkbeck's account of	206
North Carolina, produces sugar-cane	87
takes charge of Col. Forsyth's son	326
Nott, Dr. letter from	29

O.

Oak tree, a remarkable one	248
Ogden, Col. assists Miranda	94
Ohio, navigation in	326
paper currency of	399
Oriental and English languages, similarity between the	276
Ossian, a fresh supply of	157

P.

Paper, improvement in the manufactures of	247
Parrot, anecdote of a	364
Pascal, account of his life	5, 143, 255, 403
Patrons of newspapers	325
Pastor's Fire-side, by Miss Porter, its character	323
Pennsylvania, University of, appointments in the	326
Perez Antonio, extract of a letter from	122
Persian and other languages, affinity between the	276
Pelagius and St. Augustine, controversy between	263
Philadelphia, growth of the city of	329
Piron, anecdote of	238
Pittsburgh described	210
Port Royal monks, their controversies	269
Press, on the freedom of the	217
Places, the art of preserving	226
Provincial letters, by Pascal	271
Pulley, triumph of the	243
Putnam, strictures on his conduct	176, 180
Pun (but see next volume)	488

Q.

Quarterly Theological Review, strictures on the	284
---	-----

R.

Rees's Cyclopaedia, progress of	224
Resources of the United States, Bristed's, character of	226
Rich's Memoir on the ruins of Babylon, review of	376

INDEX TO VOL. V.

Richelieu, his intrigues	268
Rob Roy, <i>guesses</i> at the author	246

S.

Sabbath in the country described	133
Saci, one of the Port Royal monks	260
Salons, trade of	247
Salt springs discovered	87
extracted from sea-water	246
Sanskrit, compared with other languages	276
Schlegel, on the three unities	184
Schmucker, on the prophecies, character of	221
Sharp, Granville, life of, announced	391
Shakspeare, new readings of	190
explained by means of the Persian language	283
Sheridan, anecdote of	395
Slavery, pictures of	137, 325
Snakes, battle of	88
Spain, affairs of the colonies	55
Stanhope, earl of, his ignorance of this country	207
Stark, Genl., engaged at Bunker Hill	175
Steam, of high and low pressure	47
applied to a distillery and mill	393
boats, regulated by the House of Commons	245
Sugar, manufactured in North Carolina	87
in Georgia	248
Sully's memoirs, character of that work	159

T.

Tarring and feathering, origin of the practice	210
Tasso, Byron's Lament of	222
Timothy Trade, letter from	314
Thermometer, improvement in the	394
Threshing machine, a new	326
Topography of the United States	247

U.

Unities, on the	184
---------------------------	-----

V.

Vacuum, experiments of Pascal and others	16
Virginia, Birkbecks, observations on	206
Virgil, Polydore, quoted	121

W.

Wars, dreadful scourges	88
Warren, Genl., death of	179

INDEX TO VOL. V.

ix

Walpole Horace, his remark on Dr. Johnson	120
Washington, city of, described	135, 208
merchants at	400
vulgar amusement at	398
improper place for a seat of government	476
a Spanish play founded on an incident in the general's life	88
West, an objection to his picture of our Saviour healing, &c.	58
Weston on languages, review of	276
Wig, derivation of	361
Wilkes, John, letter to Arthur Lee	402
Wilson's grammar, defended	284, 402, 461
Woman, behaviour of young ladies	203
fashions and manners in Philadelphia	122, 315
in England	321
importance of the female character	321

Z.

Zeno, on necessity	24
Zodimades, patrons of Greek literature.	226

POETRY.

A.

Acontius to Oliver Oldschool, esq.	84
A. The rose is fair, &c.	85
To Ellen	85
A. K.—Dark-rolling Connecticut	241, 242
To C—e—	161
Alsop, Richard—Hymn to peace	242
ode to the Sheer-water	241
	327

B.

The Bachelor's soliloquy	85
------------------------------------	----

C.

To Cupid	327
To Cynthia, on her changing	ib.
Claudian, from the Latin of	397

D.

Davison Fras. Extracts from	327
---------------------------------------	-----

E.

To Ellen	242
--------------------	-----

INDEX TO VOL. V.

F.

Fancy and sense	162
Frederick—Maria's tomb	ib.
the Blue Devils	242

G.

Goodbye to Capt—	84
Greek, from the	327

H.

Hafez, from the Persian of	85
--------------------------------------	----

I.

Indian song, an	328
Italian, from the	ib.
translation of Beattie's Hermit	485
Iphis, on ornaments	484

L.

Ladies their ornaments	484
The Lover of the last century	242

M.

Monody on the death of Col. Wood	242
--	-----

N.

Norfolk, to a lady at	85
---------------------------------	----

O.

Oliver Oldschool, epistle to	84
Orlando, at Bedford springs	ib.
Fancy and Sense	162
Song	396

P.

Peace, Hymn to	241
Persian, songs from the	85
Peasant the	397
Prevost, Mr. and Mrs. John	ib.
P. Persian songs	85

INDEX TO VOL. V.

x

R.

- Retirement, on 396

S.

- Sedley—To her who may understand it 162
S. On seeing a vessel go to sea 84
Santinelle la 396
Seward, sonnet by Miss 328
Sheridan's debt of nature 397
Sheer-water, to the 327
Stella, sonnet to 242
Student, the married 397, 485

T.

- Tasso, sonnet from 328
To Time 396

W.

- Westminster Quibbles 328
Woman, on 161, 397
Wood Col. on the death of 242

BOOK DUPL--->



32101 064079310